

July 1919

Cosmopolitan

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A Novel of 1919
By Arthur Somers Roche

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COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

This Month

Harrison Fisher

Cover: *Miss Simplicity*

Meredith Nicholson

Buried Treasure

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Americans, March On!

Decoration by W. T. Benda

Arthur Somers Roche

Uneasy Street

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Basil King

The Abolishing of Death

Decorations by F. X. Leyendecker

James Oliver Curwood

The Battle of the Packs

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

Rupert Hughes

The Story I Can't Write

Photograph-Portrait by Lejaren A. Hiller

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

Robert W. Chambers

The Crimson Tide

Illustrated by Grant T. Reynard

Ida M. Evans

Violet Eyes

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

The Stage To-day

Photographs in Artgravure

Jack Boyle

Alias Prince Charming

Illustrated by Lee Conrey

Maude Radford Warren

Harvest

Illustrated with Photographs

Samuel Merwin

The Passionate Pilgrim

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

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Branded

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Great Solution

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

Jack London

The Bones of Kahekili

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

Next Month

TEN years ago, this man was a lumber salesman (and a mighty good salesman, too) along the Pacific coast. To-day, he is recognized as one of the five American novelists, and as the best teller of a short story in the field.

HE is Peter B. Kyne, author of "The Valley of the Giants," "Cappy Ricks," "Webster—Man's Man," "The Three God-fathers," "The Parson of Panamint," and a dozen other works you'd recognize immediately.

And since Peter B. Kyne is so commanding a figure in the literature of our time, there is one magazine—and only one magazine—worthy of the honor of publishing his writings. Hereafter it will be a feature of COSMOPOLITAN—a feature we are mighty proud to announce. Read *Private Cappy Ricks, K. C.*, in the August issue. It's the first of the new stories by Peter B. Kyne.

DOES the idea of a story called *The Town Where Nothing Ever Happened* stir your imagination? It is by that talented young woman, Dana Gatlin, and it is just about as unusual a story as we've ever read.

RUPERT HUGHES calls his next story *Chicken-feed*. It's worth a world of money.

ANOTHER story by Frank R. Adams, who wrote "The Last Adventure" and "It Never Can Happen Again." It's called *Anybody's Man*. You may think you can guess what it's about, but you're wrong. But you'll say at the end: "Well, I'm glad he wrote that story. Anybody else would have spoiled it."

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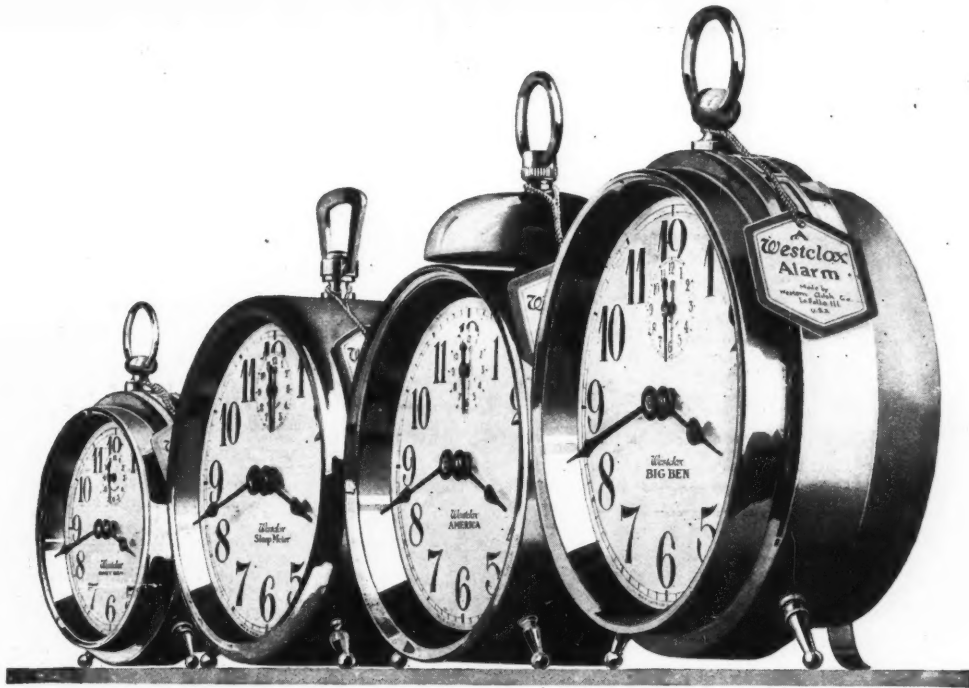
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Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York

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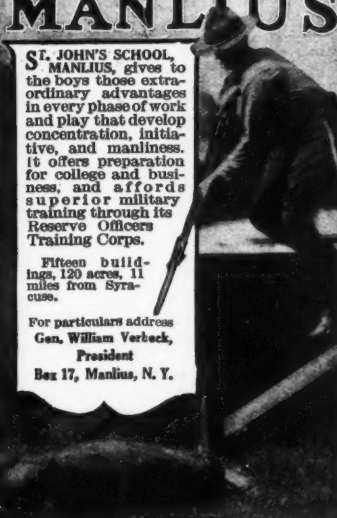
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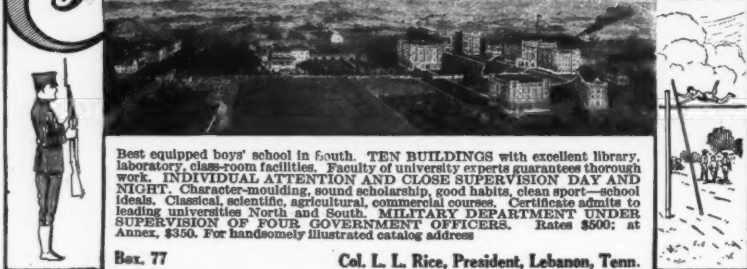
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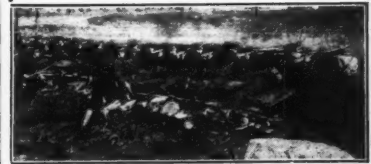
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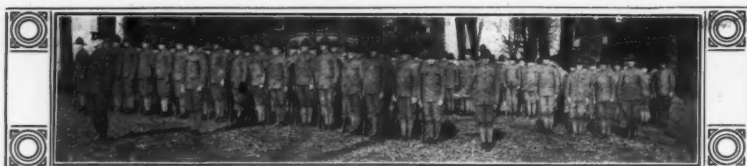
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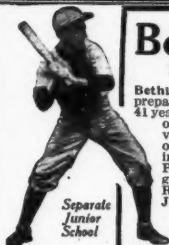
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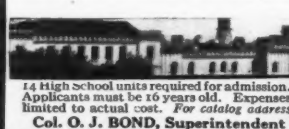
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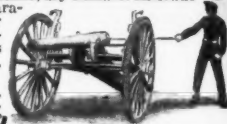
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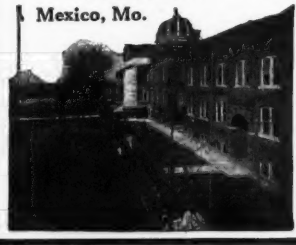
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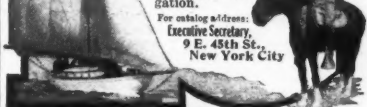
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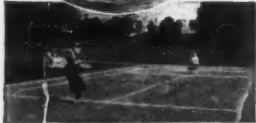
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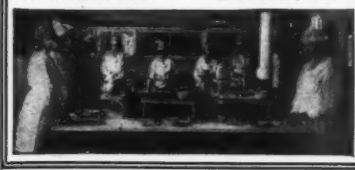


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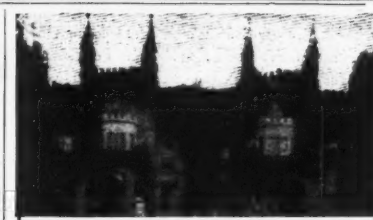
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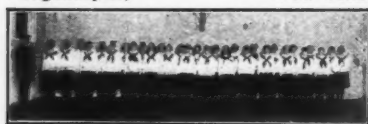
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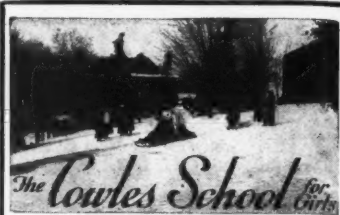
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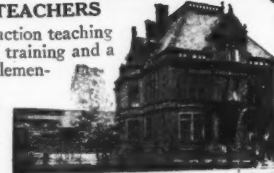
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YOU know just what happens when news of this sort gets around an office. The boys got to picking the man among themselves. They had the choice all narrowed down to two men—Harrison and myself. That was the way I felt about it, too. Harrison was big enough for the job, and could undoubtedly make a success of it. But, personally, I felt that I had the edge on him in lots of ways. And I was sure that the firm knew it too.

Never shall I forget my thrill of pleasure when the president's secretary came into my office with a cheery smile, looked at me meaningly, handed me a bulletin, and said, "Mr. Frazer, here is the news about the new Assistant-to-the-President." There seemed to be a new note of added respect in her attitude toward me. I smiled my appreciation as she left my desk.

At last I had come into my own! Never did the sun shine so brightly as on that morning, and never did it seem so good to be alive! These were my thoughts as I gazed out of the window, seeing not the hurrying throngs, but vivid pictures of my new position flashing before me. And then for a further joyous thrill I read the bulletin. It said, "Effective January 1, Mr. Henry J. Peters, of our Cleveland office, will assume the duties of Assistant-to-the-President at the home office."

PETERS! Peters!—surely I *couldn't* be Peters! Why, this fellow Peters was only a branch-office salesman. . . . *Personality!* Why, he was only five feet four inches high, and had no more personality than a mouse. Stack him up against a big man and he'd look and act like an office boy. I knew Peters well and there was nothing to him, nothing at all.

January the first came and Peters assumed his new duties. All the boys were openly hostile to him. Naturally, I felt very keenly about it, and didn't exactly go out of my way to make things pleasant for him—not exactly!

But our open opposition didn't seem to bother Peters. He went right on with his work and began to make good. Soon I noticed that, despite my feeling against him, I was secretly beginning to admire him. He was winning over the other boys, too. It wasn't long before we all buried out little hatchets and palled up with Peters.

The funny thing about it was the big hit he

made with the people we did business with. I never saw anything like it. They would come in and write in and 'phone in to the firm and praise Peters to the skies. They insisted on doing business with him, and gave him orders of a size that made you dizzy to look at. And offers of positions!—why, Peters had almost as many fancy-figure positions offered to him, as a dictionary has words.

WHAT I couldn't quite get into my mind was how a little, unassuming, ordinary-to-look-at chap like Peters could make such a big hit with every one—especially with influential men. He seemed to have an uncanny influence over people. The masterly Peters of today was an altogether different man from the commonplace Peters I had first met years ago. I couldn't quite make it out, nor could the other boys.

One day at luncheon I came right out and asked Peters how he did it. I half expected him to evade. But he didn't. He let me in on the secret. He said he wasn't afraid to do it as there always was plenty of room at the top.

What Peters told me acted on my mind in exactly the same way as when you stand on a hill and look through binocular glasses at objects in the far distance. Lots of things which I couldn't see before suddenly leaped into my mind with startling clearness. A new sense of power surged through me. And I felt the urge to put it into action.

Within a month I was getting remarkable results. *I had suddenly become popular.* Business men of importance who had formerly given me only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for my friendship. I was invited into the most select social circles. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for me. At first I was astounded at my new power over men and women. I could not only get them to do what I wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated my wishes and seemed eager to please me.

One of our biggest customers had a grievance against the firm. He held off payment of a big bill and switched to one of our competitors. I was sent to see him. He met me like a cornered tiger. A few words and I calmed him. Inside of fifteen minutes he was showering me with apologies. He gave me a check in full payment, another big order, and promised to continue giving us all his business.

I could tell you dozens of similar instances, but they all tell the same story—the ability to make people like you, believe what you want them to believe, and to do what you want them to do. I don't take any personal credit for what I've done. All the credit I give to the method Peters told me about. We've both told it to lots of our friends, and it has enabled them to do just as remarkable things as Peters and I have done.

BUT YOU want to know what method I used to do all these remarkable things. It's simply this: You know that everyone doesn't think alike. What one likes another dislikes. What pleases one

offends another. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there's your cue. You can make an instant hit with anyone if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this, and they'll not only like you, and believe in you, but will literally take the shirt off their back to PLEASE YOU.

You can do it easily by knowing certain simple signs. Written on every man, woman and child are signs, as clearly and as distinctly as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe what you want them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

In knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advancement. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you. And you'll surely want to use it, if for no other reason than to protect yourself against others.

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California Bungalow Books—"Home Kraft Homes," "Draughtsmen's," "Kozy Homes," and "Plan Kraft"—50c each, postpaid. Contain distinctive designs, complete. De Luxe Building Co., 522 Union League Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Continued on page 168

The Man with a Million Dollar Memory

How Any Man Can Improve His Memory in a Single Evening of Solid Fun

A MAN must have a pretty good memory to have it assessed at a million dollars. And yet this is what I have heard business men say was a small valuation of the memory of one of our big industrial leaders.

The man I refer to is one of the giants of American Business. He is the president of one of the largest corporations in the world and one whose employees run into the hundred thousands.

Ask this man anything about the history of his business—about the details of production in any one of his plants—about the characteristics of his thousands of important employees—or in fact ask him anything you can think of in relation to his business and its complex ramifications, and he comes back with the figures and facts without an instant's hesitation.

All who know this great man—and there is not a man in America who doesn't know him—say that perhaps the greatest factor in his marvelous success is his *memory*.

Memory and Good Judgment

Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have *all* the related facts outlined in your mind—clearly and exactly.

Wrong decisions in business are made because the man who makes them forgets some vital facts or figure which, had he been able to summon clearly to mind, would have changed his viewpoint.

The Power of Memory

A man's experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. Two men who have been in a certain business will vary greatly in their experience and value.

If you can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since your first took hold of your work, you can make *all* of your experience count.

If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago you cannot make your experience count.

There is no asset in business more important than a good memory. The man

referred to at the beginning of this article, whose memory is said to be easily worth a million dollars, knows more about his business than any other man in his field because he has been able to remember everything he has ever learned.

Mr. Roth's Amazing Memory Feats

Any man, woman or child of average intelligence can easily and quickly acquire a sure and exact memory.

When David M. Roth, the famous expert, first determined to cultivate his memory he did it because he had a *poor* memory. He actually could not remember a man's name twenty seconds. He forgot so many things that he knew he could not succeed unless he did learn how to remember.

Today there are over ten thousand people in the United States whom Mr. Roth has met at different times—most of them only once—whom he can name instantly on sight. Mr. Roth can, and has, hundreds of times at dinners, and lectures, asked from fifty to one hundred people to tell him their name and telephone numbers, and business connections, and then, after turning his back while they changed seats, has picked each one out by name and told him his telephone number and business.

These are only a few of the scores of other equally "impossible" things that Mr. Roth does—and yet a few years ago he could not remember a man's name twenty seconds. *You* too can do these wonderful things.

A Better Memory in One Evening

Mr. Roth's system, which he has developed through years of study, and which he has taught in class to thousands of business men and others throughout the country in person, is so easy that a twelve-year-old child can learn it, and it is more real fun than any game you play solely for pleasure.

Not only will you enjoy every moment you spend on this wonderful Course but so will your entire family—even the small children can join in the fun.

You get results in the first few moments. Fifteen minutes after you start the first lesson you will see an amazing difference in your power to remember. And a single evening spent on the first lesson will absolutely double your memory power—and may do even more, just as it has for thousands of others.

Just think what this will mean to you—to have twice as good a memory—to have a memory that will enable you instantly to see a new world of facts, figures, faces, addresses, phone numbers, selling points, data and all kinds of mental pictures with less than one hundredth of the effort you now spend in trying to remember without success.

The reason Mr. Roth can guarantee to double your memory in one evening is because he gives you the boiled down, crystallized secret right at the start—then how far you care to go in further multiplying your ability to remember will depend simply on how far you want to go—you can easily and quickly develop your memory to such an extent that you can

do everything Mr. Roth can do. He makes the act of remembering an easy, natural, automatic process of the mind.

Try Before You Buy

So confident are the publishers, the Independent Corporation, of the remarkable value of the Roth Memory Course to readers of this magazine that they want you to test out this remarkable system in your own home before you decide to buy. The Course must sell itself to you by actually increasing your memory before you obligate yourself to spend a penny.

Only \$5 if You Keep It

Mr. Roth's fee for personal instruction to classes limited to fifty members is \$1,000, but in order to secure nation-wide distribution for the Roth Memory Mail Course in a single season the publishers have put the price at only \$5. The Course contains the very same material in permanent form that is given in the personal \$1,000 class.

And bear in mind—you don't have to pay even the small fee asked unless after a test in your own home you decide to keep it.

Send No Money

Don't send a single penny. Merely fill out and mail the coupon. By return post, all charges prepaid, the complete Roth Memory Course will be sent to your home.

Study it one evening—more if you like—then if you feel that you can afford not to keep this great aid to more dollars—to bigger responsibilities—to fuller success in life, mail it back to the publishers within five days and you will owe nothing. If a better memory means only one-tenth as much to you as it has to thousands of other business men and women, mail the coupon today—NOW—but don't put it off and forget—as those who need the Course the very worst are apt to do. Send the coupon in or write a letter now before the low introductory price is withdrawn.



DAVID M. ROTH
Terrence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Donyne, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York, says:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I have already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

"I have examined and used the Roth Memory Course and I wish to tell you how pleased I am with it. I have seven systems of memory training, every one of them of some value, some of very great value; but the Roth course introduces a new principle which excels them all. It is as simple as it is effective."

FRANK W. COLLIER,
The American University,
Washington, D. C.
"Memory Course received. Learned lesson No. 1 in one evening. Enjoyed it as much as I did 'Oliver Twist' or 'Mary Pickford,' and have more as a result to think about and a better thinker to think with to boot."
W. H. C. JOHNSON,
Macon, Ga.

Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly

Dept. R 377, 119 W. 40th St., New York

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either receive the Course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$5 in full payment of the Course.

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Address.....

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Remember Instantly

Names and Faces
What You Read
Speeches and Notes
Talks
Business Details
Selling Points
Legal Points
Conversations
Pictures
History and Dates
Streets and Numbers
Business Figures
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References
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Business Reports
Good Stories
School Lessons
Household Duties
Business Appointments
Social Engagements

Try this famous treatment tonight

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it well with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Always dry your skin carefully.

Conspicuous Nose pores – *How to reduce them*

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores. These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce enlarged nose pores: Try the special treatment given above and supplement it with the steady, general use of Wood-

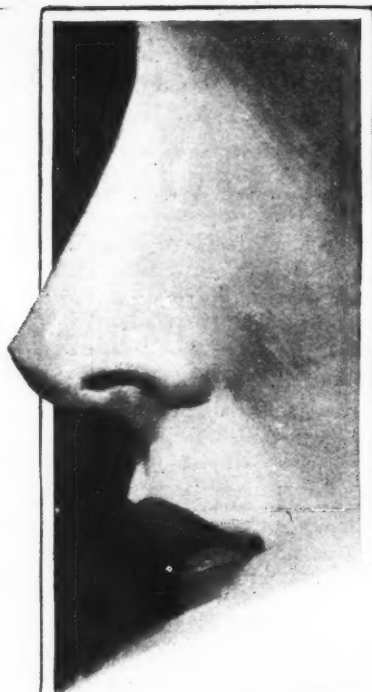
bury's Facial Soap. But do not expect to change immediately a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect. Make this special treatment a daily habit. Before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15c.

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1607 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1607 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



If your skin is marred by blackheads

It is because the pores have become clogged with oil, dry cuticle and the dirt and dust of the air. A special treatment for this skin trouble is given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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Buried Treasure

By Meredith Nicholson

IT is in human nature to love mystery, to seek the solution of riddles, to peer through the mists that hide the unknown. Between the two poles of our existence we are explorers in a world of chance and change. Each day is a challenge; we face the morning buoyed by curiosity as to the outcome. The realists' stern warning that life is a hard business helps us little; it is romance that keeps us young.

What lies within reach is insufficient for our happiness; our thoughts dance forward nimbly to the next hilltop, which promises new and lovelier vistas. I find that old men, in recalling their early struggles, dwell with something of superstitious awe upon the unforeseen opportunities, the happy surprises which turned the tide in their affairs and carried them on to fortune.


We are all seekers of the Fortunate Isles, undismayed by the shipwrecks that litter the sea, confident that the horizon curtains a long-sought haven and the treasure of our dreaming.

There is, for us all, somewhere a buried treasure. In the town where I was born, an old lady watched anxiously the demolition of a house where, as a child, she had hidden a penny in a chink in the wall. And—oh, wonderful!—the coin was found among the ruins—the symbol of her youth that had slipped away forever.

Summer opens wide the doors of imagination and memory. We renew acquaintance with the stars and experience a spiritual rebirth into the kingdom of dreams. Innumerable Americans take advantage of their vacations to visit "the old home," and the "home town." These pilgrimages are sweetened by the remembrance of youthful quests—for arrow-heads along the river or the particular tree in the old orchard where the apples reddened first.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Thrice blest are they who are rich in memories, more precious than much fine gold, of help given and love bestowed. These are like pennies hidden in secrecy, and they constitute the enduring satisfactions of life.





AMERICANS, MARCH ON!

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by W. J. Benda

O H, I am sure you could not understand—
You boys I met in that war-ridden land—
While looking on your young, courageous faces
In hospitals and huts and camping-places,
You could not know the strong, upwelling tide
Of universal mother-love, and pride
Of country and of race that stirred in me.

In the old days of peace across the sea,
Where I had seen you grow from child to youth,
I felt Columbia always would be free,
For underneath your weaknesses lay strength,
And high ideals which, I knew, at length
Must lift themselves to prominence, and rise,
Pillars for New World structures yet to be.

But it was there in France my wondering eyes
Beheld the growing grandeur and the truth
Of all your uttered willingness to serve.

Your sacrifice of things youth holds most dear—
The splendid courage never known to swerve,
And that high optimism and good cheer
That made you seem like glad young gods astray
In old, war-weary lands—even when you lay
With riddled bodies on your cots of pain—
Or when, again,

On your adventurous path you saw appear
The dull routine of service in the rear
That barred your way to glory. That's the test
Which hurts far more than shrapnel in the breast!
And when I saw you meet it with a jest,

Saying, "It's in the day's work"—God! I knew
How my dead son who has grown up in heaven
Must feel sweet pride that unto him were given
Such brothers here on earth.

Now you are back
Upon Columbia's shores, and life will lack
So much that made it vital, much that brought
Your latent energies, your forceful thought
Out into action. But pray heaven you be
In peace all that the mother-heart of me
Found you in time of war, all that the world
Found you when, with Hope's starry flag unfurled,
You shot the shadows through and through with light.
Sons of America, God guide you right!

Peace has more dangers for the thoughtless soul
Than war. Oh, keep your eyes upon this goal:
"The New America that is to be!"—
Symbolic word from sea to listening sea
Of Time's subliminal approaching dawn.
Americans, march on!

A New Novel—Love, Mystery, Temptation, Business, All



This novel begins with a surprising incident of New Year's eve—probably the last New Year's eve celebration of the sort that has become famous (or infamous) in New York.

Uneasy Street

By Arthur Somers Roche

THE long mirror held a most presentable figure. It was true that the collar of the coat did not fit as snugly about the

neck as Baird would have wished, but one must not expect too much of ready-to-wear garments if one can't take the time to permit necessary alterations. Anyway, it was a moment to which he had looked forward for eighteen months, and he would not be captious. Furthermore, ready-made though the suit might be, it undoubtedly fitted much better than any tailored garment that he might have had made at Donchester. Of course, had he time, he'd go to one of the tailors on the Avenue and be outfitted right.

He discovered a sardonic smile on the lips of the man in the mirror. He'd better amend that last wordless statement of his. Had he time and money, he'd patronize the Avenue. He shrugged his shoulders—noting, as he did so, that the collar hunched a trifle—and walked to the window. He picked from a chair and tossed upon the bed a pair of breeches and a blouse; upon the latter were the two silver bars of a captain.

He drew the chair close to the window and sat down. Upon the sill he rested his elbows. Chin in palms, he leaned forward through the open window. It was the last day of the last year of the great war, but nature had been merciful to New York. The air was but as crisp as one might expect on an October evening. But, had it been zero weather, Baird would still have leaned through the open window. Below—twelve stories below—was Broadway!

New York's lamp was lighted to-night. Over in Jersey, on Long Island, even to Connecticut, Baird knew, the city's illumination was visible against the sky. New York, with the passion of the war, had come into her own again.

Baird sniffed the keen air greedily. His eyes were avid for the electric displays. His ears drank in the holiday roar from the streets below. It was only seven o'clock, but already the suburbs had sent their cohorts to throng Broadway. With cow-

Illustrated by

James Montgomery Flagg

bells and horns, with harsh rattles and shrill whistles, with confetti and feather ticklers, the crowds swirled and eddied about Times Square.

It was a sight. Even to a man who had witnessed Paris celebrating peace, it was a sight. For this was something more than New York's annual greeting to the new year; it was, Baird sensed, the city's formal but joyous tossing-away of the burden of war.

He withdrew from the window. Too bad to leave New York when one had merely glimpsed it! But ex-captains of the A. E. F. must look for work.

Not, thank the Lord, that Rodney Baird must look very far. Robbins & Robbins, real estate, Donchester, Massachusetts, had cordially invited their departing chief bookkeeper to return when the war ended. The old job would be waiting. He was lots luckier than a good many of the chaps who had crossed with him, who had gone with him to Upton to wait demobilization. Still— Restlessly he walked to the window again.

The crowd on Broadway was greater now. Every minute it was augmented by fresh hordes coughed forth from the subways. The city was getting into its stride. It would be sort of fun to go out and stroll round. He'd do it! His train did not leave until eleven.

He was struggling into his overcoat when the telephone-bell rang.

"Captain Rodney Baird?"

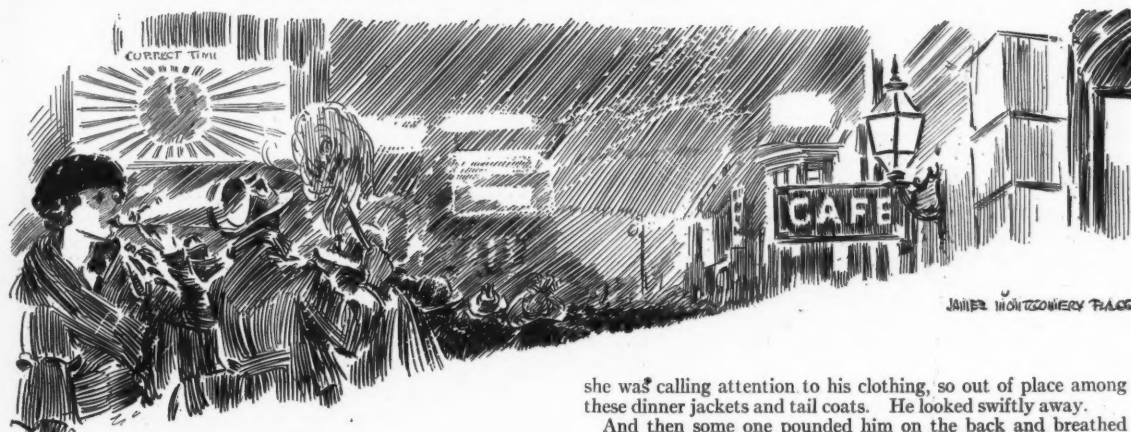
"Ex-Captain Baird," he answered. "That you, Jimmy?"

"Yea, bo! James McPherson Ladd, lately second lieutenant of infantry, all filled up with desire to call a captain names. Where you been hiding, anyway?"

"Only got my discharge yesterday, Jimmy. Beat it into town this afternoon, bought me some new store garments, and a ticket home—"

"Tear up your ticket home," advised Ladd. "New York is home to men of brains. Haven't I been telling you for six

in One—by the Man Who Won Instant Fame With "Loot"



months that James McPherson Ladd, senior needs a willing young partner? And he knows that I'll never be willing. But more of this, anon, me boy. You're at the Tramby. It will take you one minute to reach the street, ninety seconds to find a taxi, and eleven minutes—in the mob to-night—to reach the Chummy Club. We await you."

"But I haven't any clothes—and who's 'we'?"

"We? Wait—" Baird heard him call, "Eileen, come here and tell Captain Baird how much you love him!"

Baird waited a moment. Then, over the wire, came a girl's voice.

"Captain Baird," it said, "I'm to tell you how much I love you."

"Well, tell me," he laughed.

"Over the 'phone?" she asked.

"Did Jimmy tell you that I've just been discharged and haven't had time to get any clothes—"

"No; he didn't tell me that, but he's told me so much about you. And he's been trying all day to reach you. You'll be up here in fifteen minutes, eh?"

Baird was rather dazed as he hung up the receiver. That Jimmy Ladd should have gone to any trouble to locate him was in itself somewhat surprising. True, Ladd and he had been quite good friends, but he had assumed that their friendship would cease upon discharge. For young Ladd was an heir to millions, and he, Rodney Baird, was a bookkeeper from the town of Donchester, Massachusetts. Not that a bookkeeper wasn't as good as anyone else, but, somehow or other, although laborers had won commissions and college men had failed to do so, the war was over. Things must return to the *status quo ante*.

He colored as he glanced in the mirror. Then he berated himself for his pettiness. Jimmy Ladd was a fine young chap who paid him the compliment of wishing to introduce him to his women friends. Jimmy had waved aside his protest that he had no clothing with him. A lately discharged officer was not supposed—away from his own home town, too—to have evening clothes with him. And, anyway, they could take him as he was, he told himself defiantly.

The defiant mood was still with him as he surrendered hat and coat to the attendant at the Chummy Club. He wore the least bit of a frown as he advanced to the door of the main dining-room. Tall, good-looking, well enough built for his figure to defy the ready-made suit, there was that touch of diffidence in his manner that sometimes indicates modesty, but more often a self-consciousness that is born twin to conceit.

They didn't have Chummy Clubs in Donchester. As he glanced over the crowded room, Baird remembered the Donchester restaurant that had essayed a cabaret. It had not lasted long. The city council had threatened a revocation of the liquor license, and the restaurant had meekly yielded to Puritanism.

But if Donchester had thought that innocuous cabaret harmful, what would Donchester think of the performance going on here now? That girl with the auburn hair and the hot gray eyes, dancing with the slim, red-cheeked youth! It would never do in Donchester—he was sure of that.

The girl with the auburn hair passed him again. He knew that she spoke to her immaculately groomed partner. Doubtless

she was calling attention to his clothing, so out of place among these dinner jackets and tail coats. He looked swiftly away.

And then some one pounded him on the back and breathed fervent salutation into his ears. It was the slim youth, the red-cheeked healthy-looking companion of the girl with the auburn hair.

"I didn't know you in those clothes, Rod, and I'll bet a cooky that you didn't know me. You old son of a gun—gosh, but you are changed! Long pants and apels sure make a hero look like a bookkeeper!"

It was an unfortunate phrase, and Baird's blush grew more vivid. As though Ladd were far away, he heard him go through the formalities of introduction to the auburn-haired girl. He heard his own voice stammering acknowledgment of his presentation to Miss Eileen Elsing. Quite to his amazement, he found himself upon the dancing-floor, his arm round Miss Eileen Elsing, her face quite close to his. They had progressed three-quarters of the way round the room before the girl spoke.

"Jimmy's a bit of an ass, isn't he?"

"Eh? I beg pardon," stammered Baird.

"Oh, if he's *that* good a friend, I apologize," she said lazily.

Her voice was languid, almost heavy, yet rich and vibrant, too.

"But," she went on, "why did he warn me that you couldn't dance?"

"Kindness," replied Baird.

The girl glanced up at him. She was not short, and the upward glance, so close were her eyes, had the effect almost of physical contact with Baird. She was not over twenty-four, he decided. Sophisticated as those eyes were, they held youth in them.

"Are all heroes mock-modest?" she asked. "You dance extremely well, and are extremely well aware of it." Again her eyes roamed over his face.

"Thank you," he murmured; "but I wasn't aware of it."

"Oh, you're a bit clumsy about the new steps, but—if you'd let me guide you—"

The gloved hand that rested upon his right arm exerted a slight pressure. Immediately he found himself half reversing and moving backward.

"You see," she said. "With me to guide you—"

"Paradise," he muttered.

"Back with banality from war," she said. "Couldn't you think of something newer?"

"But you wanted *something*, and I don't think quickly," he retorted.

The music ceased, and the one-steppers' hands came together in applause for an encore. The girl looked inquiringly at Baird.

He nodded, and she led him to the table where Ladd now sat. There were others there, a Mrs. Dabney and a Miss Boffert—the former a much-rouged, plump brunette, and the other a rather bulky girl, whose progress beyond the stage of pimples was not definitely assured. Also, there was Mr. Dabney, whose crisp mustache consorted ill with the black ribbon from which suspended his eye-glasses.

Apparently they were conserving energy against the later evening, for they had not been dancing. Introductions were made with a casualness that surprised Baird, accustomed to the stiff, somewhat self-conscious formality of Donchester. Immediately they were made, Mrs. Dabney demanded the attention of Jimmy Ladd, while her husband leaned toward Miss Boffert. Baird settled himself in his chair. He had read, in Sunday editions, of the Chummy Club. He had heard Jimmy Ladd

mention it. Of course, he had known that it was not strictly a club, that it was, at least, semipublic. But that it should prove to be merely a restaurant was something of a surprise.

The room—he judged correctly that there were other rooms, private dining-rooms and the like—held tables sufficient to accommodate perhaps two hundred people comfortably. But to-night there were half as many more here, seated at the tables that were so closely jammed together, or moving about upon the dancing-floor in the center of the room.

Carnival was in the air. Uniforms predominated; nevertheless, there was no lack of wine upon the tables.

Watching the confetti being thrown, observing the toy balloons which were batted around by the enthusiastic merry-makers, listening to the ever-increasing noise, Baird wondered how spontaneous it all was—how much of it was due to alcohol, and how much to natural ebullience of spirit. For himself, the defiant resentfulness that had possessed him when he entered the room had passed away. It was without self-consciousness that he rescued a balloon from Miss Elsing's auburn head and threw it at a pretty blonde at the next table.

"And without a drink, either," commented the girl. •

He looked at her.

"What do you mean?"

"My Puritan friend"—she shrugged her shoulders—"one could hardly imagine you, a moment ago, able to enter into the spirit of this affair. You were frowning, angry—"

"Oh, not all that!" he protested. "I was looking for Jimmy. The light hurt my eyes, and—"

"Why prevaricate? You *are* a Puritan, and you were shocked when you came in here. Well, I hardly blame you. To return from the trenches and find this—" She looked about her, her lips faintly curled, her eyes, Baird sensed, a trifle hard, "And now"—and she laughed mockingly—"you are doing your best to seem a bit bored."

"I'm not," he said hotly.

"No? Are you really bored?"

"Of course not! I—I'm having—a bully time."

"I'm not, then, and I am bored," she told him. Her voice was the least bit petulant. "I warned Jimmy that we shouldn't start out until after the theater; but no—he wouldn't have it. Just back from France and waste time in a theater! Still, perhaps he isn't wasting time here."

Her glance at Jimmy, leaning so closely toward the pretty Mrs. Dabney, was explanatory of her words. Baird could not help casting his eyes toward Mrs. Dabney's husband. But if that gentleman was conscious of the flirtation occurring before his eyes, he was not too concerned about it. The dance-music struck up again. Miss Elsing turned to Baird.

"Are you really a worshiper of the great god Jazz," she demanded, "or do you dance so well because you have no other accomplishments?"

It was a casual impertinence. To resent it would be to dignify it too greatly. Yet he did resent it, because it seemed to him that this girl recognized him for what he was, a bookkeeper stealing a few last hours before returning to his desk. She would hardly, he felt, be as rude to some one in her own class. Her own class! It was his own mental phraseology, but, had she uttered it herself, he could not have been more angry.

"Dancing bores me," he said curtly.

"Me, too, Steve," she said. "Let's get out of here." At his blank look, she laughed. "Oh, don't be shocked again. This is New Year's eve. And we're all to meet at the Central at twelve. If you can't trust yourself, trust me."

He rose with her. They drifted across the dancing-floor together, and out by the check-room. As she put on her wraps she glanced toward the room they had just left.

"Too engrossed—both couples," she announced shortly. "They'll not miss us until it's time to leave. Carry this, please."

"This" was a diamond pin. Little of jewelry as Baird knew, he recognized the exquisite taste of the ornament. About three inches long, nine diamonds were set in platinum filigree. Five of the stones weighed perhaps a carat apiece; the other four were chips. But it was the lovely flawlessness of the five larger stones than won Baird's admiration. Pure white, they flashed in the electric lights. So brilliantly did they gleam to the furtive eye of an extremely white-faced gentleman about to surrender his coat and hat to the attendant that he changed his mind.

"It's a beauty!" said Baird.

"It is effective," the girl admitted. "But I shouldn't have worn it; the clasp is loose. And as a rather dear—a funny little aunt gave it to me. I should hate to lose it. So—you take care of it."

"I'll be most careful," he laughed. He dropped the trinket into his waistcoat pocket. The white-faced gentleman drew a bit nearer to them. The girl looked up at Baird. In her eyes was a certain cool hardness.

"Please do," she said. "I should hate to ask you to replace it."

She did not notice his gasp as she preceded him through the revolving door. Again that resentment toward her possessed him.

Outside, the girl looked up at him. Her hand slipped through his arm. She drew close to him. The coolness, the hardness had gone from her eyes. She seemed, for the moment, confiding, friendly. Her nearness exhilarated him. He forgot his resentment completely. Three steps, and they were swallowed up by the hilarious throng. So many persons bumped against him that he ceased to notice it. It was a very simple matter for the white-faced gentleman to abstract from his waistcoat pocket the diamond pin.

II

THE Central, while not the city's newest hotel, was one of its most fashionable. The crowd which had engaged tables in its dining-room to-night apparently was made up of exactly the same sort of people whom Baird had seen at the Chummy Club.

It was close on to midnight when Eileen Elsing and her companion entered the main dining-room of the big hotel. Baird marveled at the girl. The girls whom he had left behind him in Donchester eighteen months or so ago would have been brazen to leave a party with a strange man, and wander, unchaperoned, for more than two hours through the crowded city streets. Also, he was quite certain that even had they dared brave the conventions, they would never have braved the city pavements in dancing-slippers.

Yet, as a downward glance showed him, this girl's slippers showed not a fleck of city mud on their satin tops. She was, undoubtedly, of a sort different from the girls of Donchester.

It was all new to Baird. Girls of Miss Elsing's class—it suddenly occurred to him that he knew nothing of her station in life. For that matter, beyond the fact that Jimmy Ladd's father was wealthy, he knew nothing of Jimmy's social position. It had never interested him.

That Miss Elsing was a young woman of wealth, he'd assumed from her presence in Jimmy Ladd's party. Not that, in the school of democracy from which he had just been discharged, a man's money had made any difference. Still, as he'd known for a year or more that Ladd "traveled" with a wealthy set, he had been content with the quiet assumption that the end of the war would mean the termination of a pleasant acquaintance. Jimmy Ladd had, it was true, mentioned once or twice that his father could "use a bright chap" in his office. But Baird had dismissed Ladd's well-meant words with a smile.

But now, after some hours in the company of Eileen Elsing, Donchester began to seem less like home and more like jail. The girl intrigued him.

Hardly had they left the Chummy Club when they were swept away by the hilarious crowd. A well-dressed crowd, too, for the most part. Baird had never seen so many men and women in evening dress outside of a theater or ball. Women were evening clothes on the street here, apparently on their way from theater to restaurant. In Donchester, evening clothes were "occasions." Here they were matters casual. It was another mark of New York's uniqueness. As far as Times Square they had pushed their way, jostling and being jostled. At first, Baird had wanted to resent the men who leered, who thrust feathers into the face of the girl. But her own good-humored acceptance of the night and its follies had shamed him into acquiescence. A bit out of breath, they reached the Tramby.

"Let's have a drink," she proposed.

"You're improving," she told him, a few moments later. They had managed to crowd into the Tramby grill, and she had ordered a high-ball. Baird was sipping ginger-ale.

"Yes?" he said.

She drank rather deeply.

"Uh-huh," she nodded. "You're recovering from shock. I should say that you'll be completely cured in another hour or so. You may even order a drink for yourself."

He felt himself blush.

"I drink occasionally," he said shortly.

"Every eight or ten years, eh?" She did not jeer. Her voice, as always, seemed lazily indifferent. Yet Baird read into it something of scorn.

"A bit more often than that," he declared. "But in the army—well, it can't very well be done."

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"Let's go," she said suddenly. "I want to walk some more."

The waiter brought him the check. Baird smothered a whistle. The Tramby grill taxed its patrons a dollar cover-charge. Of course, it was New Year's eve, but—three dollars and forty-five cents for two drinks! Nevertheless, he flattered himself that he was correctly nonchalant as he gave the waiter four dollars.

At the door of the grill-room, he hesitated a moment.

"I intended to leave on the eleven o'clock for Donchester, Miss Elsing, but——"

She cast him a glance over her shoulder. "To-morrow is another day," she told him. "The trains will still be running."

Once again they were in the street, buffeted by the crowds. What it was about her that conquered him Baird could not tell. She was handsome, boldly handsome, but he had seen more beautiful women. She had charm, of a sort, but he had encountered greater. That she was a lady, even, he could not be sure. Certainly, the ladies of Donchester would hesitate at drinking high-balls in public cafés. He glanced surreptitiously at his watch. It was ten-thirty; he had time in which to attend to his bags and catch the train. He said no more about leaving. Arm in arm, they fought their way up Broadway.

Jimmy Ladd was waiting for them in the lobby of the Central.

"Swift work, Eileen!" he said, with a grin. To Baird, "I suppose that you've shouted, 'Kamerad!' into her shell-like ears?"

Baird colored. He was becoming annoyed with himself at his lack of apt retort, at his easy blushing.

"Hustle," said Ladd. "The crowd's all inside."

A long table had been prepared for Ladd's guests at the Central. Around it were fifteen or sixteen people. This time, Ladd made no pretense of introduction. Dabney affixed his eye-glasses and stared at the late arrivals. His crisp mustache was not so jaunty now, and his devotion to Miss Boffert was more pronounced.

Baird looked down the table. Jimmy Ladd's acquaintance was most catholic. He tried to satisfy himself as to the occupations, the importance, of the persons at the party. He gave it up. Good-naturedly noisy, all of them, the most riotous seemed to be those whose hair, if they were women, was grayest, or whose heads, if they were men, were baldest.

One thing they were remarkable for—their clothing. At least, they were remarkable judged by Donchester standards. He knew enough of women's clothing to realize that Mrs. Dabney's simple-appearing black-lace frock must have cost several hundred dollars. And the yellow gown that Eileen Elsing wore did more than hint of money.

But it was the clothing of the men that amazed him. In Donchester, the putting-on of evening clothes was still something of a ceremony. Men wore them a trifle self-consciously, as, in an earlier generation, they wore their Sunday suits.

But in New York, practically every one who was not in uniform dressed for the evening. And, somehow, they seemed to be comfortable, to have none of the difficulties with collar and tie and obtrusive shirt-front that always annoyed Baird. Even Dabney, a trifle rumpled now, had in his garb a certain nicety of cut that was foreign to Baird's experience, that rumpling could not take away.

Who were these people, anyway? If quiet was one of the first requisites of gentility—as he had been brought up to believe—these people were not gently born. Yet, it was a celebration. And it was the sort of celebration that Baird would have assumed would naturally have been confined to youth. Only, in New York, there were no old. That, if anything, was the great outstanding fact of the evening. In Donchester, men definitely surrendered their claims to young women at forty. In New York, apparently, men surrendered their claims at death, and not before.

Nor was it, oddly enough, disgusting. He rather liked the old blades of Manhattan. Why should a man yield his patent leathers to carpet slippers if he didn't choose to? The poets sometimes rhapsodized over the graceful slipping into old age. Well, who loves a quitter? And in this city, the home of ambitious youth, he was a quitter who relinquished youth.

Baird saw Jimmy Ladd on the dancing-floor, holding closely to him a pale, blond girl. Quite without meaning to, Baird cast a questioning look at Mrs. Dabney. But in that lady's eyes was only a good-natured tolerance. He turned to Miss Elsing.

"Shall we dance?" he suggested.

She yawned frankly.

"I'm tired from the walk. What an asinine way to spend an evening!"

"Thank you," said Baird curtly.

She laughed.

"Oh, I didn't mean you. But—all this. To shout and cavort and make fools of ourselves—I simply can't do it without liquor. Join me? It might enliven you?"



It was almost impossible to converse any longer. Nineteen-

The barb in her voice, more than in her words, stung. He had been in the girl's company more than two hours—had had her all alone—and the result, for her, had been boredom. And yet he knew, without vanity, that he didn't bore most women. He damned the self-consciousness that, he thought, rendered him tongue-tied with this girl.

He felt suddenly angry with himself. Why the devil had he missed his train? Who was this girl, anyway? What did he care whether she liked him, whether she thought him amusing? As for needing liquor to loosen his tongue, he could talk well enough without it, if the girl only knew it, and—he reached for a glass. Then he reached for another.

Now, an old-fashioned whisky cocktail and a glass of champagne merely open the eyes of some men. Others they put to



nineteen was coming in with a bang. It was immensely thrilling. What a friendly sort New Yorkers were!

sleep. Others strike a happy medium. Baird had been absolutely "on the wagon" for twenty months. The whisky and wine at first warmed him. Then his eyes became slightly blurred and his voice thick. Then his vision grew extraordinarily keen and his voice remarkably clear and distinct.

"Shall we dance?" he asked the girl again.

She eyed him amusedly.

"If you wish," she assented.

The room was stifling. His throat was parched when they reached their seats again. Two more glasses of champagne joined the other tributes to the occasion.

Suddenly the lights went out. It was midnight. The New Year had arrived. The extra glasses of wine gave Baird a fictitious boldness. In the darkness, Miss Elsing lighted a

cigarette. Her red lips gleamed as vividly, to his heated imagination, as the flame of the match which she held. And as the match was tossed away and her lighted cigarette came away from her mouth, he leaned forward.

His kiss was returned! There was no doubt about that. The first lips that his own had touched in two years welcomed the salutation. Then, as he would have kissed her again, a pair of soft hands pressed against his cheeks, and the mouth so close to his own was withdrawn.

The din in the room was terrific, yet Baird was unconscious of it. The humming in his ears drowned all external noise. The lights flashed on again. He found himself, with the others standing up, waving a champagne-glass, and shrieking welcome to the New Year. But he saw only Eileen Elsing.

He leaned toward her, but Jimmy Ladd was ahead of him. He saw her whisked away in Jimmy's arms. Surely no one in the world danced as divinely as Eileen Elsing. Heedless of the invitation in the eyes of other women guests of Ladd, he poured himself a glass of wine and continued staring at Eileen. Dance with anyone else? Not he!

Of course it was all right for Eileen to dance with Jimmy, to dance with anyone. She was perfect. She could do no wrong. And Jimmy—bless his dear heart!—had introduced Baird to Eileen. Jimmy would always be their dearest friend.

"It's all right, Jimmy," he said to that gay young gentleman as the dance ended and the couple returned to the table.

"What's all right, Roddy me boy?" asked Ladd.

Baird beamed benevolently. Genial kindness exuded from him. Some men fight; some men cry; some are happy; some are morose. Liquor is the most versatile thing in the world. No effects are beyond its power. It made Baird tolerant, generous.

"Your dancing with Eileen," he replied. "No objection to it at all, Jimmy. Dance with her whenever you want. I like to watch you."

Ladd eyed his guest critically.

"Gets you pretty quick, doesn't it, Rod?"

Baird nodded heavily, ponderously.

"Minute I saw her—knew it." He placed his hand upon his heart. "Dance, Eileen?"



The cover was partly open; money seemed to be oozing from it. He reached farther under and pulled the trunk out

Miss Elsing grinned at Jimmy Ladd. To Baird, she replied: "Let's sit it out. And let's have a little something to cool off." She did not offer the least objection as Baird held her hand.

It was almost impossible to converse any longer. Nineteen—nineteen was coming in with a bang. It was immensely thrilling. What a friendly sort New Yorkers were! Welcomed a fellow in quite as though they'd known him all their lives, and—He tried to say something of this to Miss Elsing, but she evidently misunderstood him. However, she smiled and held out her glass. Baird poured champagne into it.

Some drops fell on the girl's hand. He bent over and kissed them away. He looked up angrily as a shout of laughter came from the end of the table. But it was only that Mr. Dabney had come to life.

The difficulty with the Waiters' Union had resulted in the engaging of girls as waitresses at the Central. An extremely pretty girl had just served Mr. Dabney with something. Inspiration had come to him as he started to tip her.

"Worth just fifty cents, m'dear, if I put it in your hand. Worth five dollars if I put it in your stocking. What say?"

The waitress essayed coyness, but failed in the endeavor. Five dollars was five dollars. She turned slightly to one side; her skirt was raised; into her stocking-top Dabney slipped the five-dollar bill.

No invention of modern history has ever been acclaimed with the enthusiasm that greeted Mr. Dabney's strikingly original idea. There was a yell from Ladd's table; as explanation shot about the room, hilarity reached its highest pitch. Immediately a dozen girls stood close to tables, while unsteady hands that held bills fumbled at the tops of stockings.

Baird's eyes were frightened as he turned to Miss Elsing. But he reconsidered his offer to take her home as he saw the mirth in her eyes, the broad smile on her lips.

The disgust left his own eyes. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* After all, evil was in the thought, not in the deed. It really, when you stopped to think of it, was something of a lark, this idea of Dabney's.

He reached into his waistcoat pocket as the waitress passed by him. He touched her on the arm. She turned, and her face was vaguely familiar. Somewhere, sometime, he'd seen her. But he could not place her now. He drew her near to him; he tipped her exactly as Dabney had done. The girl laughed, thanked him, and moved on. He turned to Eileen for approval.

"You warm up as the evening progresses," she told him.

Jimmy Ladd was settling with a head waiter for the party. Baird joined him.

"Hadrn't we better have more wine?" he asked.

Obsequiously the waiter took his order. Five minutes later, the check was presented. Hotels are rather careful about these matters on New Year's eve.

Baird fished in his pocket. He drew forth several bills. Horror suddenly came to him. Of his army savings, he had had one hundred and thirty dollars left after paying for his new clothing. Now he had something like seventeen dollars. He had, undoubtedly, put a hundred-dollar bill in the stocking of the pretty waitress. He could feel perspiration on his forehead. What would Miss Elsing think?

"Oh, Jimmy!" he said. "Haven't any money with me—I'm a fearful ass. Would you mind—"

"Surest thing!" And Jimmy handed him a wad of bills. Baird selected a hundred. He paid the waiter. Magnificently he waved the change—a matter of twenty dollars—away. For by now he was talking with Eileen again.

He was in the midst of an ardent declaration, to which the girl listened smilingly, when a slim man, of forty-five, perhaps, groomed to the point of affectation, joined the party. Immediately he appropriated Eileen. She seemed not at all unwilling to be appropriated. Taken aback, Baird surveyed the



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A slim man, of forty-five, perhaps, groomed to the point of affectation, joined the party. Immediately he appropriated Eileen. She seemed not at all unwilling to be appropriated. Taken aback, Baird surveyed the ivory shoulder that she turned to him

ivory shoulder that she turned to him. Angry speech trembled on his lips when Ladd touched him.

"Lay off, Roddy," warned Jimmy. "You've been playing with the same engagement long enough. Lots of other pretty girls here would like to talk to you. And Sam Blackmar is one of these all-or-nothing people, you know."

"No; I didn't know," snapped Baird. "Who is he? Who invited him to—"

"I invited him here," interrupted Jimmy dryly. Then he grinned. "Cheer up, old top! And give the girl a chance. Unless some handsome blackguard like yourself interferes, she's going to be real sensible and make a few millions quicker than you or I ever will."

"Yes? You mean—"

"Why, I mean that she's going to marry him—if she's sane," said Ladd.

"Sane?" Baird's laugh was unpleasant. Jimmy Ladd never knew how nearly Baird came to driving his glass into the other's face. Then Baird laughed again. He lifted the glass, but to his own lips. As Eileen rose and surrendered her slim waist to Blackmar, Baird quietly stole away from the party.

There was gaiety enough in the restaurants and hotels of Fifth Avenue still. The limousines and taxis, whose drivers dozed on their seats as they waited for the revelers, were proof enough of that.

But the street itself was lonesome. He turned toward Broadway, past rows of dwelling-houses, dark, quiet, out of place so near the Central and its kindred resorts, yet suggesting a wholeness not observable in the restaurants.

The crisp air soothed Baird's temples. He was conscious of having drunk too much; a bad to-morrow confronted him. The wandering taxi-man who halted beside him failed to win a fare. The air, the exercise of the walk—Baird wanted these things.

But Broadway was little more attractive than the Avenue.

Its crowds, too, had vanished. Confetti, torn ticklers, broken horns, dismantled rattles, silent cow-bells strewed the streets. The lights were dimmed. The atmosphere held something ghostly, something chill. Unconsciously he quickened his steps. He felt, he imagined, as a scrub-woman who comes to a room that has held a banquet must feel. Half-eaten viands, bottles, bedraggled table-linen, scattered chairs—Broadway seemed like this. There is no place so lonesome as a place that has been recently filled with people. No desert is as vacant as a summer resort in the winter. It is because people leave behind them something intangible, something of the spirit that has animated them. Deserts are not filled with ghosts; empty houses are.

Now, in the faint hour before dawn, Broadway, almost deserted of people—though lights still gleamed in the restaurants—was filled with ghosts. Baird quickened his steps. The glamour was gone. How foolish to have seen any glamour there at all!

Yet that attitude was unjust. The curtain descends on the play; the stage is cleared; the scenery is hoisted aloft or piled away. Yet, if the play has been entertaining, who regrets the time spent in listening to it?

So, he had not been foolish to see glamour to-night. If Broadway and the Avenue had been representative of New York—people undoubtedly became intoxicated at county fairs, but does one condemn the fair? To-night, had he been in the mood for it, he would have felt the great reaction from the stress of war; he would have seen a million people expressing their joy at merely being alive. Liquor did not make the celebration; it was merely an inconsiderable portion of it for the great majority.

He stopped at the entrance to the Tramby. The great majority! To the north, east, west, and even south were homes—real homes, with real people. With kindly people, too. Not one quarrel had he observed in the streets to-night. Kindly, decent people. He looked up Longacre Square. The great hotels, the tall office-buildings—these were (Continued on page 130)

The Abolishing of



*Is the world
new understanding
which we can better
evidence that our dead can
King did not believe this
he has since been the subject
be very important and, even to
interesting. He presents them as
vince. Read them in that spirit*

point of view, the result was unsatisfactory. A first effort was made and abandoned. A second effort went so far that two articles were in type. Then certain things began to happen. Astonishing me from the first, the result was, for some time, no more than astonishment. When it passed beyond that stage, I begged the editor to allow me to withdraw the articles that had so nearly appeared, and to give in their place a brief account not of what I had read in history, sacred or otherwise, or of what others had experienced, but of what had been occurring to myself.

In doing this, I beg to say that I have no message to deliver, no theory to advance. If I state the conclusions to which I have felt myself obliged to come, it will be only because I have come to them. With those who think differently, I can have no quarrel, because so lately—if these things had been told me

by some one else—I should have been as skeptical as anyone. All I ask is that, in telling my story, which the reader will see to be a simple one, I shall be credited with the effort to give the facts as accurately as I can recall them. Whatever else may be of interest—and I trust there will be something—the reader will see at once to be not mine.

I

THE interest in psychic phenomena which has been specially in evidence during the past three or four years is generally attributed to the desire of the thousands of bereaved to communicate with their sons, husbands, and brothers violently hurled into other phases of existence. This, as far as it goes, is undoubtedly correct; and yet, I venture to think, it accounts for only part of the yearning which has affected so many of the thinking people in the British empire and the United States, as perhaps elsewhere. The true impulse lies deeper down—so deep down that probably only those accustomed to analyze human emotions have been aware of it.

It proceeds, I think, from a wave of intense dissatisfaction with this present world. If there is a better world, we want to be assured of it, and to be assured of it quickly. We are like passengers on a magnificent ship that has been torpedoed. It is

WHEN, a few months ago, the editor of COSMOPOLITAN kindly asked me for a series of articles on the new attitude which the world is slowly beginning to take up with regard to the subject of Life and Death, I undertook the task with some confidence. While the aspects of the theme commonly known as "psychic" had never specially interested me, I had given much thought to all the views that go by the name of "Christian." My convictions, which remain unchanged, were based on a belief in the reality of the death and resurrection of the Nazarene Master; and I humbly drew the same conclusions as those presented by the New Testament writers, that, he being the first instance of what would one day be possible to all men, all men were destined to follow where he led.

I believed, and believe, with St. Paul that "the last enemy which shall be destroyed is death"—but that death shall also be destroyed.

In other words, I believe that the whole human race will one day progress to a point at which this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality, without going through the changes of decay, death, and burial, so hideous and repugnant to the average mind.

Nevertheless, when I attempted to handle this theme from what I hoped was a union of the traditional with the modern

of Death

By Basil King

Author of "The Inner Shrine," "The City of Comrades," etc.

Decorations by F. X. Leyendecker



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of death—one to
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communicate with us? Basil
possible two months ago. But
of demonstrations which may
the most skeptical, tremendously
a record, with no attempt to con-
and draw your own conclusions.

sinking beneath our feet. Much that we confidently trusted to is giving way. It is not giving way in one place alone, but everywhere. There was a time when those who disapproved of America could go to Europe, and those who disapproved of Europe could go to America. Now the disturbance, or the fear of disturbance, is general. For minds seeking a solid basis on which to stand, there is none in sight. Millions of people, accustomed to feel themselves safe and strong, have waked to see they are in danger, and to realize their helplessness against the advance of undiscernible and perhaps invisible foes.

For we had been forming a world exactly the opposite to the one we thought we were building. We thought we were turning out a stable thing, well founded, well supported, growing to an apex at which the few but fit would shine like stars. It is the most natural of our impulses to ask, "Where is this dream now?" Some of the mightiest countries, materially speaking, of five years ago are in ruins. Rulers so powerful that they invited comparison with demigods have gone down to a tragic end that will provide dramatic themes for future generations. Merely to have been great from the material point of view has become, in a large part of Europe, an invitation to disaster. Those countries that have escaped absolute overthrow have been saved by the thin spiritual principle that, through the most material of eras, has persisted among them like a sickly plant—but still has persisted. A minimum of ten righteous men would have saved Sodom, and doubtless these nations have been able to provide the requisite element. But even there the iron has entered into the soul, and England, France, Italy, and the United States will never, so those who undertake to forecast the future tell us, be what they were again.

For with the downfall of certain powers and the survival of certain others we are not at the end of the changes in store for us. Rather, we appear to be only at the beginning. It is safe to say that in the interval between November, when the armistice was signed, and April, when these words are being written, we have seen a more tremendous shifting of the human basis than during the years of actively shedding blood. We are learning the alphabet of what the war has meant; but the book has not yet been written. Old things have passed away; all things have become

new. The quicker we are to seize that fact, the easier it will be for us. The reactionary—the man who thinks he can go back to where 1914 left off, who attempts to begin again on a basis that is material and nothing more—is an anachronism. He is not fitted to teach or do business in the new world that is emerging. True, we eat, we drink, we plant, we build, much as we did before; but the inner perception is different. Faintly we are beginning to discern the fact that the real world is the spiritual world, and that a spiritual civilization must spring from the ruins of the old if man is to keep his place on the planet.

The conception is, of course, not new. Every religious teacher since Abraham has made this his ideal, and at no time has the vision been allowed to lapse. In our modern world, two voices, the one boldly, the other faintly, have emphasized this truth, with the deductions to be drawn from it.

Of these, the first has been the Church. Under this heading, awkward for the purpose, I group that whole agglomeration of sects which go by the name of "Christian." Whatever criticism can be leveled against them this one thing, at least, can be affirmed to their credit—that they have never ceased to proclaim the spiritual world as the enduring one. Never was nobler or more continuous testimony borne to a cause.

During a densely material age, the Church continued to preach, and was barely listened to. Then a second voice spoke.

It spoke humbly, with no assertion of a mission to teach, with no intention beyond the release of what might be established as fact from a mass of vulgarity and claptrap.

It spoke, too, as such voices commonly speak, from the most unexpected quarter. As long as the scientific spirit had been active among men, it had been considered the enemy of the supersensuous; but all at once, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when salvation through material science was becoming, for the intelligent, almost a fact, things supersensuous began to occupy the minds of scientific men.

Of the Society for Psychical Research, I have only this to say: that, for the modern mind, it puts the whole subject of the spiritual world in a light that challenges attention. It claims that there exists a means of communication between the plane before death and the plane after it. When some of the most highly trained philosophical and scientific minds in Europe and America support the declaration that intercourse between the so-called living and the so-called dead is possible, it is time for those of us who are seeking proof of a better world than this to pay attention. Of the most celebrated of these men, the names are familiar to the world. The records of their experience are before the public, and, in some cases, have had a wide reading. My main purpose in referring to them now is to indicate a movement on a wide-spread scale before passing to my personal experience as a detail.

For, after all, in a discussion such as this, personal experience carries weight from the sheer fact of its being personal. Though not of necessity convincing, it records, at least, an element in one man's life. I shall venture, therefore, to tell the little I know at first hand, though I should like to repeat—what I have said by way of prelude—that my own approach to the subject has been entirely through what I may call the logical extension of the Christian revelation.

That is to say, I believe that if, according to the statement of the New Testament, Jesus Christ has abolished death, then it is abolished. Not that he could have done away with what had previously been a fact, but that he had proved death to be no more than a figment of the human senses, always easily deluded. From this,

it was a natural step for me to go on to viewing death as an enhancement of existence, free from such accompaniments as grief, fear, or separation. The plea for the legitimacy of sorrow put forward by the human senses—that while death may be a gain to those who pass onward, it must be a loss to those who stay behind—I found myself unable to admit. A gain for one must be a gain

for all. To believe that profit for one could be loss for another would be to institute a principle of divinely sanctioned topsy-turvydom. One could not on Easter day sing alleluias over the abolishing of death, and live in the shadow of its poignancy all the rest of the year.

If death was abolished, Life was a grand unity. And if Life was a grand unity, then communion was its expression. I had repeated from my childhood the formula that I believed "in the communion of saints," though I had never seen an outward sign of that fellowship or known anyone to whom this communion was more than theoretic. But a communion which existed only in the words of one side, without token or response from the other, began to seem to me not a communion. (Since writing the above, a spiritual correspondent, once a young Harvard professor, has said: "The communion of saints is the recognition on your part of the outstretched arms which

for eons of years you have passed by. The communion has always been on this side, even when you were all blind.") Surely the voice of communion should be communication. If Life was universal, then Intelligence must be universal, and if Intelligence was universal, then utterance must be its instinct. That this instinct should be forever balked I found it harder and harder to credit, especially when the windows of heaven were being opened for the Unseen to pour us out what we chose to call mechanical blessings. Between spiritual and mechanical, I could see no difference in essence, since all were the gifts of Life.

Asking only for intelligible communication between the two spheres, I had little interest in such psychic phenomena as the moving of pieces of furniture, the transmission of objects through the air, or the making of strange noises. However little these manifestations could be explained by known natural laws, I disliked to think of them as spiritual indications. But when



messages of a simpler and more straightforward kind began to come to myself, I asked some questions as to a séance of the type to which I am referring, described by Sir Conan Doyle, with replies that have made me more tolerant.

"We never wish to terrify," was the answer, "yet we seek to make ourselves known."

"Do people on your plane," was my next question, "ever manifest themselves in material form?"

"There might be great exceptions, but they are rare. There must be a strong reason for their appearing to those who can see them with physical eyes."

"But is not your use of this pencil a return to the material?"

"The guiding of this pencil is not material. I do it with my will."

"Then one may take such manifestations as those described by Conan Doyle as emanating from your plane?"

"Yes; but I should not do that."

The inference I have drawn from this is that a world densely material and unbelieving has to be moved by such phenomena as will puzzle or astound it. There is no other way of getting its attention. When higher and simpler means are open, those who wish to speak make use of them for preference.

But to return to my own conviction that a communion of saints must imply communication. Along this line, the first thing that came to my notice was Sir Oliver Lodge's book, "Raymond." This I read with the mixture of wonder and dissatisfaction which I suppose was common to most people who did not altogether reject it as the work of a disordered mind. But on this subject, too, when communications began to come to me freely, I asked some questions, with replies that may be not without interest.

"Raymond is in a different phase from mine," writes the friend I have quoted above, and of whom I shall have more to say presently, "and what he says is undoubtedly true. Reports vary, perhaps, in that, our life being so much a state of mind, the point of view and the desires can greatly affect the facts themselves, altering events to coincide with wishes—within limitations. Planes are divided into phases, but the change from phase to phase is indefinite and can occur at irregular times, according to growth of spirit and degree of gifts."

"Then phases with you would correspond somewhat to countries with us?"

"No sense of separation—all one in time and space—and no essential difference as of nationality, though people of the same gifts and interests and the same spiritual degree often make a homogeneous whole."

"Do people who go from here in a very imperfect condition tend to cling together and form groups of their own?"

"They are grouped according to development and gifts, and are given leaders. Whatever their minds and natural desires most tend to is first developed; then a general develop-

ment must follow, and specializing is then allowed, with a constant growth of spirit and widening of interests."

"Then Raymond's account and yours might be taken somewhat as we should take the different reports of travelers who come to us, say from London or Paris, each describing what might seem to us like a different city."

"Just that; different aspects of the same truth."

I said here that I supposed the conditions Raymond described were those which the next plane might naturally present to a young fighting man going over fresh from modern conditions and the army.

"Yes; different conditions to suit different desires."

"If I remember rightly, he speaks of factories."

"Nothing is manufactured here. The factories might easily be

called up by his desire to see familiar things. There is much work done here, but no labor."

"I think he mentions tennis and tobacco."

"We sometimes play games; and the tobacco is quite natural, although the pleasure in it passes quickly, as it is not a thing of innate beauty."

"A sign on Raymond's part of the young fighting man's spiritual immaturity?"

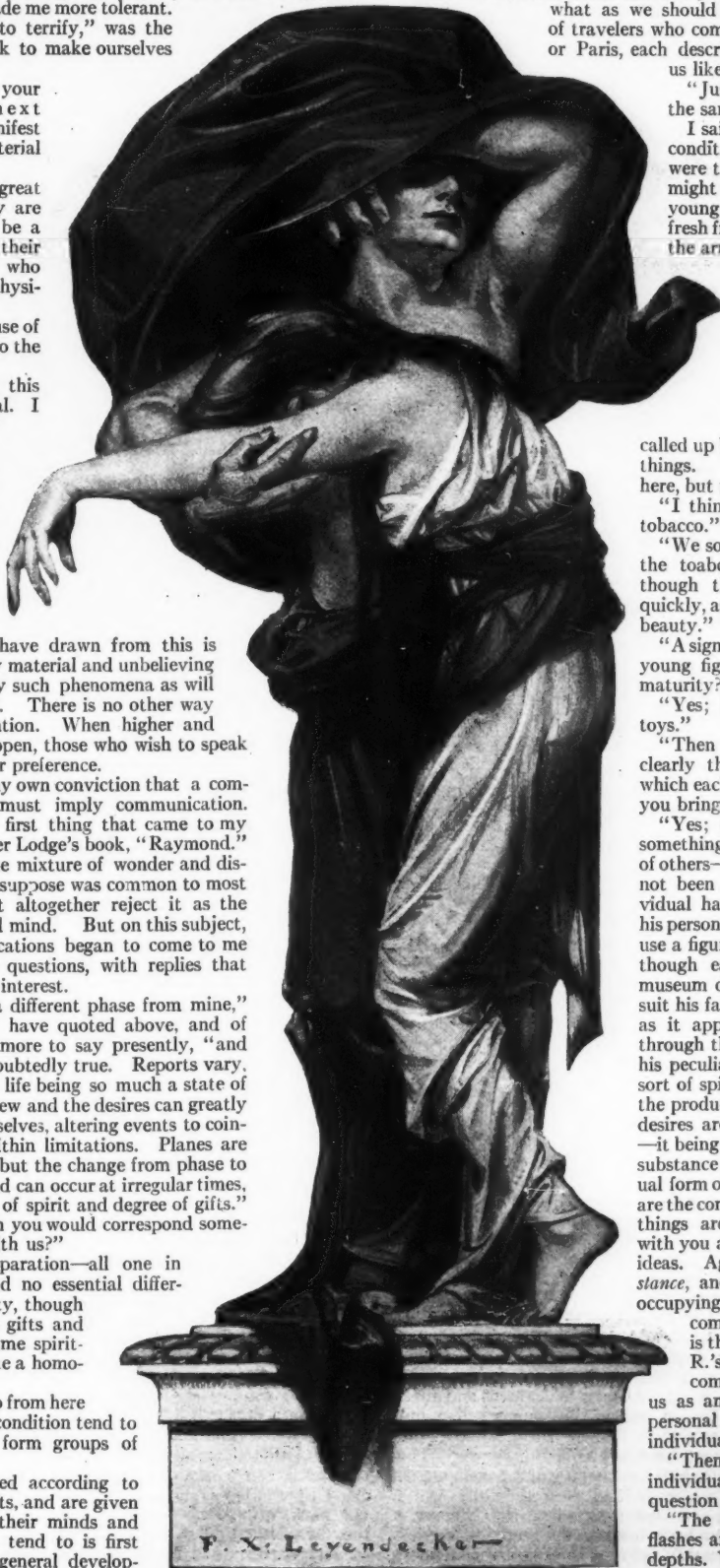
"Yes; like children playing with toys."

"Then on your plane you see clearly the value of the addition which each individual who comes to you brings with him."

"Yes; and you would each bring something to contribute to the joy of others—something here which had not been here before. Each individual has an atmosphere in which his personality can be expressed. To use a figure of natural form, it is as though each one had a house or museum decorated and adorned to suit his fancy, and to exhibit beauty as it appears after having passed through the crystallizing element of his peculiar mind. We have here a sort of spiritual exposition, in which the products of each one's gifts and desires are set forth in their beauty—it being understood that space and substance play no part in the spiritual form of grace and strength which are the components of beauty. Many things are visualized to us which with you are merely apprehended as ideas. Again you must forget substance, and all thought of objects occupying space. The nearest I can come to it in verbal expression is that your desire to write and R.'s vision of future world-commerce can be detected by us as an atmosphere of peculiar personal beauty radiating from the individual."

"Then you see the value of the individual to a degree out of the question for us?"

"The diamond has a thousand flashes and reflections latent in its depths. You (Continued on page 162)



Don't Miss these Stories of Swift Lightning, the Best Stories of



The fourth time that Nizpak floated in, Wapinoo dived

The Battle

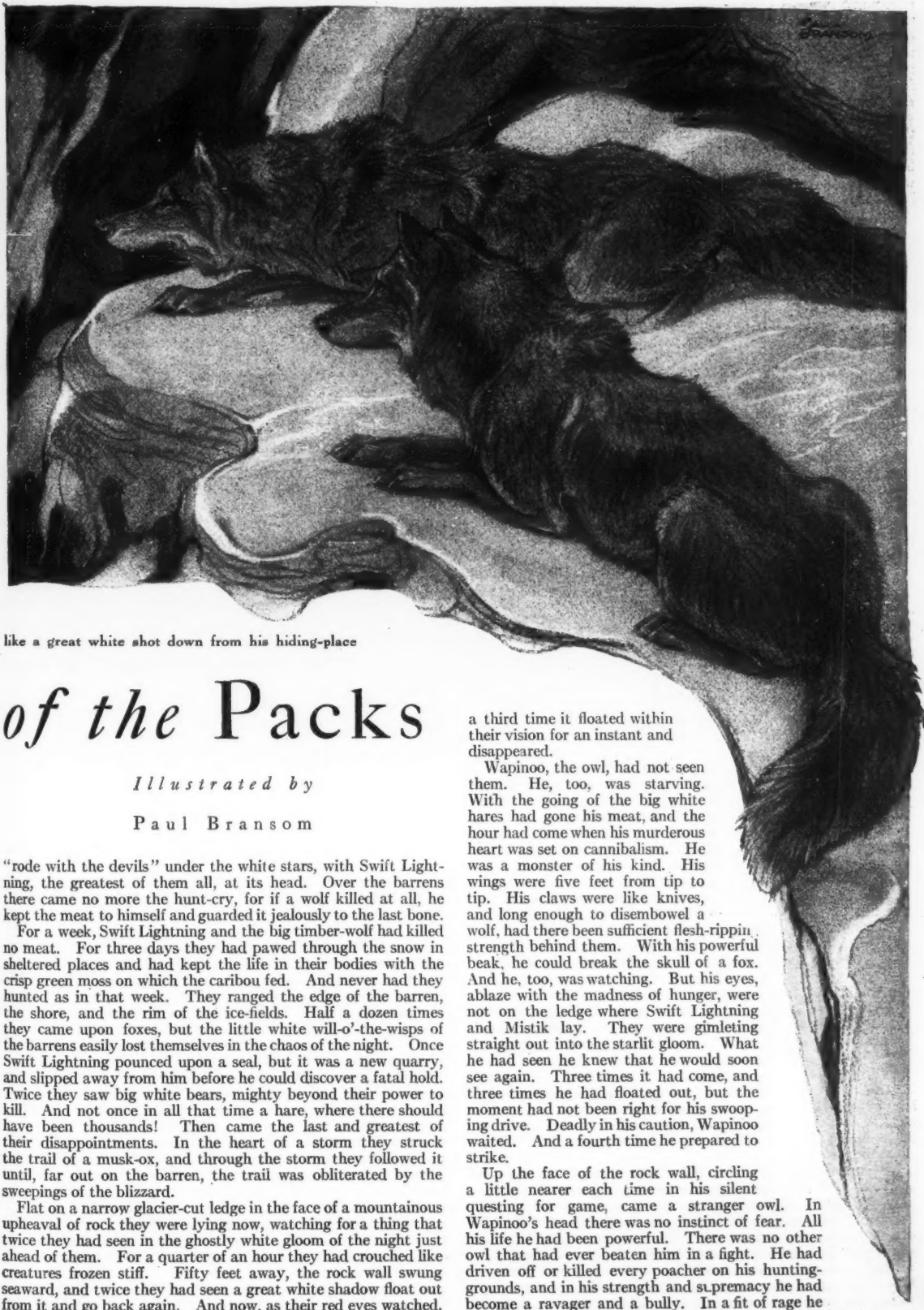
By James
Oliver Curwood

ONCE in every cycle of seven years to nine there comes to the willow-tufted tundras of the mighty arctic desert that slopes from the breast of the earth to the polar sea the thing called *Noot Aku Tao*—the Great Hunger. By all their gods and devils and inbred superstitions, the Eskimo, as well as the Indians farther south, say this is so. Once in seven years the rabbits—staff of Northern life, both beast and human—are stricken by plague that kills them in millions; and with the going of the rabbits, the lynxes starve and prey upon their own flesh, the fishers and marten and mink thin out, and famine strikes the trapper's line and dogs the hunter's trail. Where the Eskimo hunts his meat, the great herds of caribou disappear. The musk-ox dissolves into the mystery of the polar night. The big bears are fewer, and even the little white foxes—numerous as sparrows when the hares are plenty—seem to have been scooped up and carried away in some mighty net that has swept the barrens.

Always in the Long Night this Great Hunger comes. Famine is then the hunter that stalks triumphantly through the land.

And this was the seventh year. It was midnight of the Long Night. Since a month ago, the caribou herds had drifted still further south and west. Great storms had covered their retreat, and the wolves, whose migratory instincts were less keen, had lost the trails that would have lured them into a land of plenty far off toward the Great Bear. On the barrens they fought and starved and died, for the law of the survival of the fittest was on the land from the shores of Keewatin to Franklin Bay, and, with it, cannibalism walked hand in hand among all things that lived on flesh and blood. Swift Lightning, until recently the leader of a mighty pack of white arctic wolves, was himself a hungry, thin-ribbed, savage shadow in quest of food. Since the night, three weeks ago, when he had led his wolves to the slaughter of Olee John's reindeer herd, hunger had pressed him hard, and both he and Mistik were now keeping the life in their bodies by digging up and eating the frozen green moss from under the snow. Mistik, the huge gray timber-wolf who had joined the white pack far down on the southern edge of the barrens, had united himself in a brotherhood of two with Swift Lightning, twenty years removed from his forefather, Skagen, the great Dane.

It was that drop of dog blood in his body that held Swift Lightning close to the coast and the habitations of the Eskimo along Coronation Gulf in these days of starvation and death. His pack, a hundred and fifty strong when it came up from the far scrub timber, was disintegrated and gone. Broken by hunger, dispersed by necessity, the white horde no longer



like a great white shot down from his hiding-place

of the Packs

Illustrated by

Paul Bransom

"rode with the devils" under the white stars, with Swift Lightning, the greatest of them all, at its head. Over the barrens there came no more the hunt-cry, for if a wolf killed at all, he kept the meat to himself and guarded it jealously to the last bone.

For a week, Swift Lightning and the big timber-wolf had killed no meat. For three days they had pawed through the snow in sheltered places and had kept the life in their bodies with the crisp green moss on which the caribou fed. And never had they hunted as in that week. They ranged the edge of the barren, the shore, and the rim of the ice-fields. Half a dozen times they came upon foxes, but the little white will-o'-the-wisps of the barrens easily lost themselves in the chaos of the night. Once Swift Lightning pounced upon a seal, but it was a new quarry, and slipped away from him before he could discover a fatal hold. Twice they saw big white bears, mighty beyond their power to kill. And not once in all that time a hare, where there should have been thousands! Then came the last and greatest of their disappointments. In the heart of a storm they struck the trail of a musk-ox, and through the storm they followed it until, far out on the barren, the trail was obliterated by the sweepings of the blizzard.

Flat on a narrow glacier-cut ledge in the face of a mountainous upheaval of rock they were lying now, watching for a thing that twice they had seen in the ghostly white gloom of the night just ahead of them. For a quarter of an hour they had crouched like creatures frozen stiff. Fifty feet away, the rock wall swung seaward, and twice they had seen a great white shadow float out from it and go back again. And now, as their red eyes watched,

a third time it floated within their vision for an instant and disappeared.

Wapinoo, the owl, had not seen them. He, too, was starving. With the going of the big white hares had gone his meat, and the hour had come when his murderous heart was set on cannibalism. He was a monster of his kind. His wings were five feet from tip to tip. His claws were like knives, and long enough to disembowel a wolf, had there been sufficient flesh-ripping strength behind them. With his powerful beak, he could break the skull of a fox. And he, too, was watching. But his eyes, ablaze with the madness of hunger, were not on the ledge where Swift Lightning and Mistik lay. They were gimleting straight out into the starlit gloom. What he had seen he knew that he would soon see again. Three times it had come, and three times he had floated out, but the moment had not been right for his swooping drive. Deadly in his caution, Wapinoo waited. And a fourth time he prepared to strike.

Up the face of the rock wall, circling a little nearer each time in his silent questing for game, came a stranger owl. In Wapinoo's head there was no instinct of fear. All his life he had been powerful. There was no other owl that had ever beaten him in a fight. He had driven off or killed every poacher on his hunting-grounds, and in his strength and supremacy he had become a ravager and a bully. In a fit of rage he

had slaughtered his own family last breeding-season, and starvation made him even more terrible now. He held back, not to measure the size and prowess of his victim, but for a better opportunity to strike. He was blind to the fact that Nizpak, the stranger, was as large as himself, and he did not know that, two days ago, Nizpak had killed a half-grown fox and was better fed, or that Nizpak, in his own hunting-preserve, was an even fiercer and more bloodthirsty pirate than he.

The fourth time that Nizpak floated in, his gleaming eyes on the alert for game, Wapinoo dived like a great white shot down from his hiding-place. He did not strike with talons or beak, but, attacking from above and obliquely, he deliberately struck with his shoulder. It was a mighty and well-aimed blow, and Nizpak was thrown off his balance in flight, and in the air was much like a staggering man on his feet. A second time Wapinoo dove in, and, with a thunder of monster wings, the two old murderers flopped to the frozen snow of the plain. Wapinoo's advantage was great, and his assault would have killed an ordinary owl very shortly. His huge wing beat the dazed Nizpak like a club. With a throaty squawk of rage and triumph, he buried his talons in Nizpak's thickly feathered breast, and with his powerful beak he hammered to drive a hole in the stranger owl's skull. But Nizpak was a buccaneer who had grown tough in battle. With his free wing he began to beat back. And never in all his bloody life had Wapinoo felt the force of a wing like that of his enemy. It beat down his own; it toppled him sideways; it forced him to give up his deadly hammering of Nizpak's skull. But his talons sank deeper. Through feathers, skin, flesh, and bone they drove, and, once in, the claws curved and held, though Nizpak, in another moment, had swung him over on his back. And now it was Nizpak's beak that did the hammering. It drove like sharp iron into Wapinoo's face. It gouged out his eyes and dug like a chisel through the holes into the brain. Long before Nizpak ceased the deadly work, Wapinoo was dead, and now, tugging and pulling, Nizpak freed himself from the hold of the claws in his breast.

Slowly and silently as the battle raged had Swift Lightning and Mistik drawn nearer. Slinking forward on their bellies, they were within fifty feet of the owls when Nizpak freed himself from his dead enemy's talons. And then, swift as shadows, their gray bodies leaped through the night. Nizpak saw them, and, with a beat of wings, launched himself upward. But the death-wound in his breast had weakened him, and he rose slowly. He was six feet in the air when Swift Lightning gave a mighty spring, and his jaws closed in a mass of feathers. A second time Nizpak crashed to earth, and, with a snarl, Swift Lightning's jaws flashed from feathers to the big owl's head. A crunch of bone—and Nizpak was dead.

Mistik was already tearing at old Wapinoo's tough flesh, and before Nizpak's wings had ceased to flutter, Swift Lightning was at his own feast. Ravenously the two tore the feathers in great mouthfuls from the bodies of their prey—and Wapinoo and Nizpak, in spite of their ferocity and their strength, were ninety per cent. feathers. Of each, there were probably three or four pounds of flesh and bone. And the flesh was tough with the toughness of cartilage, whiteleather, and gristle. To Swift Lightning and Mistik, it was sweeter than caribou liver in times of plenty, and they devoured it to the last scrap.

As drink and food bring back life and hope to a starving man, so did their meal put new strength and courage into the bodies of Mistik and Swift Lightning. Their reasoning, if such a process worked in their heads, was simply that famine had ended. At last they had found meat, and had eaten it. Tomorrow did not trouble them; their blood began to run warm and eager again, and their first instinct was to greater endeavor—for their appetites were only moderately appeased and not satisfied. Many times the big timber-wolf had tried to pull Swift Lightning southward into the open barrens, for in that direction, Mistik knew, lay the comfortable forests and the game-filled swamps which he had so foolishly abandoned to join the white pack. Now he set out boldly, and, spurred on by the meat within him to new and more thrilling adventure than owl-killing, Swift Lightning made no protest.

Never had the stars burned brighter over them. The aurora, as if shamed to modesty by their beauty, had ceased her flamboyant play and glowed with a soft and silvery illumination. Straight ahead, Swift Lightning and Mistik could have seen the movement of a dark object half a mile away. But in all that white and frozen world there was no other thing, animate or inanimate, as dark as their own gray coats. Life itself was white, where there was life. The big bears were white; the owls and the hares were white; the wolves and the foxes were white, and even the color

of the caribou and the musk-ox—darker, because, in times of peril, nature made them seek safety in quick herd-formation—shaded in illuvisly with the star-mist and the ghostly emptiness of the night. It was Mistik, accustomed to the forests and swamps, who used his eyes and ears most in their quest for game. Experience had taught Swift Lightning that it was in the air he must seek for the presence of meat. Mistik could hear a sound a greater distance away, could perhaps see a little farther, but long before sound or sight, the wind bore message for Swift Lightning.

As they advanced, each was alert in his own way. Again was every hunting-instinct within them alive for action. Warmer grew their blood as the food in their stomachs began to distribute its red, living force through their bodies. Straight south they hunted, full in the face of what little air was stirring. The temperature had risen since the storm, and it was not colder than forty-three or -four below zero. It was dead still, so still that Swift Lightning's howl would have carried over an area of twenty square miles of hunting-ground. All life, it seemed, was gone.

Yet neither of the two hunters felt the misgiving or the threat of famine. Fairly well fed once more, their hopes were built again on immediate expectation and promise. They progressed steadily but without an instant of carelessness. Every instinct of huntcraft was at work. Once in the first half-dozen miles Swift Lightning stopped dead in his tracks and gave the low, eager whine that told Mistik to stop. Faintly in the wind he caught the scent of a fox. He could not place its direction, and in a moment it was gone. Another half-dozen miles they kept straight ahead, and at last were on the edge of a torn and twisted upheaval of arctic bad land. Here, in ages gone, great glaciers had played with the earth. The barren was pitted and pockmarked with hollows and rock traps and back-broken ridges. It was not frequently that either the foxes or the wolves hunted here, but Swift Lightning and Mistik went in. To Mistik, it was a land of promise. The everlasting sweep of the plain was gone, and here were hiding-places for living things. And instinct told him that he was traveling in the direction of his forests, and in that direction he was determined to go.

For two or three miles their trail had led them into the broken tundra when Swift Lightning gave his warning whine. They stood on a crest of upheaved earth and rock, and again there had come to Swift Lightning a scent in the air. This time it was not the scent of fox, or of hare or owl. It was big game, and a shiver of excitement ran through him as a stronger breath of wind brought it more clearly to his nostrils. Mistik caught it then. It was the pungent, woolly scent of Yapao, the musk-ox. To Mistik, it was a thing alien to his forests farther south, a mystery which he sniffed at curiously and with anticipation. Swift Lightning it thrilled to the marrow of his bones. It telegraphed to his brain the presence, somewhere near, of themightiest of all game preyed upon by the white wolves.

Swift Lightning led the way down the slope of the ridge, and in the hollow his body took on the slinking movement of the wolf as he sped swiftly and noiselessly ahead. Again it was instinct and the unforgettable knowledge of experience that made him hold neither to one side nor the other of the wind, but as directly in the face of it as he could, for Yapao was the keenest of all barren-land creatures to smell the approach of danger. Even as Swift Lightning and Mistik slipped like two shadows between snow hummocks and masses of rock, an old bull stood rigidly in the center of a narrow strip of plain that circled, like the curve of a saucer, three hundred yards west of them. It was this "westing" of the bull that gave him his first faint scent of enemies, for, in progressing full in the wind, Swift Lightning and Mistik passed by a considerable distance the tip of this curve, in which Yapao was standing. Still another three hundred yards south, directly in the path pursued by the wolves, Yapao's herd was scattered out over an area of a couple of acres, huge dark blots, almost motionless as they dug up the moss from under the snow.

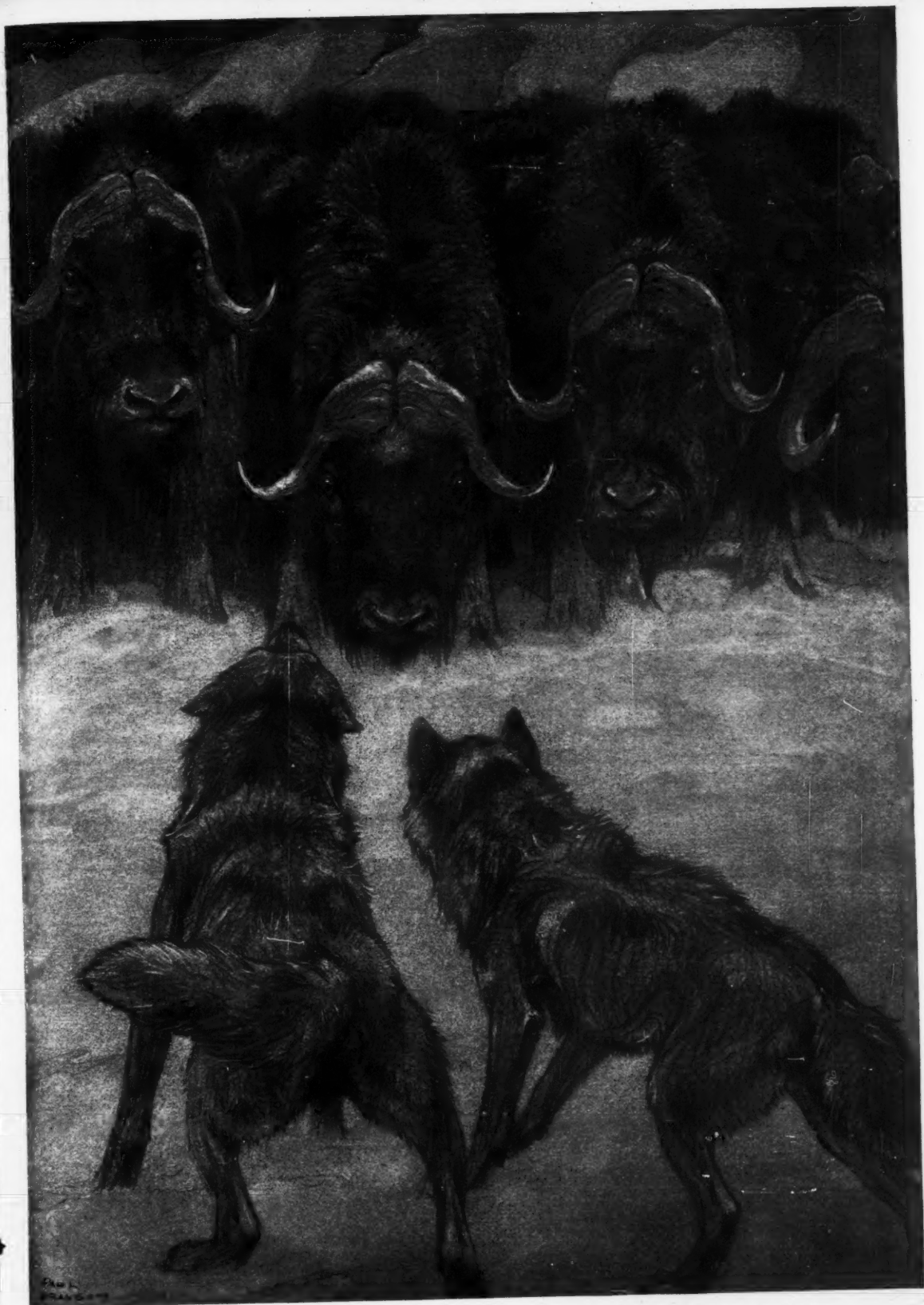
Yapao, of the herd of twelve, was the oldest and the largest. In the vivid starlight he was a huge and grotesquely-shaped monster. He stood no higher than four feet at the shoulder, yet he was eight feet long, and his head, facing at right angles the advancing danger, was like a giant bone-plated battering-ram. Nature had intended him for the farthest-north of all living creatures, for the arctic circle was the southern and not the northern limit of his feeding-grounds. His body was round; his legs were extremely short and heavily built; his hair was thick, and so long that it trailed in the snow under his belly. Under this hair, covering the body with a protection impenetrable to cold, was a two-inch growth of wool. Even the soles of Yapao's

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DRAWN BY PAUL BRANSON

Panting, bruised, and with their tongues lolling out, Swift Lightning and Mistik finally drew back a few paces and considered the problem.

The Battle of the Packs



Once Swift Lightning pounced upon a seal, but it was a new quarry, and slipped away from him

feet were covered with hair as dense as felt, and the only bare spot on him from one end to the other was the tip of his nose. Covering the top of his great head like a steel shrapnel-protector was a broad plate of bone, curving gracefully behind each eye and terminating on each side in a sharp, bayonetlike horn. This was his shield, his bulwark of defense. With it he fought defensive battle. For Yapao, seldom assaulting his enemies, was content to let them batter out their wind and possibly their lives against this fortress of his head.

For scarcely more than a few seconds did Yapao stand silent. Then out of his throat rolled a husky bellow. It was perhaps more like the blat of a ram than a bellow, though it was hoarser and deeper-throated. In the mighty silence of the barren, it was like the stroke of a deep drum. Instantly there was a rumble of startled hoofs, and here it was that nature made the darker color-scheme of the musk-oxen a factor of life and death. Not of far vision, each ox could make out the dark blotch made in the white world by its neighbor. They did not flee, but ran together, and a second croaky blat from Yapao brought them in his direction. At the same time, he was moving toward them. As the pioneers of the plains ranged their wagons in a close circle against attacking Indians, so did Yapao and his herd slowly and cumbrously, but with almost human precision, gather themselves in a ring of defense. With their backs to a common center, they faced outward, and there was just so much space between shoulder and shoulder, as though each of the twelve oxen had gone through a manual of training in the matter of this particular formation. Then, with lowered heads, they waited.

Within fifty feet of the dark ring of great beasts came Swift Lightning and Mistik, and the big timber-wolf, somewhat appalled by this formidable array of unknown creatures, waited uneasily for the action of his comrade. Three times Swift Lightning circled about the ring, and the third circle was not more than ten feet from the lowered heads. His body was gathered for a leap-in, and in the beginning of the fourth circle he straightened out like a spring and launched himself straight at Yapao's throat. But Yapao, though dim of eyesight, saw him coming, and deftly the old warrior swung his shield so that Swift Lightning crumpled up against it with a force that drove an involuntary yelp out of him as he was hurled back in the snow. In the same instant there came another thud as Mistik experienced his first encounter with a musk-ox skull. With a snarl, Swift Lightning was up and at it again, and the timber-wolf followed loyally. For a space of two or three minutes the thud of their bodies was like a muffled tattoo, and to Yapao and his

companions, had they possessed any sense of humor at all, the attack of the two wolves would have been not an altogether uninteresting game.

Panting, bruised, and with their tongues lolling out, Swift Lightning and Mistik finally drew back a few paces and considered the problem. Round and round, Yapao and his crew circled, but not a head in the ring of defense swerved either to the right or the left, and at last the significance of the situation began to impinge itself upon Swift Lightning. Until this hour, he had never fully realized the necessity of the pack—and it was the pack he wanted now, the pack he had led in the slaughter of the caribou, and later in the killing of Olee John's reindeer herd. That the assembling of the pack was the one and only way of killing the musk-oxen was not a fact deduced by any process of reasoning

(Continued on page 142)



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEJAREN A. HILLMAN

Rupert Hughes

The Story I Can't Write

Rupert Hughes has written plays, novels, wonderful short stories, essays, history, criticism; yet here is a story that baffled him. And in telling you about it, he has produced one of the most remarkable pieces of literature of any time.

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

THIS is my first appearance as one of those authors who step out in front of the curtain and talk about themselves instead of letting the characters do their own talking; but, frankly, I don't know how to tell this story. I am sure that there is a real story here, for, when I heard it, it stirred me deeply, and two other men with me.

But simply to transcribe a man's rambling conversation is no way to make a work of art out of a handful of life.

The difference between a story and a narrative seems to be about the same as that between a lump of potter's clay and a finished design. Life should be rolled on the wheel till it takes shape and polish and carries as well the style of the potter.

There are thousands of possible shapes, from little tear-jars that may be carried in the bosom, to great platters that will carry a garnished boar's head or a peacock in full uniform.

Be the design what it may, it should hold water or something, begin somewhere, end somewhere, exploit an idea, and reveal a constructive purpose apart from the virtue of the material. This story might be handled a hundred ways, and I have tried a dozen forms, but none of them seems to be able to contain it en-

tire. What is appropriate to one phase is inadequate to another. It is hard to combine a domestic vessel with a chalice.

A story may conceal a moral, but it ought to point it very vaguely, if at all. Or, moral-less soever, if it whiles away an otherwise stupid, lonesome hour, it has achieved something fine.

If it only gently massages the heart, or soothes it as with a familiar tune, or takes it back home, or sends it off about its own imaginings, it does well.

This story properly made could do any or all of these things, but it stumps me. How can I finish it who cannot even begin it?

I had thought of combining a bright, picturesque, and homely atmosphere with the Horatian canon of commencing in the middle, thus:

Her feet on the ladder were neither small nor shapely nor yet prettily shod, but he hoped that the rest of her might prove more charming as she backed down to earth again from the russet-and-gold-starred green firmament of the apple tree.

The arm that next appeared held up a gingham apron to bring along a heap of apples chosen from this tree of the Hesperides.

But the arm was not young, nor the bosom that followed. The pathos of age was in the throat, and the face that came down last was weather-wrung and sorrow-beaten, yet very kind withal. And, to the waiting stranger, it was blessed with the aureole of kinship. He knew the woman instantly for one of his own people. And as she turned her head and glanced to see who stood at the ladder's foot, she stared with a terror of recognition, gave a little cry, and let her apron go. The apples drummed on the ground and bounced about the grass as she called:

"Tommy Farley! It's you!"

"Yes."

She ran and hugged the man no longer young as if he were still a child, and laughed.

"Oh, I'd know you anywhere by your mother's eyes!"

He drew away from her coldly and demanded:

"Where is my mother? Why didn't she ever come back to find me?"

The old woman's smile turned to a grimace of ancient pain, and she said,

"That's a strange story, Tommy Farley."

But by the time I had got thus far, I felt that I was on the wrong road. It seemed intolerably awkward to turn time back on its creaking hinges by the rickety machinery of old-fangled authors. Besides, there was no significance to the story. It had no thesis, no concept to exploit. It was just an empty narrative of something odd that happened to certain people.

It seemed advisable to announce a text and illustrate it. So this began to spread itself on the sheet:

What is freedom, and what is happiness? These are more vital questions than even Pilate's "What is truth?" which he asked "and would not stay for an answer"—knowing, no doubt, that there is none.

But a certain man, very much of the twentieth century, looking like a cartoon of success, and most luxuriously ensconced in the drawing-room of the Pullman car, was saying to his equally prosperous companions:

"I never was really happy or really free except when I was five years old and my mother lost me and never found me. I sold newspapers and blacked boots and slept in an alley. I was free then, and happy—till I froze my feet after two years of being my own master."

This beginning would manifestly never do, with its pomposity, its philosophical quality, and its thinly disguised attempt to startle. If one is going to be literary, he might as well go the whole hog. So I made another start, with a frank allegory set at the head, like one of those poems Sir Walter Scott and Kipling and others quoted, or wrote to quote:

As God was going along a lonely road one day, he met a little girl carrying a lighted candle and a pitcher of water.

And God stopped her and said,

"Whither are you bound, my child, and why do you carry the pitcher and the candle?"

And the little girl replied,

"With the candle I intend to set fire to heaven, and with the pitcher of water I shall put out the fires of hell."

God smiled and said—

Plainly this was too formidable. There is no real art or friendship in killing off the reader before the story has a chance. Such a beginning would be like shouting "Fire!" in a theater just as the overture starts. There would be no audience left for the play.

A love-interest is supposed to be necessary to fictional success, though it is amazing how many immensely prosperous stories have got along famously without any.

Still, it might be worth while to bait the hook with one of these glittering minnows:

As big, handsome Tom Farley gazed at the beautiful girl whom he looked upon as the fairest prize among all his ambitious dreams—and such a prize, young, exquisite, intellectual, aristocratic, the adored of all adorers, the idolized daughter of wealth, besought by men of title and power—he thought to himself: "Though she seems to be not altogether indifferent to my attentions, and although I can offer her a position in life not inferior to her own proud station, what would she say, what would her haughty parents say if they knew by what devious ways I have arrived at success? Would she consent to be mine if I told her

just who I am? Indeed," he pondered, with a strange smile, "I cannot tell her who I am, for I do not know."

This is plainly contemptible. In sheer desperation I made a try at beginning at the last place on earth one expects or desires a story to begin—the beginning. Hence this:

The five-year-old boy in the deserted railroad station tried to remember that big men do not blubber.

But the hours had been long since his mother left him on the bench and made him promise not to move till she came back from the few moments' shopping that she must do before they resumed their journey. The few minutes had dragged into an hour, two hours, five, ten. Hunger, fear, dismay had tormented him in turn and all together.

And now the station-master had closed the ticket-window and put out the light in his office. He was about to blow out the last dreary coal-oil lamp in the waiting-room when he discovered the lonely child.

He whistled, "Whew!" and chirped, "Hello, there!" and shuffled over to ask questions.

But the boy knew no answers to any questions except his name, which was, "Tommy Farley, sir." He did not know the town he came from, for he had been in many towns. He did not know the name of the town he was in. He did not know the town he was bound for, if it was a town. He had been told that his father was there, a soldier, wounded in a big battle, and needing his mother's and his son's help.

That was the extent of his information, except as to his appetite, his fear, and his wild longing for his mother's arms. He confessed that he had run away from her once or twice and been mighty glad to get back. But she had never run away from him before.

The station-master screwed up his face. This was not the first child that had been abandoned there. Strange people on strange errands for strange motives flowed through that building or tarried between trains.

This commencement is not so bad, but it has all the irritating earmarks of a mystery story with the solution withheld, like an orange behind the back, while the reader is teased on and on to the point of rage.

This story does not belong in any of these galleries, and I am in despair of handling it at all as either a work of high art or a time-whiler or even a pot-boiler.

Yet it seems a pity to deny it to you just because I cannot make it wieldy. And I am tempted to give up trying, to cease the loathsome obtrusion of the first person, and frankly turn the raw material over to you. Perhaps you or somebody else can make a story of it.

Browning, finding at an old book-stall the report of an ancient murder trial, offered it to Hawthorne and to others as material for a novel or what not, but having offered it in vain with no takers, took it and made of it one of the most marvelous of human achievements, "The Ring and the Book."

Hopeless of any such accomplishment, I publish to whoso wants it this record of an American life as the man who lived it told it piecemeal more or less reluctantly to a few casual acquaintances that shared with him a drawing-room on an afternoon express from Washington to New York. The words are not exact, but nearly, for they impressed us, and I made notes of them soon after.

Mr. Thomas J. Farley (to give him another name) had been with the President that morning, and had seen him go before the united Houses of Congress to deliver his farewell address before sailing for France and the Peace Conference.

He described the astonishing spectacle of the President standing before the blended senators and representatives, one-half of whom rose and applauded, one-half of whom kept their seats in silent resentment.

The talk drifted from the scene to the late war, and Mr. Farley wondered if his son would ever come back alive or not, for the vast and belated casualty lists and the mountains of undelivered mail might leave him in doubt for months.

It was this that wrung from his aching heart the bitter reflection:

"I've been successful, I suppose. I've made money and had friends, and I've been doing my bit in a high position at the capital, and yet I never was really happy or really free except when I was five years old and my mother lost me and never found me. I sold newspapers and blacked boots and slept in an alley."

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DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

The hours had been long since his mother left him on the bench and made him promise not to move till she came back from the few moments' shopping that she must do before they resumed their journey



"All day we have feared for thee and searched everywhere for thee lest some harm had befallen thee.
Go to bed now, but never again be so cruel with those that love thee"

I was free then and happy—till I froze my feet after two years of being my own master."

Having said this, he relapsed into silence, staring off through the window into space or into his own past and his lost paradise.

But we were piqued by such an odd situation and we asked questions, eliciting answers that led to more questions and answers, the net result being about as follows, if you will omit the freight of quotation-marks and imagine that Mr. Farley is speaking:

I never knew who I was or where I came from till I was thirty-five years old. I knew my name, because a child is usually taught that first, so that he can tell it to anybody who finds him when he is lost.

But all I knew was my name. My mother had started South to find my father. He was a soldier in the Union army, and she got word that he was lying wounded in a hospital.

In those days, Cincinnati was the biggest city in the country west of New York and Philadelphia—bigger than Chicago, St. Louis, any of those cities. It was during the Civil War, and the town was packed with soldiers going and coming, relatives, contractors, war-workers, nurses, crooks, spies—all sorts of people.

My mother had to change trains there after a long wait. It was very hot, and she said she didn't want to take me out in the sun. She had to buy some things—I don't remember what they were, but she left me on a bench in the waiting-room with an apple and some cookies and told me she'd be back soon.

I never saw her again.

At midnight, the station-agent shut up shop and took me home with him. The next day, he started out to find what had happened to my mother. There was no trace of her, no explanation. Nobody had a theory, even, or if anybody did, I was too young to know what the theory was.

The station-master was kind to me, and I sat in the station all day, hoping my mother would come back or send some word. People made a little hero of me and were very sympathetic; but after four or five days I became an old story.

The station-agent didn't mean to be heartless, but he had

children and troubles of his own. Everybody had troubles of his own. They gave me up as hopeless.

There I was, a five-year-old boy, alone in that city, without a friend. I was scared, hungry, and about as unhappy as anybody could be.

I wandered all over the city, asking for news of my mother or for help. And didn't get it. I'd go up to a man and say:

"Please, mister, I've lost my mother. I've got no father. I—"

And he would move on or poke a dime at me. Women were the same. Nobody paid any attention to me. It sounds funny, but it was true. And it wasn't that people were heartless. They had troubles of their own. They'd been fooled by too many little beggars and sniveling newsboys. Some of them would take a ten-cent chance on being fooled and would toss me a dime. But they wouldn't stop and listen, or lend me a hand.

I don't know where I slept or where I went the first few days, but one day, when I was standing on the street, crying my eyes out, a newsboy came up to me and asked me what was the matter. I told him, and he said:

"You come along with me. I got a good place to live, and I make good money and I need a partner. I'll set you up in business with a shoe-box."

I went along with him, and there my happiness began, for I led a life of industry and prosperity. If the day was bright, I got a lot of boots to black and ate three big meals. If it happened to be muggy, business was bad and I didn't eat so much.

I slept in an old piano-box, in an old shed, up a back alley. Nobody told me when to get up. Nobody made me go to school, or wash my neck, or do this or not do that, or told me when to go to bed, or who to play with. I was my own master, and I hadn't a worry on earth.

Now, I have my home, my children, my money affairs, responsibilities, politics, sickness—I don't know whether my boy will ever come back from France. Everything worries me now, but then—

Of course I didn't get much education except in human nature,

and I've always been handicapped. Oh, I know I've succeeded in a way, but when I go up against a man that's had college and professional study, I know what I've missed soon enough.

I learned one thing—how to memorize. The boy who helped me out—Poke Swinton—was a very good boy and very religious. He went every Sunday to a mission. I was too lazy, but he would come back and repeat to me what he had heard. There was a queer old preacher there who talked in parables. One of them I remember just as Poke told it to me.

As God was going along a lonely road one day, he met a little girl carrying a lighted candle and a pitcher of water.

And God stopped her and said,

"Whither are you bound, my child, and why do you carry the pitcher and the candle?"

And the little girl replied,

"With the candle I intend to set fire to heaven, and with the pitcher of water I shall put out the fires of hell."

God smiled and said,

"Foolish child, would you, even if you could, destroy both the abode where the virtuous enter into bliss and the place of torment for the guilty?"

"Yes," said the child.

"But wherefore," God asked, "and to what purpose?"

And the girl replied,

"I would destroy both heaven and hell, so that men should learn to do the right without hope of reward or fear of punishment."

There were a lot of other parables, and there were the war-extras and all the big doings of the time. I was happy as a king ought to be, only that kings have responsibilities and duties, and people tell them what to do. But I hadn't. I was well and strong, and I didn't know what trouble was till the second year. It was a bitter winter, and my feet froze. I say now that I was happy then, but of course I had my ups and downs. The way I froze my feet proves that.

In the second winter in the alley, I took notice of the shops at Christmas-time, and on Christmas eve, as Poke and I were wandering up and down the streets, we came to a Sunday-school celebration.

Crowds of children were going in, and Poke and I went along. There was a Christmas tree loaded down with gifts, and a Santa Claus, and little girls in white to carry the presents to the children as the names were called.

The superintendent announced that there was a present for every good child. So I was convinced that there was one for me, for I had been a good boy, and I knew it.

Well, they took the presents off the tree and read the names. "Johnny Jones." A boy would pop up, and a girl would carry him his pair of skates, or his knife, or whatever it was. "Susie Brown." A little girl would pop up and get her doll or whatever she got.

Well, it went on that way for an hour, and I expected every next name to be mine, but they stripped the tree at last and there was nothing for me and Poke. Every child there got something but us two.

So we went back to the alley. It was bitter cold, and I was crushed with disappointment. In spite of my six years and my independence, I shuffled along through the snow, crying like a baby.

Poke tried to console me. He said:

"Aw, I don't believe that was the real Santa Claus at all. I've always heard that Santa Claus comes down the chimney and you hang up your stockin's and he puts something in."

"Have you? Does he?" I sniffled; and my hopes blossomed out again.

That night, instead of sleeping in my stockings as usual, I hung them up on the edge of the box I slept in. And Christmas morning I found Santa Claus had left me a pair of frozen feet. There was nothing in the stockings but the same old holes.

I didn't suffer so very much from my feet till the first warm days of spring, and then they felt as if iron claws were tearing them to pieces.

I was standing on the street one day, crying with the pain, lifting one foot and then another, and going nearly crazy. Everybody went by without bothering even to ask what I was crying about, till finally one tall, solemn man stopped and said,

"My son, why are thee crying?"

"Because me feet was froze," I said.

"Why does thee not go home to thy father and mother?" says he.

"Because I ain't got none," says I.

Then, instead of walking on, he heard me out and said,

"Will thee come with me?"

He took me to a Quaker mission for orphans, and my feet were



John A. Lee, artist.

She turned her head and caught sight of me

The Story I Can't Write

taken care of by a doctor, and I was put into the first bed I had slept in for two years. The people were kind to me, and by and by an old farmer came to the mission and asked if I would come with him and be his son.

I said, "You bet!" and he adopted me. His name was Jemison, and he was a mighty good man. He took me out to his big farm in Indiana, and I lived on the fat of the land. I worked hard in the fields, early and late, but I had good food and loving care, and I grew big and strong.

The home was very religious, and I had to quit swearing and chewing tobacco. We went to the meeting-house and sat there in quiet meditation; hardly anybody ever spoke at all. At the end of the silent service, Pa Jemison would rise up and lead us home.

Of course the Jemisons were Quakers and they hated war, but right through the middle of their farm ran the state road. And I used to watch the people go by. The Civil War was ended, but still it was all uniforms, uniforms. Political parades would march through, and torchlight processions, and nearly everybody in old uniforms—officers on prancing horses, crippled men in carriages, but it was soldiers everywhere, and brass bands playing march-songs.

It will be the same way in this country for a long while. The soldiers will run everything. Well, that went to my head, of course, and when I used to run to the fence to watch the uniforms go by, I got a great ambition to be a soldier. I didn't mention it, but I couldn't get it out of my mind.

Years went by, and still everything was soldiers. There was a lot about West Point in the papers. Pa Jemison had had me go to school, and learn to read and write and cipher.

When I was fourteen, I read about the appointment of cadets to West Point, and one day, when I was in town with pa. I

sneaked off and talked to a congressman and told him my ambition. He smiled and said my education was hardly sufficient for me to pass the entrance examinations. He told me what I ought to study.

I went back and set to work on mathematics and grammar and history. Pa was glad to see me apply myself of evenings, but, of course, I never told him what I was working for.

A year or so later, I read that competitive examinations for West Point were going to be held in town the next day. I stole a horse early in the morning and lit out for town. I found the place and took the examinations after I told the new congressman about my life and my ambition to be a soldier.

I rode home and got in about midnight, put up the horse, and tried to sneak into the house, but pa was waiting for me.

"Where has thee been?" he says, and I says:

"Oh, I got tired of work and I just went to town for a good time. I'm back now, though."

He didn't whip me, as I expected he would, but he just said: "Thee has not done right to treat us so. If thee had asked me for a horse, thee should have had it, for thee works hard and has a right to a little pleasure, if it be honest pleasure. But thee was wrong to leave us without a word. All day we have feared for thee and searched everywhere for thee lest some harm had befallen thee. Go to bed now, but never again be so cruel with those that love thee."

That hurt worse than a whipping, and I felt mighty mean. A few days after that, there was a letter for me, the first one I ever had. It was from the congressman, and it said I had won the competition and the appointment to the Military Academy.

I don't think I even passed the examinations, but they took an interest in me. Well, I had to tell pa this, and I gave him the letter and told him I had lied when (Continued on page 104)



So that's why I say I was never really free or really happy except when I was a five-year-old newsboy without a home or parents or anything— Here's Philadelphia. Let's get out and stretch our legs

In this, the most unusual of his twoscore successful novels, Mr. Chambers tells the story of a young woman who, as one man says, should be married and raising a family, but whose instincts have been thwarted through tragic contact with the world's upheaval.

The Crimson Tide

By Robert
W. Chambers

Illustrated by
Grant T. Reynard

VI

THE dingy little Danish steamer *Elsinore* passed in at dawn, her camouflage obscured by sea-salt, her few passengers still prostrated from the long battering administered by the giant seas of the northern route.

A lone Yankee soldier was aboard—an indignant lieutenant of infantry named Shotwell—sent home from a fighting regiment to instruct the ambitious rookie at Camp Upton.

He had hailed his assignment with delight, thankfully rid himself of his cooties, reported in Paris, reported in London, had received orders to depart by way of Denmark, and, his mission there fulfilled, had sailed on the *Elsinore*, already disenchanted with his job and longing to be back with his regiment.

And now, surly from seasickness, worried by peace rumors, but still believing that the war would last another year and hopeful of getting back before it ended, he emerged from his stuffy quarters and gazed without enthusiasm at the minarets of Coney Island, now visible off the starboard bow.

Near him, in pasty-faced and shaky groups, huddled his fellow passengers, whom he had not seen during the voyage except when lined up for life-drill. These pallid, discouraged voyagers were few—not two dozen cabin passengers in all.

In the gray of morning, the Highlands loomed up above the sea, gloomy as a thunder-head charged with lightning.

After a while, the batteries along the Narrows slipped into view. Farther on, camouflaged ships rode sullenly at anchor, as though ashamed of their frivolous and undignified appearance. A battle-ship was just leaving the Lower Bay, smoke pouring from every funnel. Destroyers and chasers rushed by them, headed seaward.

As Shotwell stood by the rail, somebody walked plump into him, and the soft, fragrant shock knocked the breath out of both.

She recovered hers first.

"I'm sorry!" she faltered. "It was stupid. I was watching those ships and not looking where I was going."

He recovered his breath, saluted ceremoniously, readjusted his overseas cap to the proper angle. Then he said, civilly enough:

"It was my fault entirely. It was I who walked into you. I hope I didn't hurt you."

They smiled, unembarrassed. She turned, with a frank shake of her head.

"It seems heartless to say so, but I'm rather sorry I'm back," she said.

He smiled.

She went over to rearrange a sheaf of deep-red carnations

Synopsis of the First Instalment

AMONG those who fled from Russia at the time of the Bolshevik revolution, early in 1918, were three Americans. One of them is Palla Dumont, who had been companion to the Grand Duchess Marie and had witnessed her death with the other members of the imperial family. This tragedy caused the girl to lose her faith in the Christian God. Heretofore she had been markedly religious, and had intended entering a convent, but now she declares that her life will be governed by one law and one alone—the law of Love, the essence of which is unselfish service. The other two are John Estridge, an ambulance-driver for the Red Cross, and a government agent named Brisson. Estridge and Brisson leave Petrograd together and finally meet Palla, who is with Ilse Westgard, a Swede and former member of the women's battalion in the Russian army. When they come across the two Americans, the girls are with a division of Ural Cossacks, with whom they have been traveling ever since their escape from the Bolsheviks at the time of the slaughter of the Romanoffs. They ask the help of Estridge and his companion in getting out of Russia, and the men make places for them in their sleigh. Estridge finds that he already knows Palla. He had driven her in his ambulance to the place where she rejoined the grand duchess just before the latter's death.

After many exciting adventures, the quartet reach Sweden in safety and seek means of getting to America. Palla's home is in Shadow Hill, Connecticut; Estridge lives in New York city, and Ilse Westgard intends to make her future home in this country.

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"I must admit," he confessed, "that I feel the same way. Of course I want to see my people. But I'd give anything to be in France at this moment, and that's the truth!"

The girl nodded her comprehension.

"It's quite natural," she remarked. "One does not wish to come home until this thing is settled."

"That's it exactly. It's like leaving an interesting play half finished. It's worse—it's like leaving an absorbing drama in which you yourself are playing an exciting rôle."

She glanced at him—a quick glance of intelligent appraisal.

"Yes; it must have seemed that way to you. But I've been merely one among a breathless audience. And yet I can't bear to leave in the very middle—not knowing how it is to end. Besides," she added carelessly, "I have nobody to come back to except a rather remote relative; so my regrets are unmingled."

There ensued a silence. He was afraid she was about to go, but couldn't seem to think of anything to say to detain her.

For the girl was so distractingly pretty, so confidently negligent of convention—or perhaps disdainful of it—that he already was regretting that he had not met her at the beginning of the voyage instead of at the end.

She had now begun to button up her ulster, as though preliminary to resuming her deck promenade. And he wanted to walk with her. But because she had chosen to be informal with him did not deceive him into thinking that she was likely to tolerate further informality on his part. And yet he had a vague notion that her inclinations were friendly.

"I'm sorry," he said rather stupidly, "that I didn't meet you in the beginning."

The girl was frankly amused by the streak of boyishness in him—the perfectly transparent desire of this young man to detain her in conversation.

And, still amused, she leaned back against the rail. If he wanted to talk to her, she would let him—even help him. Why not?

"Is that a wound-chevron?" she inquired, looking at the sleeve of his tunic.

"No," he replied gratefully; "it's a service-stripe."

"And what does that little ribbon on your breast signify?"

"That I was cited."

"For bravery?"

"Well—that was the idea, I believe."

"Then you've been in action?"

"Yes."

"And you were not hit?"

"No."

She regarded him smilingly.

"You are like all soldiers who have faced death," she said; "you are not communicative."

At that, he reddened.

"Well, everybody else was facing it, too, you know. We all had the same experience."

"Not all," she said, watching him. "Some died."

"Oh, of course!"

The girl's face flushed, and she nodded emphatically.

"Of course! And that is our Yankee secret—embodied in those two words: 'Of course.' After the *boche* has killed a num-



"This is a silly conversation," she said. "We're both

ber of you, and you say, 'Of course,' and you keep coming on, it first bewilders the *boche*, then terrifies him. And the next time he sees you coming, he takes to his heels."

Shotwell, amused, fascinated, and entirely surprised, began to laugh.

"You seem to know the game pretty well yourself," he said. "You are quite right. That is the idea."

"It's a wonderful game," she mused. "I can understand why you are not pleased at being ordered home. I want to get back over there, too."

"What was your branch?" he inquired.

"Oh, I didn't do anything," she explained, flushing. "I've been in Russia. And now I must find out at once what I can do to be sent to France."

"The war caught you over there, I suppose," he hazarded.

"Yes; I've been there since I was twenty. I'm twenty-four.

I had a year's travel and study and then I became the American companion of the little Russian Grand Duchess Marie."

"They all were murdered, weren't they?" he asked, much interested.

"Yes. I'm trying to forget——"

"I beg your pardon."

"It's quite all right. I myself mentioned it first; but I can't

"Serves me right," he said aloud, with a shrug of finality. "I had more enterprise once."

Then he looked out into the sunlit streets of Manhattan, all brilliant with flags and posters and swarming with prosperous-looking people—his own people. But to his war-enlightened and disillusioned eyes his own people seemed almost like aliens; he vaguely resented their too evident prosperity, their irresponsible immunity, their heedless preoccupation with the petty things of life. Fifth Avenue irritated him—shops, hotels, clubs, motors, the well-dressed throngs began to exasperate him.

On a side street he caught a glimpse of his own place of business; and it almost nauseated him to remember old man Sharrow, and the walls hung with plans of streets and sewers and surveys and photographs and his own yellow-oak desk.

"Good Lord," he thought, "if the war ends, have I got to go back to that?"

The family were at breakfast when he walked in on them—only two, his father and mother.

In his mother's arms he suddenly felt very young and subdued, and very glad to be there.

"Where the devil did you come from, Jim?" repeated his father, with twitching features and a grip on his son's strong hand that he could not bring himself to loosen.

Yes; it was pretty good to get home, after all.

On his way up-stairs, he noticed a service-flag bearing a single star hanging in his mother's window.

He went into his own room, looked soberly round, sat down on the lounge, suddenly tired. He had three days' leave before reporting for duty. It seemed a miserly allowance. Instinctively he glanced at his wrist-watch. An hour had fled already.

"The dickens!" he muttered. But he still

sat there. After a while he smiled and rose to make his toilet.

"Such an attractively informal girl!" he thought regretfully.

"I'm sorry I didn't learn her name. Why didn't I?" Philosophy might have answered: "But to what purpose? No young man expects to pick up a girl of his own kind. And he has no business with other kinds."

But Shotwell was no philosopher.

The "attractively informal girl" on whom young Shotwell was condescending to bestow a passing regret while changing his linen had, however, quite forgotten him by this time. There is more philosophy in women.

Her train was now nearing Shadow Hill; she already could see the village in its winter nakedness—the stone bridge, the old-time houses of the well-to-do, Main Street full of automobiles and farmers' wagons, a crowded trolley-car starting for Deepdale, the county-seat.



enjoying each other—and we know it"

talk about it yet. It's too personal." She turned and looked at the monstrous city. And then, perhaps considering that she had been sufficiently amiable to him, she gave him his *congé* with a pleasant little nod.

"Could I help you—do anything—" he began. But she thanked him with friendly finality.

They sauntered in opposite directions, and he did not see her again to speak to her.

Later, jolting toward home in a taxi, it occurred to him that it might have been agreeable to see such an attractively informal girl again. Any man likes informality in women, except among the women of his own household, where he would promptly brand it as indiscretion. He thought of her for a while, recollecting details of the episode and realizing that he didn't even know her name. Which piqued him.

Painfully depressed, the girl descended at the station, where she climbed into one of the familiar omnibuses and gave her luggage-check to the lively young driver.

"Which way, ma'am?" he inquired, looking in at her through the door and chewing gum very fast.

"To Miss Dumont's, on Shadow Street."

"Oh!" Then, suddenly he knew her. "Say, wasn't you her niece?" he demanded.

"I am Miss Dumont's niece," replied Palla, smiling.

"Sure! I didn't reckonize you. Used to leave the *Star* on your door step! Been away, ain't you? Home looks kinda good to you, even if it's kinda lonesome—" He checked himself, as though recollecting something else. "Sure! You been over in Rooshia livin' with the queen. There was a piece in the *Star* about it. Gee," he added affably: "that was pretty soft! Some life, I bet!"

And he grinned a genial grin and climbed into his seat, chewing rapidly.

"He means to be friendly," thought the heart-sick girl, with a shudder.

When Palla got out, she spoke pleasantly to him as she paid him, and inquired about his father—a shiftless old gaffer who used, sometimes, to do garden-work for her aunt.

But the driver, obsessed by the fact that she had lived with the "Queen of Rooshia," merely grinned and repeated, "Pretty soft," and, shouldering her trunk, walked to the front door, chewing furiously. Martha, her aunt's maid, opened the door, stared through her spectacles.

"Land o' mercy!" she gasped. "It's Palla!" Which, in Shadow Hill, is the manner and speech of the "hired girl," whose "folks" are "neighbors" and not inferiors.

"How do you do, Martha?" said the girl smilingly, and offered her gloved hand.

"Well, I'm so's to be round." She wheeled on the man with the trunk. "Here, *you!* Don't go a-trackin' mud all over my carpet like that! Wipe your feet like as if you was brought up respectable!"

"Ain't I wipin' 'em?" retorted the driver, in an injured voice. "Now then, Marthy, where does this here trunk go to?"

"Big room front— Wait, young fellow; you just follow me and be careful don't bang the banisters."

Half-way up, she called back over her shoulders, "Your room's all ready, Palla." And, suddenly remembered something else, stood aside on the landing until the young man with the trunk had passed her, then waited for him to return and get himself out of the house. When he had gone out, banging the door, she came slowly back down the stairs.

"Where is my aunt?" asked Palla. And, as Martha remained silent, gazing oddly down at her through her glasses, "My aunt isn't ill, is she?"

"No; she ain't ill. H'ain't you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"Didn't you get my letter?"

"Your letter? Why did you write? What is the matter? Where is my aunt?" asked the disturbed girl.

"I wrote you last month."

"What did you write?"

"She had a stroke, Palla."

"What! Is— is she dead?"

"Six weeks ago come Sunday."

The girl's knees weakened, and she sat down suddenly on the stairs.

"Dead? My Aunt Emeline?"

"She had a stroke a year ago. It made her a little stiff in one leg. But she wouldn't tell you—wouldn't bother you. She was that proud of you livin' as you did with all those kings and queens. 'No,' sez she to me, 'no, Martha; I ain't a-goin' to worry Palla. She and the queen have got their hands full, what with the wicked way those Rooshian people are behavin'. No,' sez she; 'I'll git well by the time she comes home for a visit after the war—'" Martha's spectacles became dim. She seated herself on the stairs and wiped them on her apron. "It came in the night," she said. "I wondered why she was late to breakfast. When I went up, she was lying there with her eyes open—just as natural—"

Palla's head drooped, and she covered her face with both hands.

VII

THERE remained, now, nothing to keep Palla in Shadow Hill. She had never intended to stay there, anyway; she had meant

to go to France. But with the signing of the armistice, all dreams of service ended definitely for her.

The false peace demonstration, which set the bells of Shadow Hill clanging in the wintry air and the mill-whistles blowing from distant villages, left her tired, dazed, indifferent. The later celebration, based on official news, stirred her spiritually even less. And she felt ill.

There was a noisy night celebration on Main Street, but she had no desire to see it. She remained indoors, reading.

Always, so far in her brief career, she had had adequate outlets for her bodily energy. As a child, she found satisfaction in violent exercise—in flinging herself headlong into every outdoor game, every diversion among the urchins of her circle. As a schoolgirl, her school-sports and her studies and whatever social pleasures were offered had left the safety-valve open.

Later, mistress of her mother's modest fortune, and grown to restless, intelligent womanhood, Palla had gone abroad with a married school-friend, Lallys Vance. Under her auspices she had met nice people and had seen charming homes in England, Colonel Vance being somebody in the country and even somebody in London—a diffident, reticent, agriculturally inclined landowner and colonel of yeomanry. And long ago dead in Flanders. And his wife a nurse somewhere in France.

But before the war a year's travel and study had furnished the necessary outlet to Palla Dumont. And then—at a charity bazaar—a passionate friendship had flashed into sacred flame—a friendship born at sight between her and the little Grand Duchess Marie.

War was beginning; Colonel Vance was dead, but imperial inquiry located Lallys. And imperial inquiry was satisfied. And Palla became the American companion and friend of the youthful grand duchess. For three years, that blind devotion had been her outlet—that and their mutual inclination for a life to be dedicated to God.

What was to be her outlet now—now that the little grand duchess was dead—now that God, as she had conceived him, had ceased to exist for her—now that the war was ended and nobody needed that warm young heart of hers, that ardent little heart so easily set throbbing with the passionate desire to give.

Her attorney, Mr. Tiddley, came at three. They discussed the legal details of the inheritance under her aunt's will, quit-claims, mortgages, deeds, surveys, and reported encroachments incident to the decay of ancient landmarks. And the conversation maddened her.

At four, she put on a smart mourning hat and her black furs, and walked down town to see the bank president, Mr. Pawling. The subject of their conversation was investments, and it bored her. At five she returned to the house to receive a certain Mr. Skidder—known in her childhood as "Blinky" Skidder, in frank recognition of an ocular peculiarity—a dingy but jaunty young man with a sheep's nose, a shrewd upper lip, and snapping reddish-brown eyes, who came breezily in and said:

"Hello, Palla! How's the girl?"

Mr. Skidder's business had once been the exploitation of farms and acreage, his specialty the persuasion of Slovak emigrants into the acquisition of doubtful land. But, since the war, emigrants were few, and, as honest men must live, Mr. Skidder had branched out into improved real estate and city lots. But the pickings, even here, were scanty and loans hard to obtain.

"I've changed my mind," said Palla. "I'm not going to sell this house, Blinky."

"Well, for heaven's sake—ain't you going to New York?" he insisted, taken aback.

"Yes, I am. But I've decided to keep my house."

"That," said Mr. Skidder, snapping his eyes, "is silly sentiment, not business. But please yourself, Palla. I ain't saying a word. I ain't trying to tell you I can get a lot more for you than your house is worth—what with values falling and houses empty and the mills letting men go because there ain't going to be any more war-orders—but please yourself, Palla; I ain't saying a word to urge you."

"You've said several," she remarked smilingly. "But I think I'll keep the house for the present, and I'm sorry that I wasted your time."

"Please yourself, Palla," he repeated. "So you're fixing to locate in New York, eh?"

"I think so."

"What are you going to do there?" he asked curiously.

"I'm sure I don't know. There'll be plenty to do, I suppose."

"You bet," he said, blinking rapidly. "There's always something doing in that little old town." He slapped his knee.

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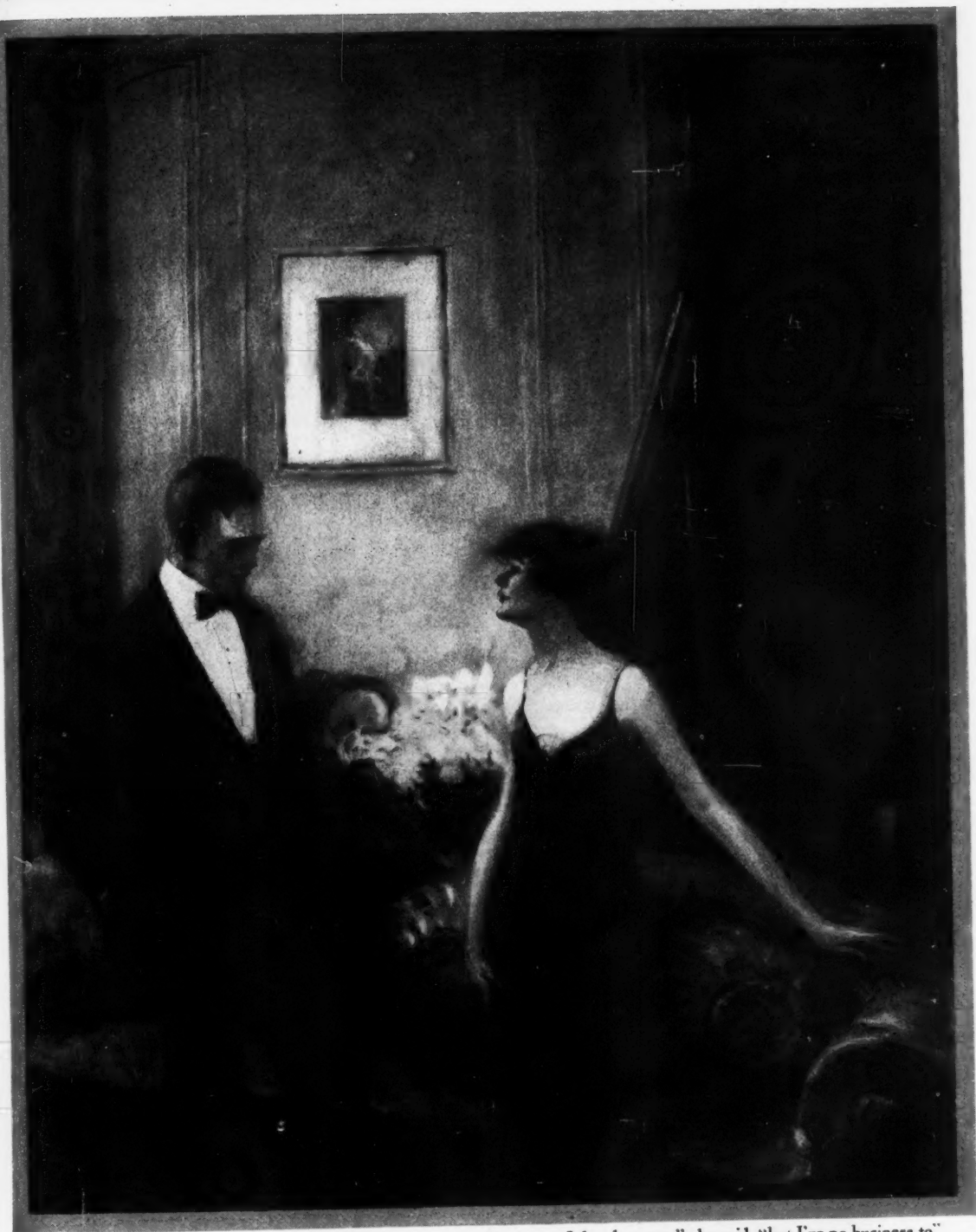
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In her brown eyes the familiar, irresponsible gaiety began to glimmer. "I do adore you," she said, "but I've no business to"

"Palla," he said, "I'm thinking of going into the movie business."

"Really?"

"Yes; I'm considering it. There's no money in Shadow Hill—or, if there is, it's locked up—or the income tax has paralyzed it. No; I'm through."

"Where do you expect to go?"

"Say, Palla, when you kiss your old home good-by, there's only one place to go. Get me?"

"New York?" she inquired, amused.

"That's me! There's a guy down there I used to correspond

with—a feller named Puma—Angelo Puma—not a regular Eye-talian, but there's some in him, judging by his map—or Mex—or something. Anyway, he's in the moving-picture business—the Ultra Fillum Company. I guess there's a mint o' money in fillums." She nodded, a trifle bored. "I got a chance to go in with Puma," he said, snapping his eyes.

"Really?"

"You know, Palla, I've made a little money, too, since you been over there living with the Queen of Russia."

"I'm very glad, Blinky."

"Oh, it ain't so much. And," he added shrewdly, "it ain't

so paltry, neither. Thank the Lord, I made hay while the Slovaks lasted! So," he added, getting up from his chair, "maybe I'll see you down there in New York some day."

The early winter night had fallen over Shadow Hill when he took his departure. Palla turned on the electric light, stood, for a while, looking somberly at the framed photographs of her father and mother, then, feeling lonely, went into the kitchen where Martha was busy with preparations for dinner.

"Martha," she said, "I'm going to New York."

"Well, for the land's sake!"

"Yes; and I'm going day after to-morrow."

"What on earth makes you act like a Gipsy, Palla?" she demanded querulously, seasoning the soup and tasting it. "Your pa and ma wasn't like that. They was satisfied to set and rest a mite after being away. But you've been gone four years 'n more, and now you're up and off again, hippity-skip, clippity-clip."

"I'm just going to run down to New York and look about. I want to look around and see what——"

"That's *you*, Palla! That's what you allus was doin', as a child—allus lookin' about you with your wide brown eyes, to see what you could see in the world! You know what curiosity did to the cat?"

"What?"

"Pinched her paw in the mouse-trap."

"I'll be careful," said the girl, laughing.

VIII

IN touch with his unexciting business again, after many months of glorious absence, and seated once more at his abhorred yellow-oak desk, young Shotwell discovered it was anything but agreeable for him to gather up the unraveled thrums of civilian life after the thrilling taste of service overseas.

For him, so long accustomed to excitement, the zest of living seemed to die with the signing of the armistice.

Out of uniform, out of humor, out of touch with the arts of

peace, still, at times, all aquiver with the nervous shock of his experience, it was very hard for him to speak respectfully to Mr. Sharrow.

As instructor to rookie aspirants he would have been somebody; he had already been somebody as a lieutenant of infantry in the thunderous scheme of things in the Argonne.

But in the offices of Clarence Sharrow & Company he was merely a rather nice-looking subordinate, whose duties were to aid clients in the selection and purchase of residences, advise them, consult with them, make appointments to show them dwelling-houses, vacant or still tenanted, and in every stage of repair or decrepitude.

That morning, a few clients sat beside the desks of the various men who specialized in the particular brand of real estate desired; several neat young girls performed diligently upon typewriters; old man Sharrow stood at the door of his private office twirling his eye-glasses by the gold chain and urbanely getting rid of an undesirable visitor—one Angelo Puma, who wanted some land in Harlem for a moving-picture studio but was persuasively unwilling to pay for it.

He was a big man, too heavy, youngish, with plump olive skin, black hair, lips too full and too red under a silky mustache, and eyes that would have been magnificent in a woman—a Spanish dancer, for example—rich, dark eyes, softly brilliant under curling lashes.

He seemed to covet the land and the ramshackle stables on it, but he wanted somebody to take back a staggering mortgage on the property. And Mr. Sharrow shook his head gently and twirled his eye-glasses.

"For me," insisted Puma, "I do not care. It is good property. I would pay cash if I had it. But I have not. No. My capital, at the moment, is tied up in production; my daily expenses, at present, require what cash I have. If your client is at all reasonable——"

"He isn't," said Sharrow. "He's a Connecticut Yankee."

For a moment, Angelo Puma seemed crestfallen; then his brilliant smile flashed from every perfect tooth.

"That is very bad for me," he said, buttoning his showy overcoat. "Pardon me; I waste your time"—pulling on his gloves. "However, if your client should ever care to change his mind——"

"One moment," said Sharrow, whose time Mr. Puma had indeed wasted at intervals during the past year, and who heartily desired to be rid of property and client. "Suppose you deal directly with the owner. We are not particularly anxious to carry the property; it's a little out of our sphere. Suppose I put you in direct communication with the owner."

"Delighted!" said Puma, flashing his smile and bowing from the waist, and perfectly aware that his badgering had bored this gentleman to the limit.

"I'll write out his address for you," said Sharrow. "One moment, please."

Angelo Puma waited, his glossy hat in one hand, his silver-headed stick and folded suede gloves in the other.

Like darkly brilliant search-lights his magnificent eyes swept the office; at a glance he appraised the self-conscious typists, surmised possibilities in a blond one; then, as a woman entered from the street, he rested his gaze upon her. And kept it there.

Even when Sharrow came out of his private office with the slip of paper, Angelo Puma's eyes still remained fastened upon the young girl, who had spoken to a clerk and then seated herself in a chair beside Shotwell's desk.

"The man's name," repeated Sharrow patiently, "is Elmer Skidder. His address is Shadow Hill, Connecticut."

Puma turned to him as though confused, thanked him effusively, took the slip of paper, pulled on his gloves in a preoccupied way, and very slowly walked toward the



"So keep out of mischief, darling, and stop neglecting Elorn—that is if you ever really expect to marry her"



"It came in the night," she said. "I wondered why she was late to breakfast. When I went up, she was lying there with her eyes open—just as natural——"

street door, his eyes fixed on the girl, who was now in animated conversation with Shotwell.

As he pass'd her, she was laughing at something the young man had just said, and Puma deliberately turned and looked at her again—looked her full in the face.

She was aware of him and of his bold scrutiny, of course—noticed his brilliant eyes, no doubt, but paid no heed to him—was otherwise preoccupied with this young man beside her whom she had neither seen nor thought about since the day she had landed in New York from the rusty little Danish steamer *Elsinore*. And now, although he had meant nothing at all to her except an episode already forgotten, to meet him again had instantly meant something to her.

For this man now represented to her a link with the exciting past—this young soldier who had been fresh from the furnace when she had met him on deck as the *Elsinore* passed in between the forts in the gray of early morning.

The encounter was exciting her a little, too, overemphasizing its importance.

"Fancy" she repeated, "my encountering you here and in civilian dress! Were you dreadfully disappointed by the armistice?"

"I'm ashamed to say I took it hard," he admitted.

"So did I. I had hoped so to go to France. And you—oh, I am sorry for you! You were so disgusted at being detailed from the fighting-line to Camp Upton. And now the war is over. What a void!"

"You're very frank," he said. "We're supposed to rejoice, you know."

"Oh, of course! I really do rejoice."

They both laughed.

"I mean it," she insisted. "In my sober senses, I am glad the war is over. I'd be a monster if I were not glad. But—what is going to take its place? Because we must have something, you know. One can't endure a perfect void, can one?" And they both laughed once more. "Anybody overhearing us," she confided to him, "would think us mere beasts. Of course you are glad the war is ended; that's why you fought. And I'm glad, too. And I'm going to rent a house in New York and find something to occupy this void I speak of. But isn't it nice that I should come to you about it?"

"Jolly," he said. "And now at last I'm going to learn your name."

"Oh! Don't you know it?"

"I wanted to ask you, but there seemed to be no proper opportunity——"

"Of course. I remember. There seemed to be no reason."

"I was sorry afterward," he ventured.

That amused her.

"You weren't really sorry, were you?"

"I really was. I thought of you——"

"Do you mean to say you remembered me after the ship docked?"

"Yes. But I'm very sure you instantly forgot me."

"I certainly did!" she admitted, still much amused at the idea. "One doesn't remember everybody one sees, you know," she went on frankly, "particularly after a horrid voyage and when one's head is full of exciting plans. Alas, those wonderful plans of mine—the stuff that dreams are made of! And here I am asking you kindly to find me a modest house with a modest rental. And by the way," she added demurely, "my name is Palla Dumont."

"Thank you," he said smilingly. "Do you care to know mine?"

"I know it. When I came in and told the clerk what I wanted, he said I should see Mr. Shotwell."

"James Shotwell, junior," he said gravely.

"That is amiable. You don't treasure malice, do you? I might merely have known you as Mr. Shotwell. And you generously reveal all from James to junior."

They were laughing again. Mr. Sharrow noticed them from his private office and congratulated himself on having Shotwell in his employ.

"When may I see a house?" inquired Palla.

"Immediately, if you like."

"How wonderful!"

He took out his note-book, glanced through several pages, asked her carelessly what rent she cared to pay, made a note of it, and resumed his study of the note-book.

"The East Side?" he inquired, glancing at her with curiosity not entirely professional.

"I prefer it."

From his note-book he read to her the descriptions and situations of several twenty-foot houses in the zone between Fifth and Third Avenues.

"Shall we go to see some of them, Mr. Shotwell? Have you, perhaps, time this morning?"

"I'll be delighted," he said. Which, far from straining truth, perhaps restrained it.

So he got his hat and overcoat, and they went out together into the winter sunshine.

Shotwell had a jolly morning of it. And, if the routine proved a trifle monotonous, Palla, too, appeared to amuse herself.

She inspected various types of houses, expensive and inexpensive, modern and out of date, well built and well kept, and "jerry-built" and dirty.

Prices and rents painfully surprised her, and she gave up any idea of renting a furnished house, and so informed Shotwell, who, exploring the closely written pages of his note-book, could discover nothing desirable within the terms she was willing to make.

"There's one house on our books," he said at last, "which came in only yesterday. I haven't had time to look at it. I don't even know where the keys are. But if you're not too tired—"

Palla gave him one of her characteristic direct looks:

"I'm not too tired, but I'm starved. I could go after lunch."

"Fine!" he said. "I'm hungry, too. Shall we go to Delmonico's?"

The girl seemed a trifle nonplused. She had not supposed that luncheon with clients was included in a real-estate transaction.

She was not embarrassed, nor did the suggestion seem impertinent. But she said,

"I had expected to lunch at the hotel."

He reddened a little. Guilt shows its colors.

"Had you rather?" he asked.

"Why, no! I'd rather lunch with you at Delmonico's and talk houses." And, a little amused at this young man's transparent guile, she added, "I think it would be very agreeable for us to lunch together."

She came from the dressing-room fresh and flushed as a slightly chilled rose, rejoining him in the lobby, and presently they were seated in the palm room with a discreet and hidden orchestra playing, "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning," and rather busy with a golden Casaba melon between them.

"Isn't this jolly?" he said, expanding easily, as do all young men in the warmth of the informal.

"Very. What an agreeable business yours seems to be, Mr. Shotwell!"

"In what way?" he asked innocently.

"Why—part of it is lunching with feminine clients, isn't it?"

His close-set ears burned. She glanced up with mischief brilliant in her brown eyes. But he was busy with his melon. And, not looking at her,

"Don't you want to know me?" he asked, so clumsily that she hesitated to snub so defenseless a male.

"I don't know whether I wish to," she replied, smiling slightly. "I hadn't really considered it. I was thinking about renting a house." He said nothing, but, as the painful color remained in his face, the girl decided to be a little kinder. "Anyway," she said, "I'm enjoying myself. And I hope you are."

He said he was. But his voice and manner were so subdued that she laughed.

"Fancy asking a girl such a question!" she said. "You shouldn't ask a woman whether she doesn't want to know you. It would be irregular enough, under the circumstances, to say that you wanted to know her."

"That's what I meant," he replied, wincing. "Would you consider it?"

She could not disguise her amusement.

"Yes; (Continued on page 166)"



There was a noisy night celebration on Main Street, but she had no desire to see it. She remained indoors, reading

Violet Eyes

"There's this about violet eyes," says Hettie Frywell, of the Benwell wholesale-millinery house (Ida M. Evans became famous by discovering how much of life is concentrated in a wholesale-millinery establishment): "You never can tell whether they're just pretty—or deep."

By Ida M. Evans

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

THE first week or so that Dolliver Springer cast anchor with the Benwell wholesale-millinery house, no one paid much attention to him except, perhaps, Sandy Campbell, the foreman of the packing- and shipping-rooms, who, of course, always looked a new man over sharply for signs of congenital sloth, and Metty Bean, who was nearly sixteen years old and wont, while she ran errands for the French room, to muse busily on the attractions of Dustin Farnum. Sandy told Herb Magoursky, his chief assistant, that he didn't seem to be anemic, and Metty told the coat-room that he certainly had the grandest wavy black hair that she'd ever seen.

Whereupon Hettie Frywell, who was forty-six years old, and matter of fact after twenty-three years in the Benwell medium-priced ready-to-wear workroom, told Metty that she'd seen just as grand a wavy black head interned for the duration of the war. But Hettie said that merely for Metty's general good. Dol Springer seemed to her elderly, near-sighted gray eyes, as to most others, a quite ordinary, fairly good-looking young fellow.

And the shipping- and packing-rooms accepted him at his face value—being, indeed, too busy to accept him or another at anything else just then. The war-storm having at last rolled off the poor old world, various industries were hastily and pathetically scrambling from the cave to which the ominous thunder and lightning had scared them. Among them, women's, misses', and children's hats was foremost scrambler. As Sandy Campbell sourly sighed, the millinery business had certainly found war all that Sherman ever said it was; and some of the men handled the straw shapes and muslin flowers with fingers that were actually nostalgic.

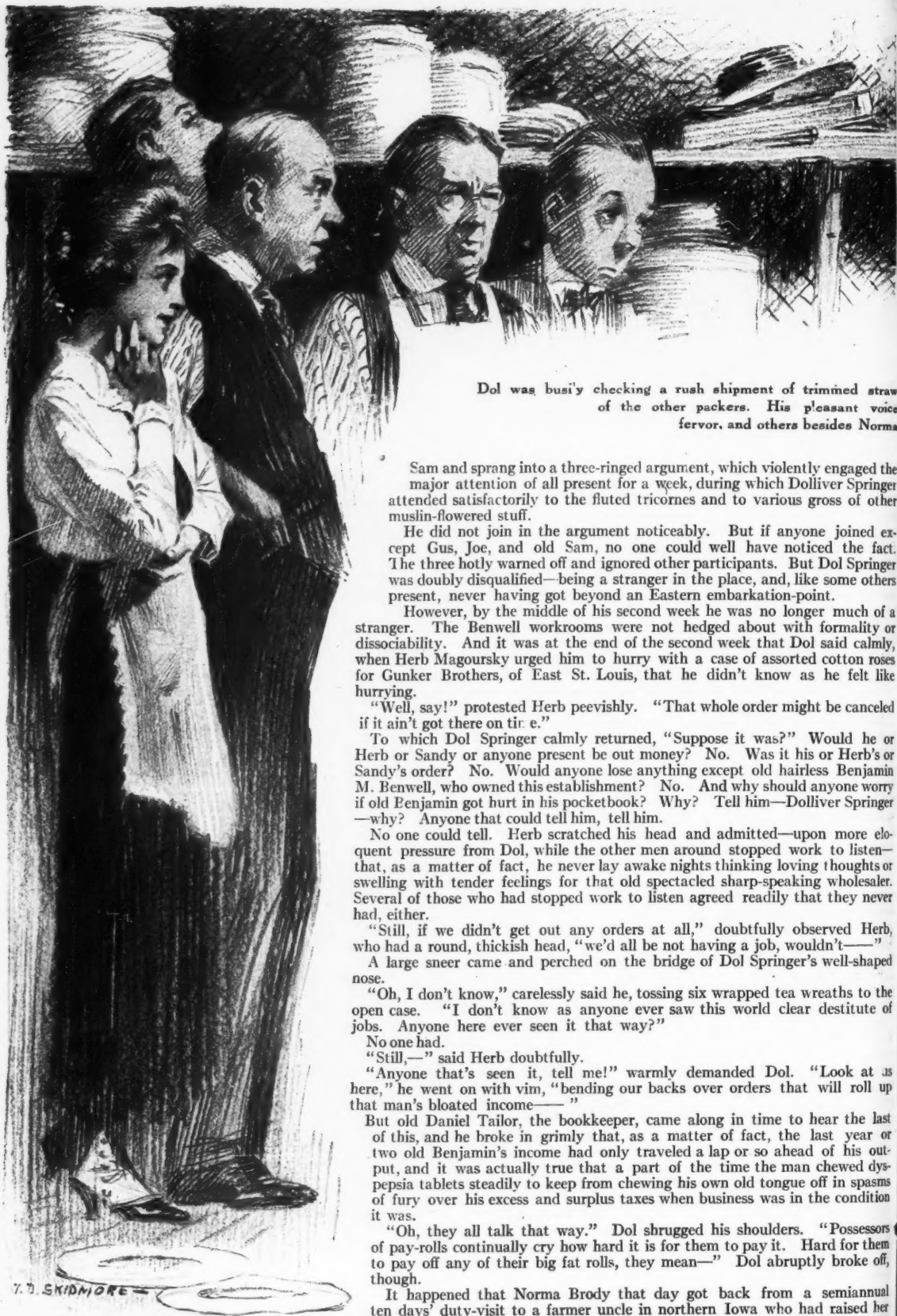
Not Dolliver Springer's—this was his first experience with the line of work. He had had previous packing and shipping years, but they had been in a Western wholesale-furniture house. But his forehead and bridge of nose were intelligent; so Sandy put him in charge of four gross assorted fluted-chiffon tricorne for Nashville, Tennessee, and then plodded over to separate Gus Dineen and Joe Horlick. Joe had been part of the infantry that helped repulse the Huns at Château-Thierry, and Gus had been a marine. Since they returned, Sandy found he could not leave the two at the same end of the room without a guard for each and reinforcements. Gus had a shrapneled shoulder that he periodically strained lunging at Joe, and Joe's lame leg kept itself out of condition by limping angrily toward Gus at frequent intervals.

Sandy now separated them, but old Sam Maltby, who had packed misses' sailors for the trade so long that his stout back felt more at home bent double into a packing-case than it did against the back of a chair, precipitated more trouble by yelling that neither the blue nor the khaki would have fought long if he and others back here hadn't sacrificed and dug up the cold cash that furnished the guns and grub to fight with. At that, both Gus and Joe lunged at old bald



T. D. SKIDMORE—

Dol Springer knew at once that he hadn't seen her round the place before



Dol was busi'y checking a rush shipment of trimmed straw of the other packers. His pleasant voice fervor, and others besides Norma

Sam and sprang into a three-ringed argument, which violently engaged the major attention of all present for a week, during which Dolliver Springer attended satisfactorily to the fluted tricomes and to various gross of other muslin-flowered stuff.

He did not join in the argument noticeably. But if anyone joined except Gus, Joe, and old Sam, no one could well have noticed the fact. The three hotly warned off and ignored other participants. But Dol Springer was doubly disqualified—being a stranger in the place, and, like some others present, never having got beyond an Eastern embarkation-point.

However, by the middle of his second week he was no longer much of a stranger. The Benwell workrooms were not hedged about with formality or dissociability. And it was at the end of the second week that Dol said calmly, when Herb Magoursky urged him to hurry with a case of assorted cotton roses for Gunker Brothers, of East St. Louis, that he didn't know as he felt like hurrying.

"Well, say!" protested Herb peevishly. "That whole order might be canceled if it ain't got there on time."

To which Dol Springer calmly returned, "Suppose it was?" Would he or Herb or Sandy or anyone present be out money? No. Was it his or Herb's or Sandy's order? No. Would anyone lose anything except old hairless Benjamin M. Benwell, who owned this establishment? No. And why should anyone worry if old Benjamin got hurt in his pocketbook? Why? Tell him—Dolliver Springer—why? Anyone that could tell him, tell him.

No one could tell. Herb scratched his head and admitted—upon more eloquent pressure from Dol, while the other men around stopped work to listen—that, as a matter of fact, he never lay awake nights thinking loving thoughts or swelling with tender feelings for that old spectacled sharp-speaking wholesaler. Several of those who had stopped work to listen agreed readily that they never had, either.

"Still, if we didn't get out any orders at all," doubtfully observed Herb, who had a round, thickish head, "we'd all be not having a job, wouldn't we?"

A large sneer came and perched on the bridge of Dol Springer's well-shaped nose.

"Oh, I don't know," carelessly said he, tossing six wrapped tea wreaths to the open case. "I don't know as anyone ever saw this world clear destitute of jobs. Anyone here ever seen it that way?"

No one had.

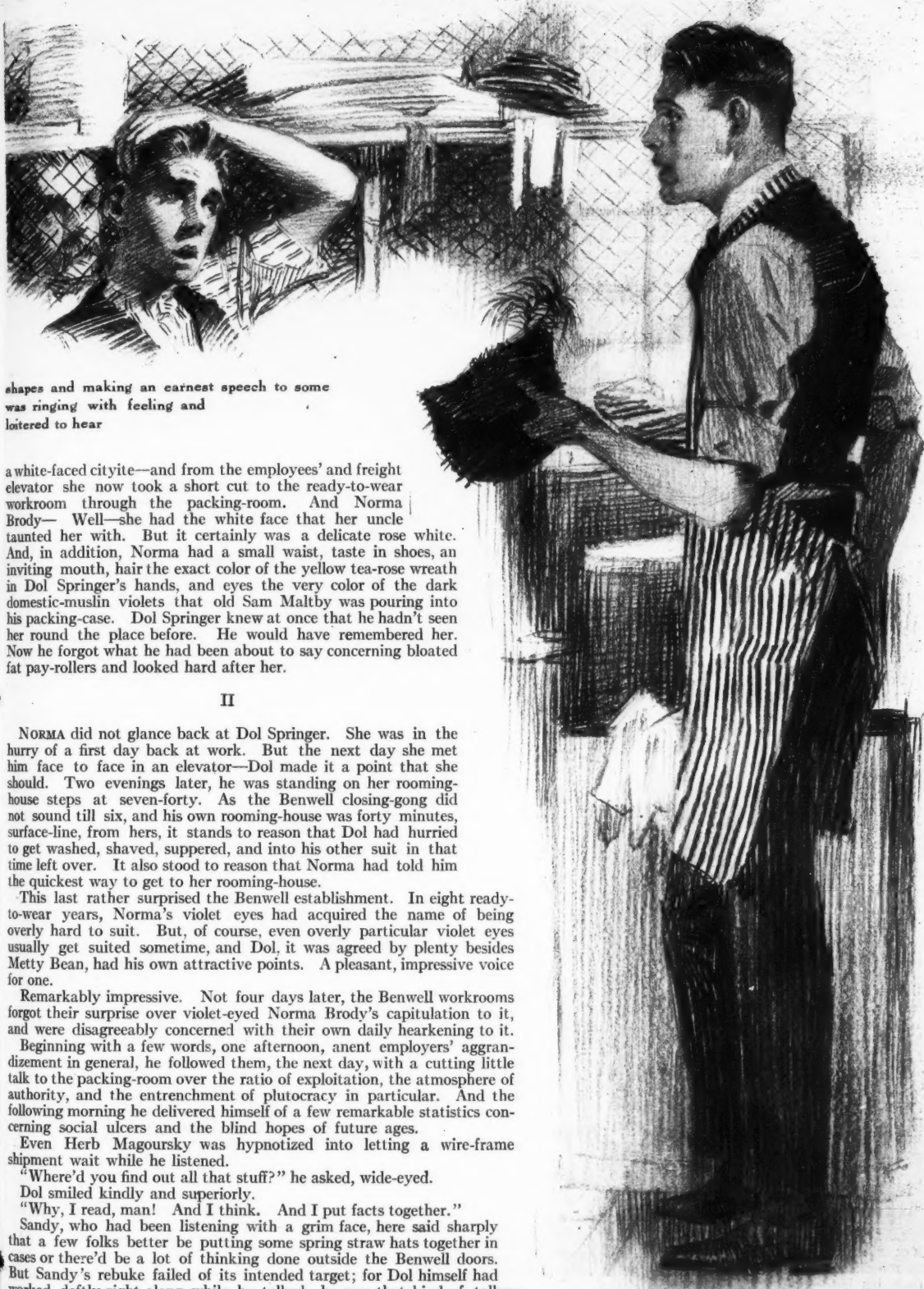
"Still," said Herb doubtfully.

"Anyone that's seen it, tell me!" warmly demanded Dol. "Look at us here," he went on with vim, "bending our backs over orders that will roll up that man's bloated income—"

But old Daniel Tailor, the bookkeeper, came along in time to hear the last of this, and he broke in grimly that, as a matter of fact, the last year or two old Benjamin's income had only traveled a lap or so ahead of his output, and it was actually true that a part of the time the man chewed dyspepsia tablets steadily to keep from chewing his own old tongue off in spasms of fury over his excess and surplus taxes when business was in the condition it was.

"Oh, they all talk that way," Dol shrugged his shoulders. "Possessors of pay-rolls continually cry how hard it is for them to pay it. Hard for them to pay off any of their big fat rolls, they mean—" Dol abruptly broke off, though.

It happened that Norma Brody that day got back from a semiannual ten days' duty-visit to a farmer uncle in northern Iowa who had raised her—though not, as Norma with a shrug said that he said with acerbity, to be



shapes and making an earnest speech to some
was ringing with feeling and
loitered to hear

a white-faced cityite—and from the employees' and freight elevator she now took a short cut to the ready-to-wear workroom through the packing-room. And Norma Brody— Well—she had the white face that her uncle taunted her with. But it certainly was a delicate rose white. And, in addition, Norma had a small waist, taste in shoes, an inviting mouth, hair the exact color of the yellow tea-rose wreath in Dol Springer's hands, and eyes the very color of the dark domestic-muslin violets that old Sam Maltby was pouring into his packing-case. Dol Springer knew at once that he hadn't seen her round the place before. He would have remembered her. Now he forgot what he had been about to say concerning bloated fat pay-rollers and looked hard after her.

II

NORMA did not glance back at Dol Springer. She was in the hurry of a first day back at work. But the next day she met him face to face in an elevator—Dol made it a point that she should. Two evenings later, he was standing on her rooming-house steps at seven-forty. As the Benwell closing-gong did not sound till six, and his own rooming-house was forty minutes, surface-line, from hers, it stands to reason that Dol had hurried to get washed, shaved, suppered, and into his other suit in that time left over. It also stood to reason that Norma had told him the quickest way to get to her rooming-house.

This last rather surprised the Benwell establishment. In eight ready-to-wear years, Norma's violet eyes had acquired the name of being overly hard to suit. But, of course, even overly particular violet eyes usually get suited sometime, and Dol, it was agreed by plenty besides Metty Bean, had his own attractive points. A pleasant, impressive voice for one.

Remarkably impressive. Not four days later, the Benwell workrooms forgot their surprise over violet-eyed Norma Brody's capitulation to it, and were disagreeably concerned with their own daily hearkening to it.

Beginning with a few words, one afternoon, anent employers' aggrandizement in general, he followed them, the next day, with a cutting little talk to the packing-room over the ratio of exploitation, the atmosphere of authority, and the entrenchment of plutocracy in particular. And the following morning he delivered himself of a few remarkable statistics concerning social ulcers and the blind hopes of future ages.

Even Herb Magoursky was hypnotized into letting a wire-frame shipment wait while he listened.

"Where'd you find out all that stuff?" he asked, wide-eyed.

Dol smiled kindly and superiorly.

"Why, I read, man! And I think. And I put facts together."

Sandy, who had been listening with a grim face, here said sharply that a few folks better be putting some spring straw hats together in cases or there'd be a lot of thinking done outside the Benwell doors. But Sandy's rebuke failed of its intended target; for Dol himself had worked deftly right along while he talked—he was that kind of talker and worker—and only his listeners had let their hands hang idle at sides.

And, with a calm smile, Dol drew the foreman's attention to this three-fourths-filled packing-case of hemp turbans, carefully explaining to Sandy, though, that he—Dol—worked steadily because he'd just as soon work as

stand around idle—not because he wanted to get out old Benjamin's income-producing orders for him.

"Well, the old man don't especially care what's your motive in working, so long as the work's done," testily retorted Sandy, and walked fast on out of the room before Dol could answer. Sandy belonged to a nation that puts caution before a possible fall.

Going home on the street-car that night, he told Daniel Taylor, however, that if Springer wasn't such a good worker he'd fire him.

"Cause I'm afraid he's a regular mischief-stirrer. I don't like his line of talk."

"I didn't much the first day I heard him," agreed Daniel; "but maybe there ain't any real harm in him—that pretty Brody girl has cottoned to him. A lot of young men like to gab."

"Oh, I know that," grunted Sandy. "I guess I know that after twenty-six years in packing- and shipping-rooms. But there's gab—and gab."

A view that spread through the establishment. And drew its trail of comment as it spread—perhaps a larger trail because of pretty, sensible Norma Brody's connection with its object.

In the ready-to-wear workroom, one brisk afternoon when the season had begun with a rush almost like that of ante-bellum days, Hettie Frywell chose to say meaningfully across a busy table of pink-chip tams and red-satin dahlias:

"Marrying a man is serious enough business at any time. But marrying a young man that's all swelled up with the idea he can make this world over—"

Norma whirled round from a high heap of chips that she was sorting for imperfections.

"Meaning anything in particular?"

"Nothing in particular," calmly said Hettie, having known young Norma Brody too many years to be debarred from saying to her what she chose, "except that a man that's got his two eyes focused on the wide world's woes generally ain't got time to unfocus 'em for home and family affairs."

"Maybe some girls don't fancy sitting down for life beside a man whose vision isn't focused more than two inches from his nose and meals," retorted Norma, with pink face.

"Maybe not," said Hettie shortly, sucking her thumb where the other's abrupt whirl had caused her to run her needle. "But I can tell you this: Words can lift a roof off, but they've hardly ever been known to nail one on."

"Speaking from personal experience?" asked Norma insolently. The forty-six-year-old countenance of Miss Hettie Frywell reddened a little.

"No; I can't say I am. But I'm speaking for your good, Norma Brody."

"Kind of you. But don't bother." At the resentful retort, several smiles went into several hats around the work-table. Norma flashed a disagreeable glance at Hettie, and walked off to get more dahlias from the stock-room.

Coming back, she loitered, the afternoon's work ignored, at a door of the packing-room. Inside, Dol was busily checking a rush shipment of trimmed straw shapes and making an earnest speech to some of the other packers. His pleasant voice was ringing with feeling and fervor, and others besides Norma loitered to hear.

"Personally," he was saying, "I haven't a thing against Benjamin M. Benwell. Personally, I have nothing against any man, rich or poor. But, personally, I don't feel like blowing kisses to those above me on the ladder. How about it with you others?"—blithely, as he tenderly swathed a last delicate mauve lace-straw in tissue-paper.

The criterion of any bullet, deed, life or speech, is its effect.

Truth impels the recording than when Dol Springer had paused in his ringing denunciation of modern life as it is (and he paused precipitately, because he was starting a new case of braid-bolts, and he had to put his head and shoulders even clear down inside to arrange the bottom layer, and so could not well talk outside), Norma Brody's violet eyes took on a peculiar brooding glow, and there was a pregnant wave of murmur from other listeners.

"That's just the way I feel cold mornings when my shoe-lace breaks gettin' ready for work," declared Metty Bean, in a forlorn snivel of self-sympathy. While Gus Dineen bitterly began to rehash several-odd days before the war when old Benwell—darn his hide—docked him for being absent; and Herb Magousky said moodily, look at him, thirty-one years old and getting only thirty-five dollars a week day-nursing women's danged bonnets; and middle-aged Freddy Craw said, look at him, forty-seven years old and getting the same, while old Benjamin owned the bonnets.

However, there was a coldly stubborn streak of human nature in old bald Sam Maltby.

"This daily gabfest gives me a pain," he grunted. "You wrote these Milans' town and state so careless, Ed Emory, I can't read it—"

"And you can't read the writing on the wall, either," sneered Ed Emory, who was a new man. "It's nothing to you that here we're packing ninety-dollars-a-dozen Milan hats for a selfish old wholesaler, and in Cairo men are driving camels for nine cents a day."

"And gratuities!" Warmly Dol bolstered this bit borrowed from his own sayings. "Gratuities!"—with indignation. "The day is coming, though, when men offered gratuities will strike with the clenched fist."

"Maybe; but I doubt it," grunted Sam. "People will have to change a lot first. I bet not in my time or your time many gratuities will meet the clenched fist. I bet the open palm will be extended for a few generations yet—especially by waiters and millinery buyers."

"Traitor!" said Dol coldly.

"What!" came violently from Sam. "Say, I'll knock you down, old as I am, if you accuse me of being pro-German! I subscribed to every loan and done with one lump of sugar for eight months straight—"

"Oh, no one said anything about that," said Dol impatiently. "There's more than one kind of treason. There's treason to oneself and to the rolling world."

"Oh, maybe," grunted Sam, cooling down. His great-grand-mother's maiden name had been Schmidt, and Sam knew he was really more sensitive than he ought to be. "But the world's rolled on, a good many years without you or me talking all day to keep it on the roll."

"Wasn't it you," coldly asked Dol, "that said, Friday noon, that if you had your life to live over—"

"No, it wasn't," said Sam firmly. "Because, Friday noon, I was over on Wells Street making the last payment on my endowment policy which runs out next year for three thousand dollars. And then I'm going to quit packing hats, and the capitalists and laborers that's mixed up together can fight it out by themselves. With my three thousand dollars, I can buy—"

"You're the kind, Maltby," said Emory, "that only needs dollars, I bet, to be a dollar-clutcher. You don't feel pitiful at all—do you?—over men that ain't got three thousand dollars."

Emory said this in a dispassionate tone, as though he really pitied Sam. But Gus Dineen spoke up at once and cuttingly went farther—although Gus kept his face averted while he spoke, so that no one could see if his expression was serious or not.

"Emory's right. I bet, Sam, you'd shriek if anyone suggested you take your matured endowment policy and make it the nucleus of a fund for a society to spread enlightenment—"

Gus had his faults of perception and acumen—there is no doubt of that. He made if a point—Sandy Campbell bitterly said—to write "North Carolina" for "South" every other week. But, this time, Gus guessed right. Sam Maltby shrieked:

"Give my three thousand dollars as a nucleus to a set of boobies? Say, watcha tryin' to pull? Say, I wouldn't give that money to a Society of Heavenly Visitants! I'm an old man—and I've got a leaky heart. D'y'e think I'm going to rob my own old age?"

"What about your brothers in blood?" shouted some one. "What about their old age?"

"Let my brothers in blood," shouted Sam furiously, "save their eight dollars a month and get their own matured policy! Let 'em—"

From the adjoining shipping-office Sandy Campbell came running wrathfully to get silence. But he was too late. Old Benjamin Benwell, hairless, bent-shouldered, sharp-eyed, trotted inquisitively in. Norma, Metty, and some others who didn't belong in the packing-room at all unobtrusively slipped out.

"What's the excitement about?" asked the old wholesaler, peering through the lower lens of his spectacles. "What's the rumpus about?"

"Just a little argument," said Sandy shortly. "Politics, I guess."

Benjamin Benwell glanced disapprovingly at the idlers, but approvingly at Dol, who was working industriously at the moment of his employer's entrance—though he rather defiantly slackened a moment after that entrance.

And then old Benjamin undeniably scowled at Sam Maltby, whose red and temperish face testified to his large share in the argument.

"Tut, tut, my man," said old Benjamin; "mustn't waste working-hours quarreling."

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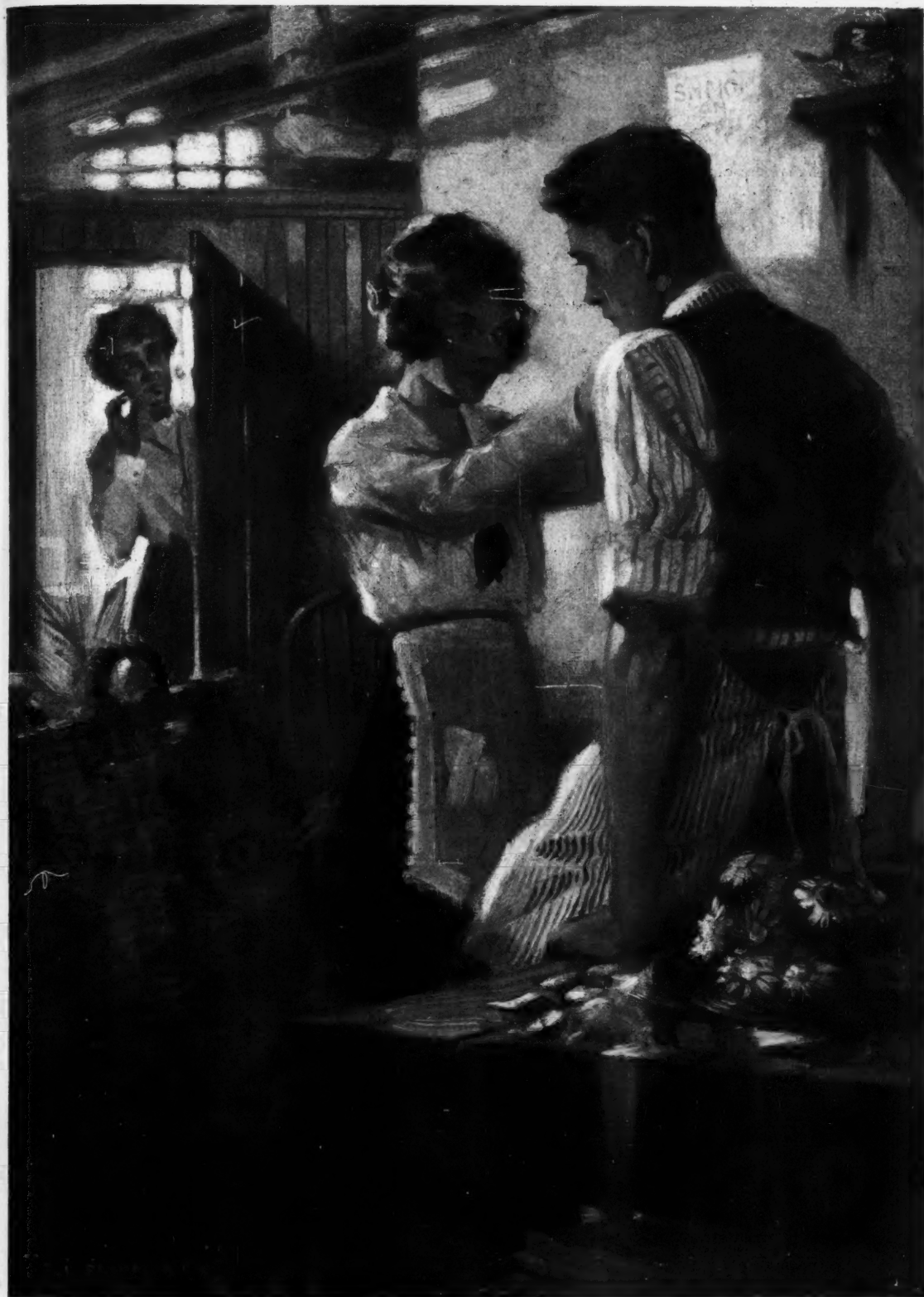
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DRAWN BY T. D. REIDMORE

"And then she repeated—oh, the silliness of her!—'Dol, dear, I'll send a telegram this afternoon to the man that he can have the farm for that price, and we'll get the money in a few days, and then——'"

Sam made an inarticulate sound—as of rage. Gus Dineen made an inarticulate sound—as of pure mirth. But Benjamin Benwell went on, a bit appealingly, to the room in general:

"Glad I can have so many of you back at work, men. Business has been torpid for some time—the millinery business. I guess you're all glad it's picking up."

There was a strained silence. But old Benjamin did not pay attention to it; he began to discuss freight-rates with Sandy. When he had gone,

"Glad his business is picking up," remarked Dol Springer, with a slight smile. "Are we?"

But Hettie Frywell, hearing later about the matter, said sharply that she, for one, was good and glad, and she certainly hoped no one would keep on talking and complaining and orating until trouble was started and something made to happen to the season which was the first full-hour one since the United States quit wearing new clothes and hats, but got along just as well with old ones, so that it was a wonder it didn't get the habit. She said she'd bought a pianola on time three years before, and while the company had been real good about deferring payments till she could use a needle regular again, its patience wouldn't last forever—

"Oh, you and your pianola!" said Norma unkindly. "Dol says—"

"Oh, 'Dol says!'" sniffed the elderly Hettie peevishly. "I wish—"

Norma Brody crimsoned.

"Dol Springer at least thinks of other people's problems. He says if he had a lot of money—"

"I ain't saying anything against Dol," declared Hettie. "But I want to get that pianola paid for. And you know old Benjamin Benwell is a touchy old man. I heard a year ago he said he was good and tired of business, and for two cents he'd wind it up—"

"Let him," said Norma carelessly. "The world is full of businesses. And always will be"—obviously quoting Dol.

"It can be chucked full, but all the millinery workrooms are full right now for the season, too," snapped Hettie. "And if this one shut up, or Dol Springer and that Herb and a few others got work out of gear, I know mighty well it'd maybe be three or four weeks at the least before any of us connected regular with a pay-envelope again."

Norma shrugged her shoulders.

And it was with obvious defiance and warm partisanship that, a week later, she

invited every girl and woman in the workrooms to join the men one noon on the roof for a large talk. About what?

"Topics that concern all humanity," she informed. "Though I dare say a lot of humanity around here won't be interested."

"Oh dear!" said Hettie shortly.

Norma fixed cool violet eyes on her.

"If Dol had a lot of money to get pamphlets or leaflets printed, he says he could spread—"

Hettie interrupted abstractedly and uneasily,

"Dear me, I hope old Benjamin doesn't hear of this."

"Old Benjamin is in New York buying," said Norma, "so he isn't likely to know about it. Although I don't know what he could do if he did. We're not slaves—I guess we've got a right to gather and talk—"

"Yes; but it's old Benjamin's roof," said Hettie. "I hope—"

"Oh—you and your personal hopes!" flared Norma. "You really act as though Dol Springer is trying to harm you."

"I don't know," said Hettie mildly, "as he's liable to do me any great good."

"Well, it's a good thing some people have souls above their own small affairs," said Norma, with proselyte's own angry zeal.

"Well, I've lived quite a few years," observed Hettie resentfully, "and I've noticed that no one but me myself is specially interested in my own small affairs. So if I don't pay any attention to 'em, they stand a chance of being terribly neglected."

"You talk like—" Norma overbrimmed with contempt, but she could not find the right word.

"I know what I talk like!" snapped Hettie, while the ready-to-wear room listened zestfully. "I talk like an elderly single woman who has to pay her own debts or get in trouble. I don't deny I'm sort of mind-set on my own business."

"Hear! Hear!" scoffed pretty Norma.

As a diversion, Mary Helm, who did not like trouble, explained politely to Norma that she could not come to the meeting because that day there was a sale of pink-silk camisoles on State Street, and she didn't want to miss it.

"Pink silk?" repeated Norma, with rising inflection.

"Yes; pink silk," said Mary firmly. "And I guess I've got a right—"

"Oh, I didn't mean anything," said Norma hastily. "I was just wondering if you'd get me one, too, while you're there, Mary—"

"Oh, sure," said Mary, mollified.

The meeting was held. And a warm, talkative meeting it was, too. Even Hettie Frywell admitted afterward that Dol Springer could talk well. When he appealed to the crowd, "How many of you are satisfied with the deal life has given you?" she began involuntarily to recollect several dissatisfying angles and sighed.

It was Herb Magoursky who cried excitedly:

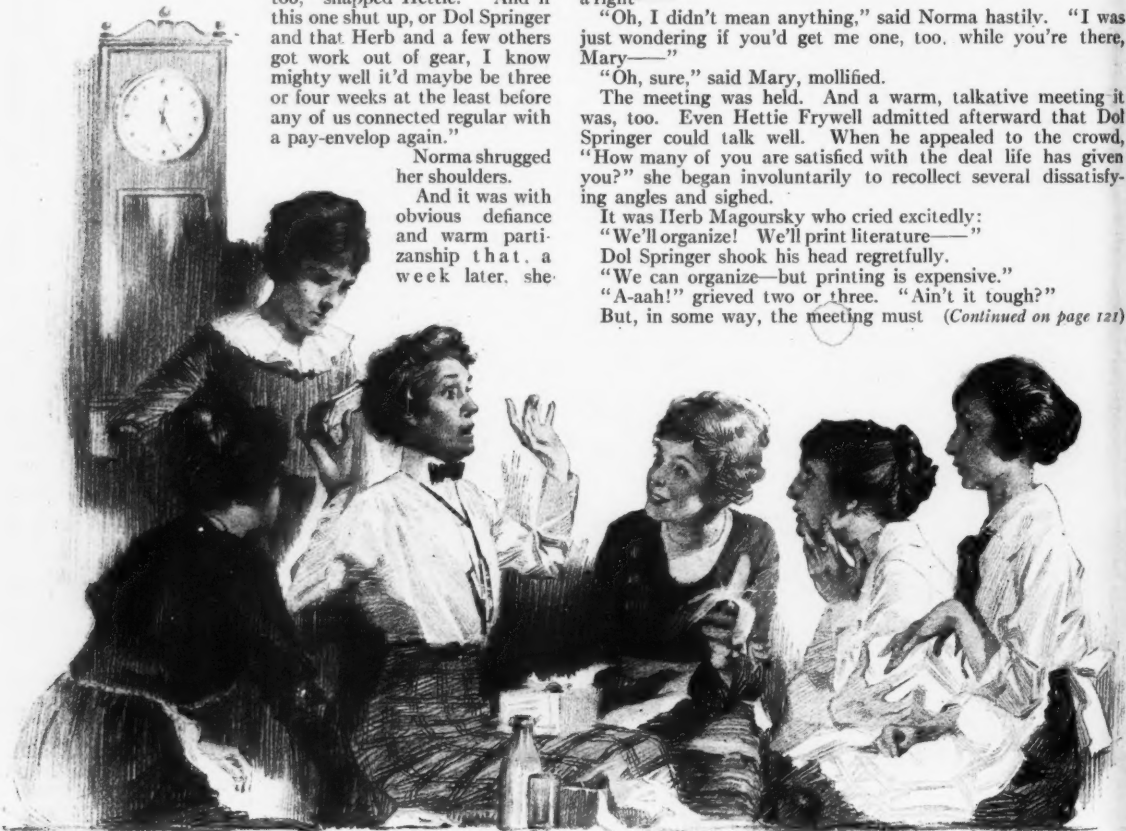
"We'll organize! We'll print literature—"

Dol Springer shook his head regretfully.

"We can organize—but printing is expensive."

"A-aah!" grieved two or three. "Ain't it tough?"

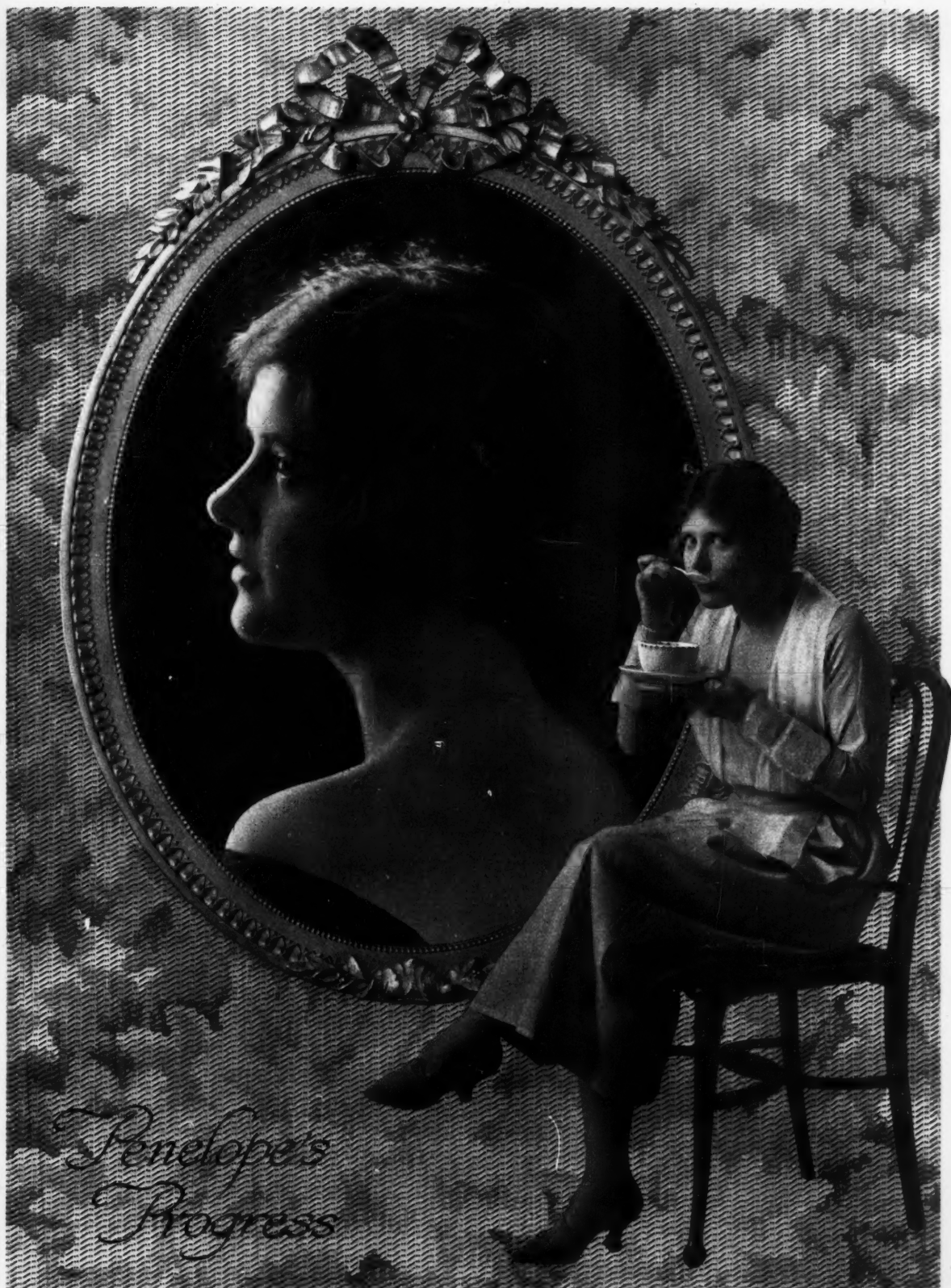
But, in some way, the meeting must (Continued on page 121)



Hettie was able to tell at noon, in the midst of a tense-eared circle of other lunchers, just what came to pass

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Penelope's Progress

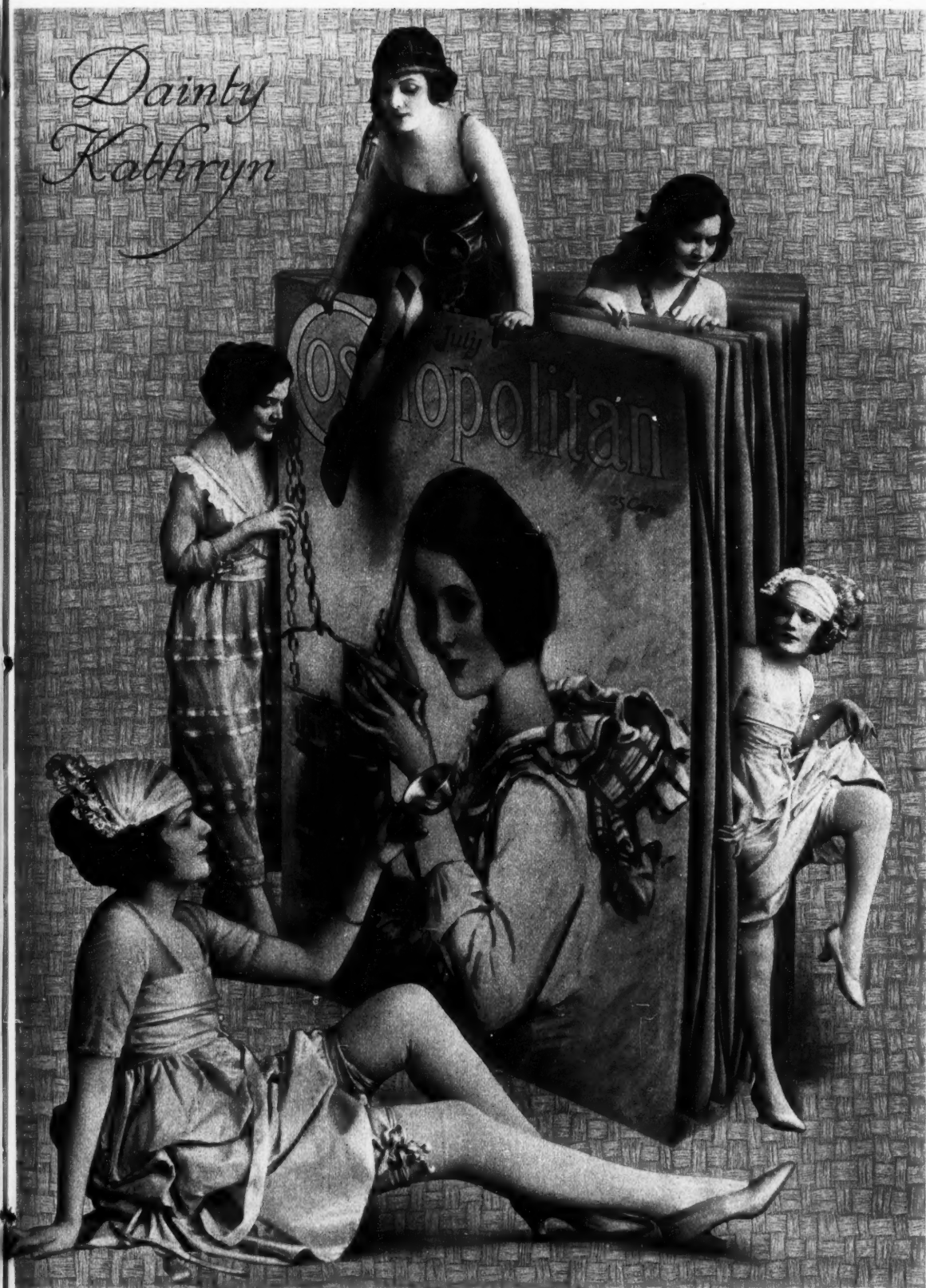
CONSTANCE BINNEY'S assumption of the rôle of Penelope Penn in a delightful new comedy, "39 East," marks an unusually rapid progress in dramatic art. Scarcely more than a year ago she made her first public appearance as a dancer, but motion-picture experience developed talents that have quickly made her a leading woman.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



CATHERINE CALVERT is a notable addition to Film-land favorites in the forces of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. She has leading rôles in two important photo-plays—"Fires of Faith," produced in cooperation with the Salvation Army, and "The Career of Katharine Bush," which will be remembered as one of Cosmopolitan's serials.

Dainty Kathryn



KATHRYN PERRY, a dainty and vivacious member of the company that entertains late diners and after-theater diversion-seekers in the "Nine o'clock Revue" and "Midnight Frolic" at New York's Danse de Folies, is studying hard in the hope that one day she will win a worthy place for herself on the regular dramatic stage.

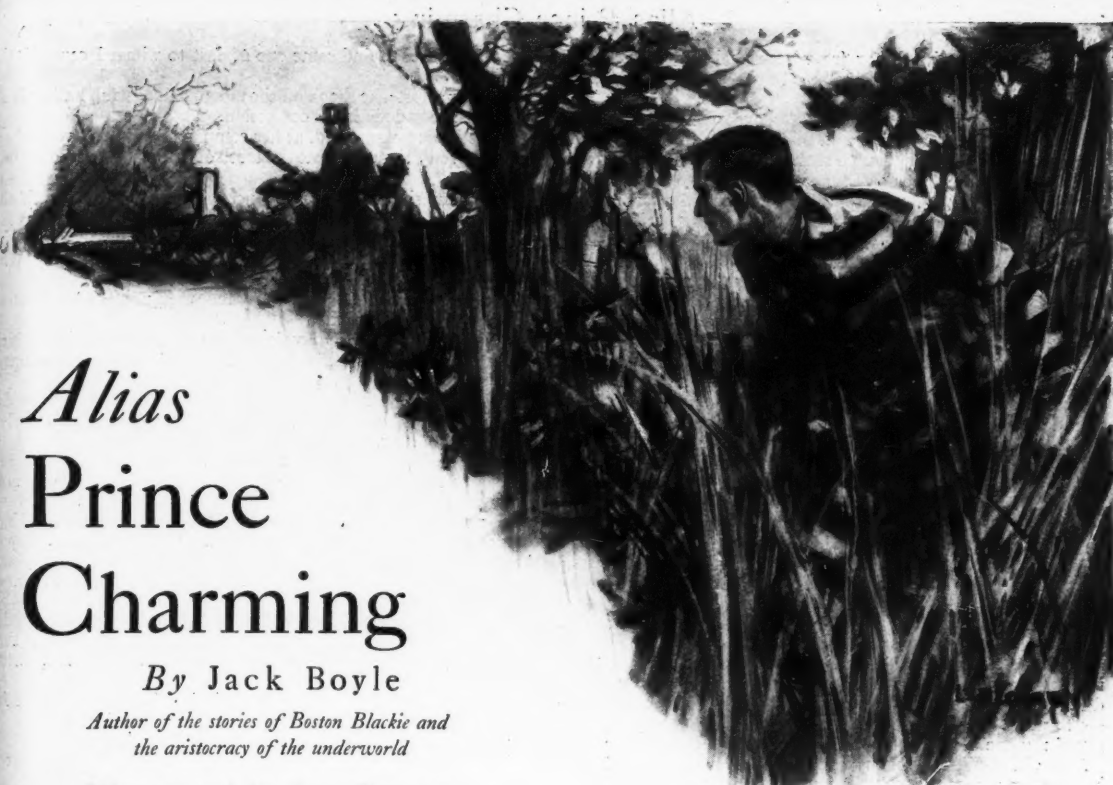
STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

A Chinese Idol



FAY Bainter seems to have a penchant for Oriental rôles. Two years ago she played the heroine of a Japanese drama, "The Willow Tree," and now she has achieved another success as Ming Toy, the Chinese sing-song girl, in a stirring play, "East is West," one of the most pronounced comedy hits of the New York season.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



Alias Prince Charming

By Jack Boyle

*Author of the stories of Boston Blackie and
the aristocracy of the underworld*

Illustrated by Lee Conrey

FLOATING with the gently flooding tide, the man in convict's stripes drifted against a jutting bit of graveled beach and drew himself out of the water. He glanced warily about him with the primordial caution of a hunted animal. Ahead lay a quarter of a mile of oozy tule swamp. Beyond it a broad, white highway twisted in and out at the foot of the abrupt, sparsely wooded Marin Hills. The man looked back across the narrows of San Pablo Bay to the Hen and Chickens—a group of barren islets in the center of the channel—where he had hidden since his escape the preceding evening. He was exhausted from his long swim and chilled to the heart. With a sigh, he turned toward the smoke pall that hung on the sky-line far to the south. There lay San Francisco and friends and safety—all as unattainable as though they were a thousand instead of twenty miles away.

The far-away hum of a motor caught his ear. In a second he had darted across the stretch of beach and plunged into the waist-high tules, where he crouched in the slimy mud. A car swung round a bend in the road, was visible for a moment, and disappeared. As it passed, the man in stripes counted the men who filled the tonneau—six of them, all gun-guards with rifles. They were hunting him, and would continue to hunt, he knew, until hunger drove him into their net; then the hateful prison again, and punishment of a sort he resolutely refused to contemplate.

Slowly he struggled across the swamp. He realized he was very thirsty, very hungry, and very cold, also very helpless. Five minutes on a telephone—just long enough to get a San Francisco connection—would solve his difficulty, for in the city beneath the smoke pall he had friends able and willing to rescue him, even from beneath the muzzles of his pursuer's guns. But how was he, mud-caked, and with a prison number stenciled across his striped breast, to gain five minutes at a 'phone in a countryside already roused by the news of an escape from the San Gregorio penitentiary? He didn't know; but while liberty remained there was hope. Slowly, and with infinite caution, he crawled across the brackish marsh to the roadway, which he crossed like a scurrying rabbit.

Directly ahead was a narrow, crooked ravine that rose precipitously toward the upper hills. From somewhere within it came the sound of running water. The escaped prisoner hesitated. He knew the spring he could hear gurgling within might be watched, but the thirst that had grown with each of the past

The man in stripes counted the men who filled the tonneau—six of them, all gun-guards with rifles. They were hunting him, and would continue to hunt him, he knew, until hunger drove him into their net.

twenty-four hours rapidly overcame caution. Noiselessly as an Indian, he parted the oak shrubbery that half barred the entrance, and peered round the edge of a great boulder that hid the ravine from view. Then, stupefied, he shrank close to the rock, staring in utter amazement.

Within, he saw a tiny, semicircular glade green with well-watered grass, above which swayed great banks of golden California poppies. At the farther side, a rivulet of crystal-clear water poured into the glade over a miniature waterfall and vanished beneath the flowers. Before the water-fall, a girl sat upon the cushiony sod. The long auto cloak with cap and goggles that lay near by proved her a woman in years, but in her lap lay the very ugliest of ugly rag dolls. She had shaken out a great mass of golden hair as brilliantly colored as the poppies themselves, and was weaving it into braids. As she worked, she talked to the rag doll. Faintly, but distinctly over the gentle murmur of the running water, her voice reached the astounded and unsuspected eavesdropper.

"I wish I were little again like you, Letty," she said, leaning toward the doll as she finished intertwining the yellow braids. "It's hard for a girl to grow up without anyone to help her. It's hard to see all the bridges you've always counted on burning behind you and no new ones ahead. You're lucky in being only a rag doll, Letty, for you'll always be little and happy."

A sudden gust of wind tipped the doll toward her as if in a nod of assent. The convict watcher stirred uneasily, but made no sound.

"That's why I love to come out here with you, Letty dear," the girl continued. "Here, you and I play together, even though you're only a doll, and in our foolish, make-believe games I forget—for an hour. Only, sometimes—not that I'm blaming you for it, Letty—I do wish you could talk. It's awfully lonesome having to do all the talking and make-believing oneself; but it's better than that horrid school with its horrid, giggling girls, who are always bragging about their stupid fathers and mothers and asking me about mine. It's only the hours out here with you, dear, that save me from myself. Without this place and you, I'd be better dead, I think."

The girl drew a lunch-box from beneath her auto coat and opened it. The morose mood slipped from her. She smiled at the doll happily.

"We are going to begin making believe right now, Letty," she began, setting out three paper plates. "To-day we'll be the daughters of a king, and we've stolen away from the palace to meet a prince—only, we don't suspect he's a prince, and he don't know we're princesses, because we're disguised, all of us, in poor ragged clothes like yours, Letty dear. So we are going to set a place for the prince, and when he comes, he's going to sit here beside me and look up whenever I turn my eyes away, as a prince always does at the girl—"

A twig snapped under the listening man's foot as he sought to slip away without betraying the fact that he had unwittingly overheard a girl-woman's heart-confidences with a rag doll. The girl sprang to her feet and whirled toward him. Her eyes widened in amazement as she saw his prison suit, dripping with sea water and mud-caked to the waist. Without speaking, the intruder removed his dilapidated cap and waited. A slowly rising flush of indignant mortification colored her cheeks as she realized he must have overheard the words interrupted by the cracking bit of wood.

"What do you want here?" she demanded imperiously, with an angry stamp of a tiny foot. "Why do you spy and listen behind people who want to be alone?"

As she spoke, the girl caught up her hanging braids and twisted them about her head in a swift movement, femininely instinctive.

"I escaped from San Gregorio last night. I swam ashore just now after a night on those empty rocks out in the bay that are called the Hen and Chickens. I am very thirsty and, hearing running water within this ravine as I crossed the road, I came to drink and"—with a gesture toward his clothes that oozed mud—"to wash. I had no idea anyone was here, for, as you must guess, my one hope just now is to avoid being seen."

The girl studied the man appraisingly, looking straight into level-set gray eyes that met hers without a quaver.

"I am glad you came," she said at last, with a faint smile. "Drink and wash, and then we will have lunch. You must be terribly hungry after such an experience."

She dropped to her knees and began to fill the three plates from the lunch-box, her own and the doll's sparingly, the man's abundantly. He looked down at her for an instant, in silent wonder and admiration, then strode to the pool beneath the waterfall and drank thirstily.

When he had scraped the mud from his clothes and rough boots and cleansed himself by wading into the pool, he returned to her. She motioned him to the place at her side.

"Sit here. Luncheon is served," she said, laying the plate in his lap and pouring coffee from a thermos bottle. All trace of her first aversion had vanished.

The man seized the food eagerly, then hesitated, with a sandwich half raised to his lips.

"You are a wonderful girl, miss," he said humbly. "As you know, I am a man just escaped from San Gregorio. You are a girl here alone. Why do you not fear me?"

"Because I know, as you do, that I have no cause to fear you. It's true I have learned to dislike crooks intensely. Maybe you will understand why when I tell you"—she stopped, hesitating, with bowed head; then, looking up—"when I tell you that I myself am a crook woman who would be where you were before you escaped if the coppers had caught me."

The food between the convict's fingers dropped to the grass. "You—a crook woman!" he exclaimed, absolute incredulity in every word.

The girl nodded.

"Yes—born and bred one. I am Stella, daughter of old Mother McGinn. If you know San Francisco, that tells my history."

Though he had never been within the barred doors of Mother McGinn's home, the resort and sanctuary of the elite of crookdom, the man knew of her and her place. That this sweet half-woman, half-child, whom he had found playing with a rag doll as she set a luncheon-place for a mythical fairy prince, could be tainted with the lawless atmosphere of a crook-stronghold seemed utterly unbelievable.

"I don't believe it—I can't!" he stammered.

"Nevertheless, it's true. Sometime, if you know Boston Blackie, as I suppose you do, ask him. He can tell you all my story—if he will. I'm living at a girls' seminary in San Rafael now, but I'm only there because I'm what I told you—a crook woman. At first I resented the memories you brought back,

but it's a relief to find some one at last to whom I can tell the truth."

With an effort, she shook off the mood, half wistful, half defiant, in which she had made the confession.

"Eat!" she commanded, as her companion would have spoken. "You haven't time to argue the truth of a fact that is true beyond argument."

The man shook his head, unconvinced, then ate with the eagerness of a creature half starved. The girl toyed with her food, studying his face in quick, surreptitious glances.

"Tell me about yourself," she said, when he had finished. "Who are you? What are your plans?"

For just a second the man hesitated, then pointed to the stenciled number on his breast.

"No. 32,143 of San Gregorio prison; otherwise Frederick Nelson, sentenced to two years for burglarly from a northern county. That's about all."

"But your plans?" she persisted. "What do you hope to do? Where will you be safe? I've decided to help you, you know"—with just a hint of shyness.

"Five minutes on a 'phone with a certain number in San Francisco at the other end of the wire will bring me friends able to save me; but dressed as I am, and hunted as they are hunting me—well, you know what chance I would have if I appeared like this at any 'phone within a dozen miles. I haven't a plan. I was trusting blindly to fate when I wandered in here and found you."

Stella Hartwell—Hartwell was Mother McGinn's true name—pondered a moment.

"My car is parked beside the road just around the bend," she said. "I could drive you out of immediate danger, but that wouldn't get you suitable clothes or the use of a 'phone. Still, I might—"

Both man and girl sprang to their feet in alarm. From far down the road came the sound of a swiftly traveling motor.

"It may not be anyone you need fear," Stella whispered.

"I think it is. I saw a party of prison-guards pass here a half-hour ago. I think they're coming back."

"Wait! They may pass by," she commanded. "If they should stop, hide in the thicket and leave the rest to me."

"And implicate you? I won't!"

"You must. Remember I'm the daughter of Mother McGinn."

The car came on rapidly, seemed about to pass the entrance to the ravine, and then came to a standstill with shrieking brakes.

"Look!" cried a heavy voice excitedly. "See that trail of wet mud across the roadway? Some one's just come out of the swamp and gone up Crystal Spring gulch. That's our man for a whole year's pay-checks."

With a fiercely imperative gesture, the girl commanded her companion to go. The convict hesitated, then vanished into the heavy underbrush.

Stella glanced about her. The pool was still discolored by the slimy ooze the fugitive had washed from his clothes. The extra telltale plate lay at her feet. She crushed it into her lunch-box. In a second she had unbound her hair, dropped to her former seat on the grass, and was nibbling a sandwich with the unblinking rag doll staring into her face when the underbrush behind her was torn aside and six armed men strode into the glade. As the convict had done, they halted in amazement at the picture before them.

"Well, I'll be—" The leader of the gunmen involuntarily checked his oath.

Stella looked up, then turned again to her doll with a rueful twist of the lips as he reached her side.

"Beg pardon, miss. Has a convict, a man in striped clothes, been here?"

"He has been here, eaten nearly all my lunch and gone," she answered, with seemingly childish frankness. "And now you, too, have come to interrupt. I'm afraid our party is spoiled, Letty"—to the doll.

"Which way did he go? How long ago?"

The spokesman and his men unsling their weapons as they caught the significance of the still muddy pool in which the fugitive had washed.

"Just a little while. He went up the gulch toward the top of the ridge. He inquired about farmhouses, and I told him there is one there. He wanted clothes and a gun."

"We'll have him within an hour," boasted the elated head. "Take the car, Jim, and 'phone the captain from Greenbrae that we have our man located. Tell him to throw a cordon round this ridge from the farther side, and we'll drive the fellow straight into their hands unless we get him ourselves on this slope of the ridge. Beat it—quick!"

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DRAWN BY LEO CORREY

"I am glad you came," she said at last, with a faint smile. "Drink and wash, and then we will have lunch. You must be terribly hungry after such an experience"



"I bribed cook to let me have it," she said, in a whisper

One of the six disappeared, and a moment later the roaring exhaust of the speeding car faded away in the distance.

"This fellow didn't try to get rough with you, did he, miss?" inquired the guard.

The girl shook her head.

"He seemed a gentleman," she said. "Will there be a fight? Had Letty and I better go?"

"I think you had. This is no place to-day for a girl with a doll."

Stella Hartwell began to gather together her traps with the haste of an alarmed child. The men moved slowly up the gulch, searching each thicket as they went. From his hiding-place beside the glade, the fugitive watched, unsuspected, but his eyes were on the girl, not the men. The moment they were out of hearing, she crossed to the thicket in which the man was hidden, laying a warning finger across her lips.

"Wait," she whispered. "I'll be back in a moment."

Stella disappeared. In a moment he heard a motor stop before the entrance to the ravine, and she returned, running.

"Come quickly!" she commanded. "The road is clear now, but we must hurry."

"Go and leave me. I'll hide in the swamp and take my chances alone," the fugitive said, as he reached her side.

"I shall not leave without you. I can't. Don't argue; just obey. Hide your cap in the brush: Throw my dust-cloak over your shoulders. It will hide your stripes, even if it is too small. In the car, a robe and the cloak together will cover your clothes. We've a long, roundabout drive to make, for we cannot return by way of Greenbrae. Come."

Instinctively he obeyed. At the entrance to the ravine, a runabout was waiting. They climbed in and shot away round a turn. Far behind them they heard a motor.

"Just in time," said the girl happily. "The man-hunters are returning with reinforcements, but they won't find you."

The car sped across mile after mile of the rolling countryside. Neither of its occupants spoke. The man's mind was busy with the perplexing problem of the girl beside him. Hers was far away. She was feeling again the thrill of a day long past—one she had grown to hate as a wretched memory. She saw herself driving a car on a San Francisco boulevard with Boston Blackie, professional crook and her girlish ideal of manhood as interpreted by the crook-tainted atmosphere of the home in which she had discovered, suddenly, that she had become a woman. She had adopted the lawless standards of the world in which she lived, and when her mother, dimly perceiving this danger, had insisted that she leave The Palms for a girls' boarding-school, she had rebelled and, after much persuasion, induced Blackie to permit her to participate as his chauffeur in a hold-up of a car he said was carrying the receipts from the baseball park.

The memory of that hold-up was bitter to her beyond conception. She had seen Blackie, her crook ideal, weaken cravenly and submit to capture when boldness might have saved him. At his command she had fled, unidentified, in the motor, with the money-sack taken from the baseball car. And then, when she reached her home, she learned the man in whose crook-honor she had believed so implicitly had betrayed her, revealing her identity to the detectives for the sake of lessening his own punishment. From the windows of The Palms, her mother showed her the detectives already gathering to prevent her possible escape. With all her beliefs in the crook-world crushed irrevocably by bitter disillusionment, she had been spirited from her home and found a safe but hateful refuge in the school for young women where she felt she was an alien, living a new falsehood each hour of each day. She had no wish to return to the crook life on the verge of which she had hovered. It had lost the false glamour that had misled her.

And yet, as she drove her car now with an escaped convict at her side, she felt again the thrill for which she hungered. She knew she was happy—far happier than when, alone, she had tried to turn time back and find contentment in her childish make-believe fancies with a rag doll for her companion.



"So you entertain male visitors alone in your room, you shameless girl!" she cried, quivering with indignation

Her present happiness puzzled her. She still hated crooks and the crook life. And yet, in aiding the man beside her to escape the guards who hunted him, she was finding a deep and undeniable satisfaction. Shyly she glanced at him, sitting moody and silent beside her, and wondered at herself. No thought of romance, no tinge of sex-appeal entered her mind. She did not see herself as a woman aiding a man, but as a child aiding a playfellow. As if in answer to this thought, the convict spoke.

"I overheard what you said to Letty in the glade," he began gently and with understanding. "If it had not been for these"—indicating the stripes beneath the robe—"and if we had met under happier conditions, I would have asked you to let me join in your game."

Stella flushed.

"It was terribly silly, I know," she answered; "but if you could realize how lonely I am, you might understand."

"Not silly," he denied. "Just dear, and very sweet. The girl I first saw by the pool who was setting luncheon for a prince who was to come in rags is one I shall never forget. That girl is the real you."

"And still I am Stella Hartwell, daughter of Mother McGinn, with a hold-up on my conscience. How can I be both?"

Wistful disquietude burdened her words. There was a long silence.

"Where are we going?" he asked at last.

"To the seminary. There is no other place where you can wait in safety while I get you the clothes you need."

"To the seminary! To a girls' seminary?"

She nodded, laughing with the mischievous spirit of a consciously naughty child.

"Yes; but you needn't be shocked. This is vacation-week, and all the girls except myself are away. But, oh, if you only knew Majina Q., our principal, you could understand why I laugh. Her business cards read: 'Miss Majina Q. Pettibone. The Hillcrest Seminary. An Exclusive Academy for Young Women. References Absolutely Essential.' That card is a picture of Majina Q. herself. If she ever were to discover that I had hidden you in the girls' dormitory while I went out and brought clothes for you, she'd die, I know. But that's exactly what I am going to do."

The convict laughed in spite of himself.

"It would be funny, but it is, of course, entirely out of the

question," he insisted. "You have gotten me away from my enemies. You'll drop me out somewhere before we reach San Rafael, and I'll take my chances, and"—in a lower tone—"remember you with heartfelt gratitude for the rest of my life."

"Abandon you now before you're safe? Never!"

"A girl like you cannot trifle with the conventions," he said gently.

In an instant, her gay mood vanished.

"I see," she said slowly. "You're thinking of my reputation. I hadn't thought of that, because, you see, I never forget I am Stella Hartwell, alias McGinn. I've none to lose."

"Don't say that!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Any man who, having seen you, could have an evil thought concerning you must be a fool or a cad or both."

Her eyes were moist as she looked gratefully up at him.

"Thank you," she said, so softly that he hardly heard her.

"That is, I think, the nicest thing ever said to me. I'm not bad—not in the worst sense—but all good women and most men of any sort would misjudge me if they knew. Somehow, I knew I could speak the truth to you without fear. It was a blessed relief. I hate living a lie, and I hate the old crooked life that I once thought I loved, and yet between them I must make a choice and hold to it. I am drifting without an anchor. Do you understand? I can never be like other girls—never. Do you see now why you found me playing like a child at a silly make-believe game with a doll?"

As naturally as if they had known each other from childhood, the man laid his hand over the tiny one that held the steering-wheel and pressed it.

"My dear little Princess Make-Believe," he whispered softly to himself.

An hour later, Stella, carrying a tray, silently entered a room with drawn blinds in which the fugitive, still in stripes, sat waiting. He was in the study-room of a suite which, in the school-term, his rescuer shared with three companions. Surrendering to an impulse more compelling than judgment, he had permitted Stella to smuggle him unseen through the tradesmen's entrance and up a rear stairway to the deserted second-floor apartments of the absent seminary girls.

"I bribed cook to let me have it," she said, in a whisper, indicating the food. "Majina Q. is out, (Continued on page 111)

An Absorbing Human Document — The Revelations of the American Woman Who Saw More of the War than Any Other Woman in the World

Harvest

By Maude
Radford
Warren



IT'S June now. A few weeks since, I stepped off a transport, after almost a year's service with the A. E. F. A friend who met me said,

"Your eyes have the look that is in the eyes of soldiers who have come back from the front."

While I was in the service, I was more or less fixed on what was happening to others. Now, in the old familiar environment, I know that I have changed, can never be the same again. I read now with acute interest Brown-ing's "An Epistle," which shows how Lazarus, after his three days of death, unable to speak of what he had seen, looked on the world with new eyes, all his scale of values changed.

I don't like to say "I," but it happens that no woman in France was so close to the front lines and so often and so long at or near the front as I was. So I can speak with authority of what I saw; I can speak of these things as a woman sees them. No one can go through the experience of fire and shell, agony and death, and remain the same—especially no woman. For me, I cannot go back to the old ways. My sense of values has enormously shifted. My philosophy moves now about a double pivot—a reverence for human life and a horror of waste. Human life—a man, a child, a woman—is the most sacred sanctity, the holy of holies. I see a common man digging a sewer, an old woman on her knees scrubbing a corridor, a child smearing its face with bread and jam, and after what I've learned of the human race, I hear in my soul the old, old injunction: "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place in which thou standest is holy ground."

Human waste seems to me a blasphemy in the face of God. Waste of any sort I shrink from. Almost I fear that a certain amount of waste is inseparable from human life; yet I react against it, intend to minimize it wherever I can—all sorts of waste, not only in big things but in little things, not only of life but of energy, of time, of food, of money. Why, if I may risk an anticlimax and speak of little things, did I ever spend hours cutting cucumbers into little fancy shapes to go with the fish course at a luncheon I was giving? Why do people eat through an eight-course dinner, when two is all they need, and three or four all they desire? Why do we skim over newspapers or magazines and put them down, unable to tell what we read? Why don't we make the most of ourselves, of other people? It is not that I feel less the value of beauty, or order, or seamliness; but that I ask myself, "Do these details, which consume so much time and energy, actually result in moments of realized beauty, or are they mere mechanical imitation, adding no more to the conscious sum of high human experience than the

treading of the squirrel in his turning cage?"

When I reached La Ferté, that July afternoon, the sun was hot on the yellow fields; the streets of the town were packed with our soldiers in their dusky gold uniforms; golden fruit was piled high on the stalls of the market. I bought a basket of oranges and went to the hospital. It had belonged to some religious order, and it still carried somewhat of the atmosphere of cloistral peace, despite the tent-wards that occupied every available inch of space in

the garden. There were but few patients, and it was a relief to see the many empty beds. Little did I know that, at that very hour, men were being cut down to fill those empty beds.

Toward twilight, I drove with supplies toward Hill 204. A swift rush that was, between the darkling wheat fields. We passed trucks of men going up to the front and ambulances coming down. But I hardly realized those ambulances. The peace of the slow, lovely twilight seemed to neutralize the effect of warlike traffic. The boys going up were so eager, so jolly, shouting to us that the Germans were running too fast almost to catch. Somehow, I felt as if we were merely playing at war. One boy, not more than eighteen, leaped on the running-board of the car to get a bar of chocolate I was holding out. In a gleeful, childlike voice, he said,

"Oh, I'm going to kill a nice juicy Hun for this!"

Miles of rapid travel in the shell-zone area, hundreds of bars of chocolate and packages of cigarettes given to this and that unit that would be under machine-gun fire within the hour, the last of our journeying done on foot, under the high-soaring Verey lights, a darkling vision of our soldiers marching up the slopes to Hill 204, the magnificent thunder and lightning of the barrage, the long sweep back to La Ferté—and then, the first glimpse of the red harvest.

This was the last moment, though I did not know it, of my old life, my old self. Did you ever have the feeling that things you saw happening before your eyes were not really happening, although you could see, feel, hear them? You stand on the platform and strain your eyes for the last sight of a beloved form as the train swiftly and relentlessly diminishes down the track, and you cannot realize that it is gone. You sit by the bedside, and the hands of the child grow steadily colder, and the breath fades away; you see it and feel it, but it remains dreamlike, unreal.

At two in the morning, we dismounted at the entrance to the hospital. The white walls surrounding it glimmered faintly in the starlight; they suggested something of the old conventual

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A friend who met me said, "Your eyes have the look that is in the eyes of soldiers who have come back from the front"

quiet—but they alone. For at the gate stood ambulances and drivers and orderlies. The faces of the men were strained and restless; the very ambulances seemed only momentarily at pause. Inside, in front of the main building, beside the prim, sweet-smelling garden, stretcher-bearers rushed at the double with inert, poignant brown burdens. The entrance-hall, yellowish with its flaring lights, was crowded with rapidly moving workers, eyes intent, muscles tense. In the receiving-room on the right, nurses and orderlies worked over the stretchers while others at a long table folded bandages and towels, and still others, by the stove, sterilized cloths and rubber gloves for the surgeons. In the operating-room, white-coated surgeons, their aprons dripping crimson, bent over the operating-tables. And the soldiers—oh, the men! Wherever one looked were soldiers, their bodies checkered with the most terrible wounds. One's tortured senses were assailed on every side—rough hills of bloody bandages, tubs full of severed arms and legs, ceaseless calls for this or that object, this and that service; the dead being borne down-stairs from the wards to make room for the living; more ambulances; more ambulances; more ambulances; hour after hour of this anguishing round of blood, pain, and grief till no



Mrs. Warren before her great ordeal in France



Mrs. Warren on duty in the Argonne district

heart there but was sickened to its core, no soul but ached with an agony of wonder and question.

Two days later, the Germans having evacuated the day before, we established a canteen hard by the road where the war-traffic was heaviest. As I unstripped carton after carton of cigarettes, I watched the road. Our soldiers were going up, pressing, eager, rejoicing, but I did not realize them any more. Already I had changed. These figures were dreamlike now. I saw only the left side of the road where the ambulances were coming down swiftly, ceaselessly. The stream of broken bodies was the only reality.

The soldiers we were serving that day had not yet seen much of the drive. They were from headquarters' companies, or they belonged to the pioneers or the engineers, or they were artillerymen from the neighboring woods, or drivers off their wagons for a brief moment. The few infantrymen we served were either casualties or boys who had lost their companies. Toward the end of the afternoon, a runner came in from the front, a boy on a bicycle, pale, spent, and shaken.

"No, I ain't so tired," he answered me; "but, you see, there's a town up there, and we've had it twice, and the Germans have got it away from us twice. Now our fellows have orders to take it to-day and hold it at whatever cost. They

were to go over the top at four. There's a big wheat field they have to cross, and those German machine guns—my brother's up there."

Only a rumor perhaps, but I thought that sort of rumor should be heeded, just in case—I knew how hands had been needed at that La Ferté hospital. I was now almost twenty miles away from it. I asked if I might be driven to the second dressing-station at Bezu, some ten miles south, where the wounded were halted for sorting, and for the changing and replacement of bandages.

A little deserted village, this Bezu; in an irregular triangle of ground in the main street was set a church and some smaller buildings. In one of these was the receiving-room and in another the office of the major-doctor. He said that I might stay all night; if the rumor had foundation, I should indeed be needed. I rested an hour or two in the office, hearing next door the droning voice of an orderly reading out records which a field-clerk was typewriting—name, number, and wounds of private after private. They clicked too painfully into my brain and

I hurried to the church, catching a glimpse, as I ran, of a tall straight, white-clad doctor standing at the door of the receiving-room, of stretcher-bearers sliding stretchers out of the ambulances, of stained bandages, dark under the starlight.

To what strange uses have many little quiet churches been put over there in France! The interior of that low-vaulted shadowy church was like no other I have ever seen. Just the ordinary nave and chancel, the pews and benches removed, the altars in the usual place, but the altars, the pulpit, the crucifixes, the lighted candles, the very sense of the form were lost in the sense of the brown gloom made by the blankets and uniforms of our wounded men. The doctors and orderlies proceeded with system and despatch. In front of the altar on the left, the standing cases gave their records to a doctor. In front of the altar to the right was an orderly taking gas-records. Near him was a little island of space, where stood my high can of tea, the chocolate, and cigarettes. Both sides of the nave were lined with stretcher-cases who were wounded in the legs or the body. All the rest of the space to the left was occupied by cots



We established a canteen hard by the road where the war-traffic was heaviest

heart—I kept thinking of what they would mean to the people at home. So, after a time, I got up and went out into the shadowy main street of the little broken town. In front of the receiving-room and the church, a few ambulances were drawn up. A detail of soldiers had just come in, had found a newspaper, and were discussing the news, correcting it by the latest rumors. I walked a little way down the street and saw the first French refugees returning—an elderly couple and their pretty daughter. They had with them a cow and a pig, and the whole ménage went into the kitchen. The pretty girl explained that they trusted the Americans, but in case of a German bomb, they preferred to be all together.

The comparative quiet of the night was broken by a rushing hum of motors, by shouts, by the sudden feet of running men.

where men could lie while they waited for the ambulances to take them further down, and by the benches where the less lucky had to sit. To the right were the dressing-cases and tables, and the space where the receiving doctors asked their questions.

But the wounded lay not only in the church. For ambulances came down thick almost as hail. The stretchers lay on the steps, in the churchyard, beside the very road; red blood dripped on the green night grass and mingled with the dew and with the slowly drizzling rain. There were calls—groans, orders, a ghastly, rapid, efficient drama there in the night. How those doctors and orderlies worked! No waste there. And such shadows of men as they worked with! Never have I seen such utter exhaustion. A few days before, I had watched these boys going

Hell! We made 'em dig their own graves."

And that other soldier who sat with moody face, until, out of the starlit darkness beyond the church door, a shell-shocked boy drifted into a seat beside him and put his arms about him. They embraced, the body of the shell-shocked boy shaking and twitching.

"Oh, buddy, oh, buddy," the first boy said, "I thought you'd got yours! I'm dam' glad you're safe."

And buddy replied jerkily,

"You'll croak long before I do, old socks, and at that we'll both croak back home about sixty years hence with

our great-grandchildren standing around (Continued on page 151)



Mrs. Warren with her godsons, Martin and John

to the front, laughing and joking; they had seen only a little action in a comparatively quiet sector, and they felt sure of quick victory. Now, at least three times they had crossed long wheat fields under the murderous wide spraying of machine-gun fire; they had lain in the wet woods under shell-fire; for two days they had expected their division to be withdrawn, and now they were at the end of their endurance.

There was no need to realize this awful drama, for every passing moment called out: "Hurry! Hurry!"

The mechanical part of me poured and passed tea and retrieved cups, reckoning rapidly as to which men would probably be evacuated first, planning on the best way to serve them all. For none of these boys had had anything hot for three days; many of them had tasted no food during that time except dry nibbles of hardtack. Boy after boy told me that. It was necessary that each man should have a reviving drink before he was sent on either to La Ferté or to some other point further in the rear. I worked and smiled as we women always smiled over there, but my very soul recoiled at what I saw. They were hardly human, those poor lads—just broken lengths of flesh and bone. The lightly wounded were mere jaded automatons. We had to lead them to benches; of their own volition they would not have moved. I can shut my eyes and see them now. There was the first boy I spoke to; he was staring straight into vacancy, and though I spoke to him softly, he leaped a foot in the air when I said,

"Drink this tea, laddie."

There was the big Irishman, with his head hanging, his whole figure sagged, who said, over and over, when I spoke to him:

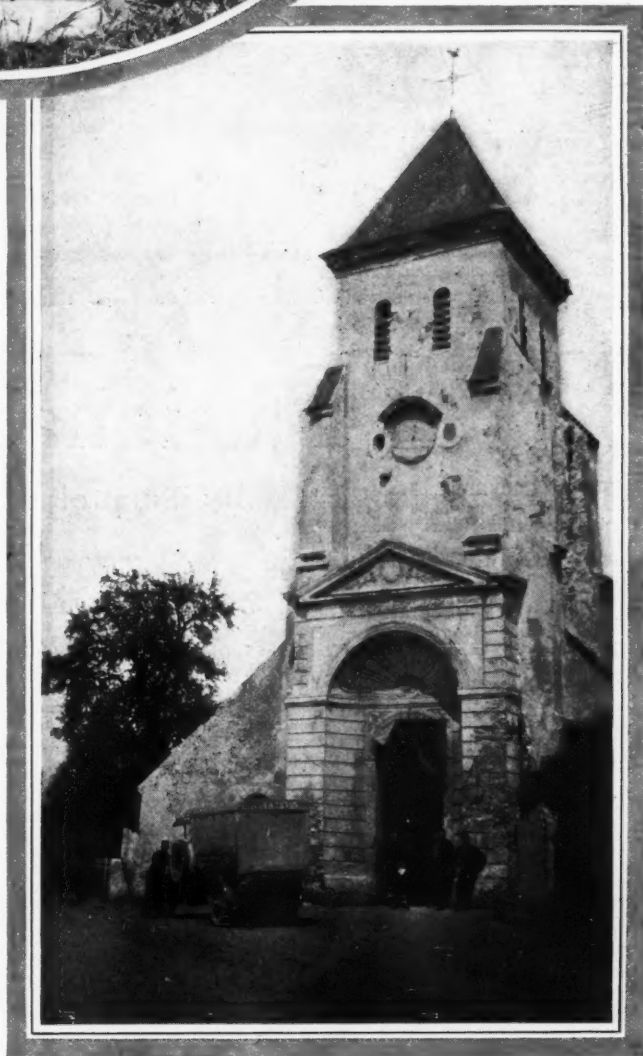
"I'm cryin', lady. I'm cryin', lady. I'm cryin', lady."

There was the passionate-faced blond lad who said:

"They sit back in their offices and order us to go up and take machine guns without a barrage. There's something wrong, there is, when people can tell other people to go up and take machine guns almost with their bare hands. There's something wrong; there's something wrong."

There was the sallow boy with the mouth that went sideways as he croaked:

"They killed my buddy and my cousin, and then they had the nerve to yell: 'Kamerad! Kamerad!'"



Church at Bezu, where Mrs. Warren worked among the American wounded



"Please don't talk about that. I won't touch that money." "But isn't that rather quixotic?"

The Passionate Pilgrim

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by

Howard Chandler Christy

HENRY CALVERLY, of an inconstant and erratic nature, but possessing marked musical and literary talent (as a youth he published a volume of short sketches that was highly acclaimed), was brought up in the Chicago suburb of Sunbury. Here he was associated with Humphrey Weaver, a man of an inventive turn of mind, in the ownership of a weekly paper. When twenty-one he married Cecily Hamlin, the daughter of an American adventuress who later became the wife of ex-Senator Watt. Shortly after this, Madame Watt, as she was called, murdered her husband during a violent altercation. Cecily, the sole witness of the tragedy, was so overcome at the trial that Henry abducted her. They were discovered after a fortnight; the trial was resumed, but Cecily died a few weeks later. Madame Watt was acquitted, and went to live in a stone house resembling a castle that she built in a lonely spot on Lake Michigan. Henry served six months in the penitentiary for obstruction of justice.

He then disappeared for some years, but finally turns up in a small Mid-Western city under the name of Hugh Stafford, and obtains work on a newspaper. At the office, his eccentric behavior and absent-minded manner arouse the interest of Mr. Hitt, who has charge of the paper's "morgue," and of Margie Daw, a special writer. By searching among Henry's effects, Margie penetrates the "Stafford" disguise.

Henry's career on the paper is short, for he writes an indiscreet interview with the mayor. But his ability is recognized, and Mr. Listerly, the publisher of the paper, assigns him to write a biography of James H. Canteay, who was a power in the city, and whose estate owns, among other valuable properties, the newspaper.

This news creates consternation among some of Canteay's former associates—Tim MacIntyre, the mayor; O'Rell, manager of County Railways; Qualters, attorney for the Painter interests, and Amme, a lawyer for the Canteay estate. They resolve to stop Henry, but he goes the next day to the Canteay home and meets the younger daughter,

Miriam, who has been her father's confidant. She is an invalid and unable to walk.

Miriam gives Henry a strong box containing her father's private papers, and shows him a letter to her left by Canteay, in which he requests that his biography shall be perfectly frank and sincere and spare no one. Henry enthusiastically agrees with this idea, and sets to work. MacIntyre and

his friends continue their plans to oust Henry from the project. They make desperate efforts to recover the strong box from Henry, and fail to get him to tell his history. Meanwhile, he has returned the box and announced his intention of giving up the biography. He and Miriam are in love. He tells her who he is, but not the tragic episode of his past. Miriam begins to get better, and Henry announces their engagement.

Madame Watt dies, leaving her fortune to Henry, but he declares he will not touch it. His identity is thus revealed, and Miriam's married sister, Mrs. Appleby, carries her off to California. Henry accepts an offer to write advertising matter for Holmes Hitt, the nephew of the Mr. Hitt who was Henry's associate on the paper. Holmes Hitt is about to inaugurate an extensive advertising campaign, and believes, from what he knows of Henry's ability, that he is a man who will furnish some very original copy. Henry, after a stirring talk with the elder Hitt, becomes fired with enthusiasm to go back to some creative writing.

The elimination of Henry from the preparation of the biography (the task has now been assigned to the elder Hitt, who, however, does not feel equal to it) does not alter the situation so far as Canteay's friends are concerned. In the autumn Miriam will come into full control of her father's estate, and they realize what exposures and scandals will result if she remains under Henry's influence. Qualters resolves to take matters into his own hands. He threatens MacIntyre with ruin if he interferes in any way, sends him to a cure for drunkards, and starts for California to see the Applebys, who are there with Miriam. When he arrives, he finds everything favorable for a conspiracy against Miriam. The Applebys suggest sending her to a sanatorium.

Finally, he agrees to serve under a new trust agreement if Miriam will consent. But the girl realizes the situation when she finds her sister attempting to examine the contents of the strong box. She is now much better, and able to walk. She even thinks of writing the biography herself; but her first move is to return home.

XXXIV

OF THE CURIOUS RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN PERFECT PORCELAIN AND THE DIVINE FIRE

THE night of Calverly's stirring talk with Mr. Hitt proved eventful. It must have been one in the morning when he wrung the hand of the older man and let himself into the boarding-house on the hill. He closed the door behind him, and then stood motionless, looking about at the dim front hall and peering into the dark parlor. He felt like an intruder. He was living here—no question about that—but it wasn't where he belonged. He pressed a tense hand to his eyes. That was an extraordinary remark of old Hittie's: "So long as there's paper and pencil in the world, or birch bark and charcoal, or ink, or—by God—blood they can't kill a writer!"

A letter and a telegram lay on the table in the hall. Both were for him. He stuffed them into a pocket.

He tiptoed up the stairway, and on up. Softly, slowly, he opened and closed the door of his room, struck a match, and lighted the gas. The next thing, it appeared, was to go to bed. He took off coat and collar, slowly, moodily, thinking, or rather feeling swiftly out into that twinkling spaciousness where wild high thoughts range unfettered by the arithmetic of earth. The Power of his youthful triumphs was on him again, lifting him, swinging him out there where dwell the gods.

On a table, under the light, lay a scattered heap of papers—notes, scrawlings, the quaint diagrams he often plotted out while thinking. He picked up a few of the sheets.

Advertising! He fingered these sheets, all scrawled with his own writing. The business struggle—the great rough romance of America!

He drew up the little straight-backed, cane-seated chair, and sharpened a pencil. The words: "Perfect Porcelain," took shape in his mind's eye. He could see them, all at once, vividly, on a printed page. And other words came, all as part of that clear mental picture. He wrote them out. Holmes Hitt, he thought now, was right: the porcelain makers were heart and soul in the struggle of life. They were giving their best. He felt them, with a thrill of kindling power. He felt, too, the women in those six thousand homes.

At three o'clock of the following afternoon he appeared at the offices of Holmes Hitt, and patiently made his way, with one or two long waits, to the corner room.

Young Hitt was in blue to-day. He found himself receiving a baggy, wrinkled, even (to stake all on truth) a slightly unwashed young man, with blazing eyes in a haggard face. Those eyes touched and stirred him. The extraordinary Calverly hadn't before exhibited this rather thrilling quality.

"First," he said, with a slight husky weariness of voice that contrasted oddly with the fire in his eyes—and the shrewdly observant Holmes Hitt, taking him all in, asked himself what was to come second—"first, I suppose I ought to show you these."

He was sitting, this amusing, Calverly person, on the edge of the mahogany chair, stiffly, knees together, hands clasped on them (after hand-

ing over a little bundle of papers), a purposeless, almost limp figure until you looked again at the eyes.

One odd fact Holmes Hitt noted as he turned to the papers: From this strange being he looked only for disorder, yet the very top paper was extraordinarily neat.

Calverly had drawn, with a ruler, a rectangle which the practised eyes of Holmes Hitt recognized as "double-column width." At the top he had printed painstakingly, rather prettily, the simple phrase: "Self-Respect." At the bottom, same size, was that other phrase: "Perfect Porcelain." Between, in a fine, clear hand, was a little block of text with wide white margins round it.

Holmes Hitt laid this sheet aside. The second looked exactly like it, except for an evident difference in the text. So with the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth. He leaned back in his chair, pursed his lips.

Calverly, a little disconcerted, began mumbling. Something about the thing being no good, of course; he realized it wasn't his game—just a sort of feeble try at it.

Holmes Hitt motioned him to be quiet. Sat there, quite motionless, thinking. Finally, he came back to earth.

"This is it," he said. "It's what we'll use."

"But—but—you haven't read them!"

"No. Do that later. I'm wondering a little if you realize what you've done here."

"Well, of course, the things you said, and the factory—"

"Probably you don't. No matter. You've got it. I will tie up those two phrases so tight that two years from now no one in America will be able to think of self-respect without thinking at the same time of Perfect Porcelain."

Calverly threw out a hand in a listless gesture.

"I didn't think of that, exactly," he said. "But, of course, if you —"



She read resolutely on through a mist of tears that frequently hid the print

The corners of Holmes Hitt's mouth curved slightly upward. "That is it," he said again. Then, "There was something else?"

"Oh, yes!" Calverly started a little. "I—I've had a rather curious experience. You know how it is when something happens that stirs you up and you sort of find yourself—you know, when ideas begin to come and you *know* you can do things—" Holmes Hitt, watching him, slowly nodded. "Well, I haven't felt that way for years. I really came here to thank you. I'm sure you don't know how you've helped me. I mean, made me feel the dignity of business and the human quality that underlies it. The beauty in it. Of course, when you come to look straight at it, all this activity that we call business is nothing on earth but the human struggle itself."

"Of course," observed Holmes Hitt.

"You've helped me to see that clearly—your point of view—I want to thank you. And I've got to give this up." He waved at the papers.

"You're quitting me?"

Calverly threw out both hands.

"I've got to! Don't you see? It's a book. I'm all torn up with it. Even if it isn't fair to you, I can't help it. I don't know as—if you feel that I haven't earned this week's pay—"

"You've earned it," said Holmes Hitt shortly. "What's the new book? A novel?"

"Why, no; not exactly. Though, maybe, in a way. It's about a man like Jim Cante, and the development of the West—you know, the romance and drama, the fighting, and the rich color of it. You don't know what it means to me, just to feel like this. I'm a little short of sleep. But there's always that fear that the thing'll slip away from you if you leave it for a minute. I must get back." He rose.

"Wait a minute!" said Holmes Hitt. "How about money? Are the lawyers advancing you some?"

"Lawyers?"

"Yes. The Watt estate."

Calverly's sensitive lips pressed together. A look of pain crept into his eyes. He shook his head.

"I have a dear old friend in New York. He'll help me."

"But they ought to look out for you."

"Please don't talk about that. I won't touch that money."

"But isn't that rather quixotic?"

Calverly was not ordinarily a profane man. But his nerves were strung tight this day. And everyone, everywhere, would, he knew, mention that dirty money.

"I don't care a damn what it is!" he shouted, with an abruptness and vigor that made the usually imperturbable Holmes Hitt start a little and then smile.

"If your friend fails to come through, let me know," he replied, turning back to the papers.

"Oh," said Calverly, "thank you." And started for the door.

"By the way, Margie Daw, of the *News*, just called up. Wants to see you. Says it's important."

Calverly stood motionless, then moved his lips inarticulately, then reached for the door.

"Just one word. You're in for a hounding, Calverly. No possible escape. Don't make the fatal mistake of talking at the newspaper people as you talked at me just now. Keep your shirt on. Smile if you can. Good luck!"

Calverly stood at the curb, looking out at the street traffic and at the trees of Cante Square just beyond. Holmes Hitt's advice was sound, of course. But how was he to follow it, with a world of tumult in his breast?

He crossed the street and turned idly in at the corner drug store just below the *News* building.

What could Margie Daw be wanting now? He wasn't afraid of her. Not now.

He sat on a stool and ordered an ice-cream soda.

While he was eating it, Margie appeared, coming from the telephone-booths in the rear of the store.

"Oh," she said, slipping in on the stool next to his, "you're here! I just called up again." And when the aproned dispenser of sweet fluids and solids had moved a little way along the fountain, she shot in this low-voiced remark: "Your lawyer's expected here by evening. He's reserved a room at the Cante Square. The clerk told me."

"I haven't any lawyer," Calverly mumbled.

"Madame Watt's lawyer, then. Name of Parker."

"Oh!" was all he could say. He wished she would leave him alone.

"Come out with me," she said, under her breath; "I've got to say a few things."

They sat on a bench in Cante Square.

"You saw the story the other day—in the afternoon papers—" He moved his head quickly in the negative. "You must have stormed at the reporters." He glanced up, the down. "You swore you wouldn't take the money."

"I won't."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Nothing. It's nothing to me."

"You can't give it to the lawyers. The courts won't let you."

"Then I'll give it away."

She sat quiet, considering this.

"Henry," she cried softly, "it's a responsibility you can evade!"

"I have a friend who understands all those things. Humphrey Weaver. You don't know him. He'll help me."

His pulse quickened as he thought of the man, spoke his name. He had asked Humphrey, by wire, for a hundred dollars. It had suddenly been easy to do, the natural thing. It had been wholly an impulsive act. He didn't know that it was some finance, borrowing against work, against production. He knew only that it felt natural now. There was no longer a gulf between them. His heart warmed toward his old friend. He wished he could see him, tell him about the new book. He wanted to be back writing it. Why wouldn't Margie leave him alone? How could he get away from her?

"Henry"—her hand was on his arm; she was excited, crisp quick—"you've suffered!" He stared at her. "Give that money to the poor devils that have felt what you've felt—prison—disgrace! Establish a fund! Yes; that's it! Help them get a start, get back on their feet."

"Yes," he said slowly; "I'd love to do that."

She could see that it wasn't now, had never been real to him, this actual fortune. But her idea appealed to him.

"You'll do it?" she asked, watching him intently.

"Yes, of course!"

"That's a promise. One thing more: You won't tell anyone? You'll leave it in my hands—during this week." He really didn't understand this. "Promise me that. I don't want the other papers to have it. They mustn't."

"Look here, Margie," he said, coming momentarily to life. "For God's sake, don't put any more in the papers!"

At this she sprang up.

"In the papers?" she cried softly. "God love you, Henry Calverly! You were born to page one; you'll live and die on page one. The one thing we can do is to put you there right instead of wrong. Remember, you're giving the money as I say, and remember, too, it's my story!"

Then she hurried off.

And Calverly rushed away to his boarding-house on the hill and plucked, almost happy in a wild way, at the book.

XXXV

IN WHICH MARGIE DAW FINDS HERSELF INVOLVED IN THE GREATEST STORY

MARGIE paused before the *News* building. Outwardly, she was her usual trim self; but in her heart she knew she had crossed her Rubicon. Thoughts of Henry Calverly filled her waking and sleeping mind. She was helplessly full of him. She had known no other man like him. He was so elusive as utterly to fascinate her—a man to be wooed or never won. She knew that she must capture him for herself or face life on some new plane of interest, and at the moment she was finding that new plane difficult to picture.

Her Rubicon had really been crossed during his illness. She had lost herself then, had declared herself—or tried to. Her little outbreak at the Rivoli had followed inevitably. One thing she had learned: these outbreaks repelled him. She wouldn't make that mistake again.

The central problem of such a life as Margie's is not simple. She was by nature an active, independent woman. The home-building instinct was not in her. And the other, deeper, related instinct that guides the immense majority of girls through marriage into motherhood had never yet stirred in her breast. She loved work. She had much of the artist's feeling for life; at least, she wasn't after money. Freedom was, I think, essential to her spirit. She couldn't work in chains, even in the chains of love, particularly in the chains of domesticity.

Apparently Margie's various emotional experiences, though not altogether happy, had touched her hardly more deeply than certain high-powered types of men are touched by similar



"Henry"—her hand was on his arm: she was excited, crisp, quick—"you've suffered!"

experiences. Yet behind her busy, rather cold brain, and confused with it, lay a deep, vital emotional quality that, at times, moved strongly toward expression. Though never before she met Henry had her emotions overrun her mind. Like others of us, whatever our occasional excesses in conduct or thought, Margie had moments of high dreaming, which her various experiments in the region of the affections had, if anything, intensified. It was to this side of her nature that Henry appealed

with such bewildering strength. What it came down to, she knew, was that she was out-and-out fighting for him.

One fact that I find not uninteresting is that Margie, standing there before the *News* building, swiftly, clearly thinking, did not for a moment allow the confused state of her emotions to becloud her plans for the evening's work. It came down to a matter of time. She decided to call up her friend behind the desk at the Canteen Square Hotel and request him to let

her know the moment Mr. Parker arrived. He would do that for her. She wanted to see Parker before the other reporters got at him. She could work through the supper-hour and on into the evening. Unless Parker had already come in on the afternoon train, he couldn't arrive now until nine-thirty. Holmes Hitt also figured in her plans, but she could catch him now, before he left his office.

"I've got a big story," she explained to Holmes Hitt, "about Henry Calverly. You won't mind helping him?"

"Not at all. He's an extremely interesting person."

"Yes, I know. I'll mention you in the story. It's proper enough. He's been working for you. He won't take that money."

"So I've gathered."

"He's just promised me that he'll give it—the whole thing—to help put unfortunate jailbirds on their feet." Holmes Hitt considered this. "It's a big thing, you see," she went on; "a new Calverly sensation. Feature-stuff. And just what he needs to put him right." Holmes Hitt nodded. "I could sell it to a syndicate. But I want to make it bigger than that. I want to plaster the country with it. That's where you come in. You see what it is—an expert publicity job."

"Yes, I see."

"If we do it right, we can put him back on his feet—overnight." Margie paused, then, slowly, her eyes drooped, and a wave of warm color crept over her clear young face.

Holmes Hitt studied her calmly. It was the first evidence of human feeling he had happened to see in Margie Daw. It made her extraordinarily attractive. Calverly, he decided, was rather to be envied.

She raised her eyes. During a brief, illuminating moment they met his. Her color deepened. Then her face seemed to set defiantly.

"And of course"—this rather lamely, as she rose to go—"the bigger we make it, the more in it for me."

"Naturally. You'll want to put it right through."

"Yes. This week."

"Write your story, and we'll sit down together and map out a campaign. I'll be glad to help."

Margie opened the door marked:

FEATURES MISS DAW

and closed it behind her. Briskly, all business, she hung up her coat, drew up to her typewriter, and went to work.

Shortly the telephone-bell rang. It was her friend the hotel clerk. Mr. Parker, it appeared, was already in town, had doubtless come in on the afternoon train. Margie said:

"Listen: I must see him before any other newspaper people get at him. . . . Yes; really important. . . . To him, too. . . . I do mean it. I don't want an interview. . . . No; nothing from him—nothing whatever. I'm not asking him; I'm telling him. . . . Don't fail me. Good-by."

She went again at the typewriter. Her skilled fingers spun over the keys.

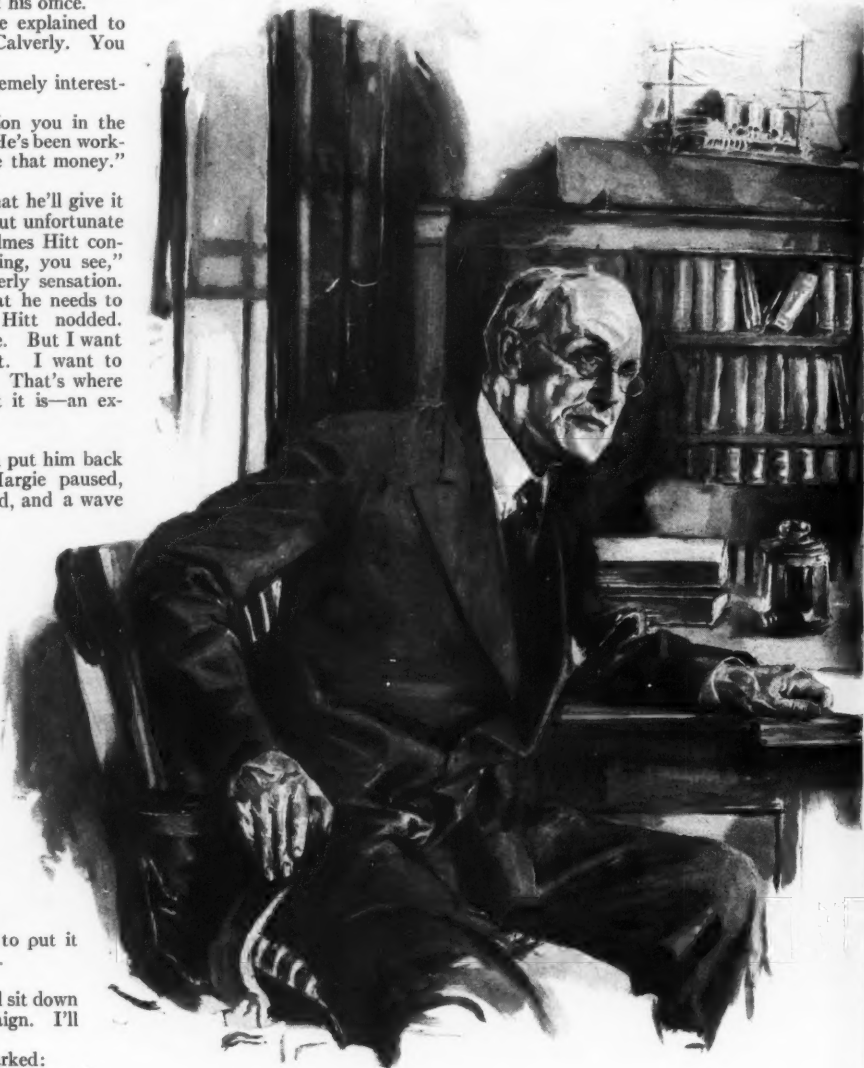
Again the telephone-bell and the clerk. But there was a different note in his voice. He was talking with another man. Masculine humor was passing current. Margie's brows drew together.

The clerk said, "Allow me to present Mr. Parker, from Chicago." Then came another voice: "How do you do, Miss Daw? I'm sure it's a pleasure to meet you."

Margie answered crisply. Could she see him in half an hour,

in regard to a really important matter? And would he avoid reporters meanwhile?

When she saw him at the hotel, she told him of her plan and of Henry's consent. She also mentioned Holmes Hitt's part in it.



"You see," she explained, "as his lawyer, you've got to work it out—see the proper authorities—organize it on the charity side. And I suppose there'll be legal papers—all that. Mr. Hitt and I will be working out the publicity. You'll have to put it through with Mr. Calverly, too. Sign him up to it. He may balk. He's queer."

"He's that," sighed Mr. Parker.

"It's a great big story. Handled right, it'll put him on his feet. But if a word leaks to the other papers, it's no good. So, please be careful."

It came out that he had been looking Henry up at his old boarding-house, but no one there knew where he had gone. She gave him the new address. He agreed eagerly to work on the legal aspect of the plan in the morning, in order that he might present it effectively to Calverly.

Back in her apartment, Margie got out her little traveling typewriter and plunged at the Calverly story. She wrote all night. At ten in the morning, she was in Holmes Hitt's office, bright and trim. Young Mr. Hitt had evolved overnight a plan to put the story into more than a thousand newspapers. She

found he was thinking too of the "boiler-plate" matter that went to other thousands of country dailies and weeklies. "The job," he said, "is to rebuild a reputation from the ground up. In one quick sensation. Play on their feelings. Make them love him. But, for God's sake, don't let him suspect!"

He could tip back in Jim Cantey's swivel chair, light his pipe, gaze up at the Yangtze, the Volga, or the Congo, half close his eyes, and glide straightaway out over the Seven Seas of fancy.

On the working side—and here habit and conscience ruled—he was working out what he thought of as a neat little job. The perfect plaster-of-Paris biography. Jim Cantey, the child and youth; James Cantey, the schoolboy; James H. Cantey, the able and industrious young business man. And so on. Altogether safe and sane. The sort of thing that all the established "literary" journals would pronounce "sound" and even "scholarly." More and more, in his own mind—particularly now that he was slipping back a little out of the influence of the dynamic, highly colored Calverly—Mr. Hitt was inclined to justify this conservative treatment. The world, after all, was as powerful as the flesh and the devil. It wanted what it was used to. Above all, it resented being roused and compelled to think. If you butted your head against it, you cracked your own head, and that was about all you did. Mr. Hitt, it is clear, was all of his fifty-eight years. Once upon a time he had been a blazing young revolutionary. Those years were still pleasantly sentimental memory.

He missed Calverly, meant to look him up. He even worried about him. And browsed occasionally in "Satraps of the Simple," with a queer sense of unreality that, at moments, bordered on awe.

Then, one day, Miss Cantey came home.

There was a great bustling-about. Trunks were moved in. Servants ran up and down the stairs. And Mr. Hitt sat at the desk working only intermittently, thinking tenderly of Henry.

He decided to look him up that evening. The boy might be in want. Or he might have learned of Miss Cantey's return and be suffering the damnable tortures of the sensitive, imaginative soul.

Miss Cantey, that afternoon, sent in a courteous little note. She was glad to know that work on the biography was advancing. It would be pleasant to have him join her at tea.

He felt curiously shy about it, but went. His clothes felt a little shabby. And he hadn't much small talk.

He was shown into an upstairs sitting-room. A maid with black hair waited on them. Mrs. Bentley, the housekeeper and companion, sat in a corner with her knitting.

Miss Cantey rose to greet him.

His surprise must have been evident, for she promptly spoke of her recovery from the years of invalidism.

"I'm not right yet," she said, in her pleasantly honest way; "there were atrophied muscles. It's quite a job building them up. I've had to learn to walk. But the worst is over now."

She looked delicate, he thought, but extraordinarily beautiful. It was mainly in her coloring, of course—the rich hair, with just a glint of her father's red in it, and eyes that were bluer than the blue eyes of her father.

Despite her gentle, thoughtful ways, it was difficult for Mr. Hitt to talk with her. She told him to call on her for any help he thought she might give in the way of personal reminiscences. So they talked, impersonally. As soon as he decently could, he got away and out of the house. He headed straight for Calverly's boarding-house. Perhaps the boy would have a bite of dinner with him. Anyway, they must talk. Something must be done. The look in those young blue eyes lingered in his brain. He could see them, here on the street. They urged him, as his own heart urged him, toward the man who had said, "A woman who has given her heart (Continued on page 140.)"



There was a rustle. He started and looked up. Miss Cantey was on her feet. She looked as if she were about to speak

XXXVI

IN WHICH HITTIE TAKES A PERSONAL STAND

THERE is a time in nearly every interesting career, after the blind forces of life have been long hostile, when the lane comes to its turning and all the forces work together for good. Henry's long, long lane had come to such a turning. Helpful coincidences were now, and for a time were, to be every-day matters with him.

One other such should now claim our interests—one which we must approach through other eyes.

The elder Mr. Hitt was by this time established in the old Cantey house on the hill—in the very room where the course of Henry's life had been, for better or worse, changed—settled comfortably enough at Jim Cantey's desk, the railway map behind him, Mr. Amme's neatly arranged wire baskets before him, the books, the globe, the closed safe, and the fleet of model ships on the bookcases.

Mr. Hitt, like Henry before him, found these ships a delight.



A moment afterward, Helen Ward entered. Glowing with health and youth, she gave the impression of a sweep of mountain air in a hot room

Branded

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

If you can guess the ending of Mr. Terhune's fascinating story before you can come to it, you are cleverer and keener than Jim Ross—and he was clever and keen enough to be a successful lawyer.

IF Helen Ward numbered five hundred men in her here-and-there acquaintance, it was fairly safe to catalogue the thousand in this order:

One hundred of them were either in love with her or else waited but the spark of hope to make them so. Three hundred and ninety-nine of the remainder liked her better than almost any other girl they knew; and the wedded contingent among them wished furtively that their wives could make a personal study of her. (Helen was the kind of girl one marries.)

This accounts for all of the five hundred—with a single exception. That exception was Jim Ross. And Jim Ross neither loved Helen nor so much as liked her. He detested her. He hated her more consistently than ever in his morose career he had been able to hate anyone else.

He had begun disliking her on general principles. Perhaps on the same theory that made the Athenians banish Aristides, because they were tired of hearing him called "the Just." As a born and bred and expert lawyer, Jim invariably refused to take anything for granted. Hearing Helen's praises sung in a myriad different keys, he had sought to verify or confute the praise. And, naturally, he had ended by confuting it. To him, Helen Ward was a butterfly—a female drone in life's hive. She served no good end. And she did not put herself out to be cringingly agreeable to his important self.

Not until Helen's engagement to Ross's younger brother, Walton, was made known did Jim sweep from impersonal dislike for her into active and resentful hatred. He told himself that it

was because Walt was throwing himself away on such a girl. He told many people so. No one but his own timid little wife could have proved otherwise. And Marcia Ross was too much in chronic terror of her aggressive husband to criticize him—even to herself.

Jim Ross had dreamed a dream. From his standpoint, it had been a beautiful dream. Because it had been about money. He had married Marcia two months before the death of her supposedly ultra-rich father. The father had died all but insolvent. And the blow had come close to breaking Jim's pure heart. He had never been able quite to forgive Marcia for her sire's poverty. True, he needed no more money than he and his brother had inherited at their parents' death, and he was making a good livelihood at the law. But that a man of his acumen should have saddled himself with a penniless bride was an endless grief to him.

Then into his ken and his guardianship recently had flapped a flat-chested and dish-faced damsel who, in her own right, possessed something like two million dollars. And Jim, straightway, had enlisted Marcia's feeble aid in throwing the heiress and Walt together at all times and places. Walt had rewarded this brotherly effort by engaging himself to Helen Ward—a girl with barely enough money to dress on. And just as the two-million maiden had begun to show a keen interest in Walt's society, too!

Still, Jim did not give up all hope. An engagement is not a marriage. Much may happen between the merging of those two blissful states. So he fought on.

Jim Ross used to say the chief difference between a night at Mrs. Greaves's country house and a night in a cell was that in jail there are no servants to tip.

It was Jim Ross's pleasing way to say a thing like that. It was on a par with his wonted view of life, and of those who sought to make it pleasant for him and for Marcia.

Mrs. Greaves, of course, heard of his sneer at her house-parties. And it vexed her not at all. She did not so much as bother to stop inviting Jim to Restmere. Her parties were too jolly and worth-while to be hurt by Jim's slurs or even by his presence.

"Some one has to ask the poor man somewhere," she used to say. "Everyone else has stopped inviting him. So now it's more exclusive to have him as a guest than not to. Besides, there's his poor wife. I like Marcia. I'd like her better if I didn't have to be sorry for her."

The "jail" resemblance at Restmere, to which Ross referred, was the quaint dormitory system. Restmere, two hundred years earlier, had been built with a view to the entertaining of hordes of guests. Wherefore, on either side of the rambling house was a huge room, some fifty by a hundred feet. And along the sides of these two rooms were airy little alcoves—to hold a bed, a chair, and a dresser.

The alcoves all connected with the main dormitory-room, which was blended lounge and assembly-hall.

In Colonial days (when men and women used to sit at opposite sides of a church and so forth), the eastern dormitory had been set apart for women guests and the western for men. And, ever since, the odd old custom had been kept up. Such of the Greaves guests as did not like the arrangement were not forced to accept the hostess's invitation. But few of them objected. Even Jim Ross, despite his comparison between his alcove bedroom and a cell, continued, unprotesting, to occupy such a "cell" whenever he was asked to Restmere.

One of these rare invitations came to him and to his wife a fortnight after Jim heard of the engagement of his brother and Helen Ward. It was a week-end party for which Mrs. Greaves sent forth a dozen invitations, and for which she received, at once, precisely twelve acceptances.

Besides the Jim Rosses and Helen Ward, the guest-list included Jim's law partner, Barry Cahill—a hard-headed and taciturn man, who was one of the few living mortals whereof Jim wholly approved—and, naturally, Jim's afore-said younger brother, Walton.

Jim and Mrs. Jim arrived at the Greaves home late on Saturday afternoon. They were the last guests to reach Restmere. They found their fellow revelers all assembled in the wide entrance-hall at tea. On a fat sofa-pillow at the hostess's feet sat a tiny cross-legged figure in kimono and obi, plucking daintily away at a samisen's strings and crooning sweet little queer songs in a queer little sweet voice. The other guests, teacups in hand, were grouped interestedly round the singer.

To Jim, the scene's central figure was puzzling. To Marcia, his wife, there was nothing perplexing about it. Mrs. Ross gained her few glimpses of social pleasure by going to various people's houses while her husband was at his office. And several times before she had met this mite of a Japanese woman.

Cherry San, as she chose to call herself, was a society fad that year, and was coining a fortune as a drawing-room entertainer. From house to

house she was bidden, at fabulous sums, to sing in costume and to tattoo. One of the recurrent tattoo crazes was at its height. And many a New York woman was willing to pay insane prices for the privilege of having her white flesh disfigured by one of Cherry San's minutely small artistic designs.

Mrs. Greaves had summoned the Jap to Restmere for the amusement of her week-end guests. And the pleasure with which her songs were now received and encored proved the experiment a success. Cherry San, to-day, sang sometimes in Japanese, sometimes in English.

"And now for the tattooing—please!" called Helen Ward, as the singer at last laid aside her samisen and got to her feet.

"Please not!" begged Cherry San, flexing her little yellow hands. "Not yet. Unless you wish very bad art in tattooing, please! When I play for so long, my fingers get what you call cramp and stiff. If I use the needles before my fingers have an hour to rest them, then my hand wiggles, and I spoil my art. After dinner, by gracious leave, yes?"

"After dinner, then," assented Mrs. Greaves. "But it will have to be very soon after dinner. I'm asking twenty or thirty neighborhood people over for a dance this evening. And you know how it is in the country. People begin drifting in the minute they finish their own dinners. I want you all to come out and look at my new Italian garden before you dress. If you've finished tea, suppose we go now."

The guests followed her through the wide doorway out to the veranda and across the lawn. Walton Ross, to his brother's disgust, maneuvered not only for a place at Helen Ward's side in the irregular procession but also managed to detach her from the bulk of the party. Jim was glumly relieved to see Barry Cahill leave the rest and join the two lovers. Oblivious of Walton's lack of enthusiasm, Cahill proceeded to monopolize as much of Helen's attention as he could.

This unusual expansion on the part of his taciturn partner surprised Jim almost as much as it pleased him. He turned to his wife, who, as usual, was patterning along meekly at his side.

"Look there, Marcia," he grunted joyfully, under his breath: "See Cahill trying to cut Walt out? I hope to the Lord he succeeds! She doesn't seem to object, either. See? I wonder if there's a chance—"

"But Jim," timidly protested his wife, "it would make poor Walt so unhappy if—"

"Unhappy!" snorted Jim, in the tone that always wilted his scared wife into silence. "Unhappy?" It makes a man unhappy to have his vaccination take. But it saves him from smallpox. Not a chance, though, I suppose. Walt's got twice the money Cahill will ever have. The Ward girl knows which side her bread's buttered on. Still—"

He grunted again, and fell silent. Dinner was late. And, as usual on the first night of a house-party, it was a long-continued meal. When the women trooped out of the dining-room into the broad hall, they found Cherry San standing patiently beside a table on which was arrayed her tattoo-kit.

They flocked round her—Helen Ward most interested of all the six. The Jap answered their idle questions as best she could, the while taking out and arranging on the table her divers jars of tattooing fluid and her case of assorted needles. From the bottom of the kit she produced a roll of thin Japanese vellum on which were printed a host of colored designs.

The women were still looking over this chart when the men joined them and augmented the group round Cherry San. Jim Ross, whose dinner was already beginning to disagree with him, viewed the gay-hued vellum with no favor at all. Presently he broke upon the lively chatter by thrusting out a thick finger and tapping with disapproval one of the charted designs.

"Rare Japanese art, hey?" he scoffed jarringly. "That pattern, for one, is startlingly new and Oriental! A heart transfixed by an arrow! Was Saint Valentine a Samurai?"

"No," calmly intervened Helen Ward.



"Cahill was murmuring to the woman in his arms, and was seeking to soothe her hysterical grief"

"Tradition says he was the patron saint of thieves—and lawyers."

"But Mr. James Ross is right," shyly affirmed the tattooer, unvexed by the man's rudeness and not comprehending Helen's rebuke of it. "He is right as to the bad taste of that design. It is not art. It is not new. It is not even ancient. It has—what you call a savor—of the sailorman and the dock-worker. Not of the social world. It is bad art. I do not like to have it with my good designs. Yet I must. For some folk—lovers and the like—prefer it to—well, to this exquisite and blooming branch of flowering peach blossoms or this best-of-all rainbow-moth. You see—"

Her exposition was interrupted. The first careful of dance guests was at the door. With a sigh of an artist whose work is temporarily shelved for less worthy matters, Cherry San proceeded to efface herself from the foreground.

Jim Ross was not in the least interested in the new arrivals, since he did not dance and did not care to talk. He stood where he was as the others gradually moved away. And, aimlessly, he began to play with the tattoo-kit. He picked up one or two of the shining needles, examining their ice-bright points, dipping them inquisitively into one or another of the open jars of liquid pigment, and smearing the resultant ink drops on a bit of paper to sample their colors.

Tiring, presently, of this tame sport, Jim left the table and stood for a while in a doorway, watching the dancers. Watching people dance is, for a non-dancer, perhaps the stupidest way to spend an evening. But Jim was not bored. For he fell to following the progress of Helen Ward.

She was dancing with Walton when Jim first caught sight of her in the swirl. But, five minutes later, he saw her fox-trotting with Barry Cahill. And life, for Jim, began to resume its charm. He caught her dancing with Cahill a second time a little later. He studied the swaying couples as though they represented an abstrusely fascinating law case.

Jim shifted his observation base to a black-shadowed niche of the veranda close to one of the open windows. He had noticed that couple after couple came to the window from time to time to cool off. The niche was a fine natural vantage-point. For example:

In another half-hour, Helen and Walton paused there, between dances. They were talking animatedly. And at once Jim was able to verify an aged proverb as to the kind of things listeners are likely to hear about themselves.

"Dear, I tell you he hates me!" Helen was saying, her guarded voice barely reaching the listener. "Honestly, he does. And you know it. Why, he looks at me as if I were a blend of the kaiser and the man who invented the income tax! I don't know why. For I always tried to be nice to him—just for your sake and poor Marcia's—as long as he'd let me. I suppose it's because you had the bad taste to ask me to marry you."

"Nonsense!" laughed Walton. "You're all wrong about old Jim. He dislikes most people on general principles. It's his nature. I suppose it's partly because his law work has shown him such a lot of the seamy side. But when he knows you better, he'll be dead sure to fall in love with you. Nobody could help it. Don't bother your glorious self about Jim."

"I don't," Helen assured him. "If I did, I'd get to wondering all sorts of horrible things about family traits. And then, perhaps, I'd begin looking at you the way he looks at me—Walt—do something for me?"

"Anything!" he promised.

"Dance with Marcia," she commanded. "The poor little thing is sitting over there, trying to smile and look festive. And, all the time, she is afraid Jim will appear from somewhere and scold her or glower at her. I know she is. He's so jealous she dare not dance with any other man, I suppose, for fear of a row with him. But you're her brother-in-law. So Jim can't be very jealous of you."

Walton Ross laughed indulgently.

"All right!" he agreed. "Only, you're wrong about Jim, sweetheart. If he's jealous of Marcia, it's only because he loves her. I guess that's one of the manifestations of love—in some chaps. I'd be as jealous as the very deuce—if you ever gave me cause."

"Marcia never gave him cause to be jealous," denied Helen. "You know that as well as I do. She worships him. And he bullies her to death. As for *your* being jealous—why, you wouldn't know how to be. And I love you for not knowing how. Now run along to Marcia," she ended abruptly.

The obedient Walton took his departure, leaving her standing there, half shielded by the window-curtain. Jim Ross fought back

a yearning to shake his fist at the girl and to bellow forth a retort to her frank opinion of him. He hated her tenfold more than ever. His moody eyes followed Walton's course through the room toward the corner where Marcia was sitting alone, a deprecatory little smile on her face.

Then, all at once, Jim's muscles stiffened. A man had hurried up to Helen Ward, and was bending close to her as he said something in so low a voice that Ross could not catch the words. The man was Barry Cahill.

Jim leaned perilously far forward and strained his ears. He heard the words: "Italian garden," in Barry's rumbling voice. He saw Helen step forward at Cahill's side as if to leave the room. Then he saw Mrs. Greaves bearing down on her, with a new-arrived man in tow. And he heard Helen whisper to her escort a word that sounded like, "Later."

Jim Ross stayed not upon the order of his going. He sped from the veranda and across the lawn to a cypress-lined pathway leading to the patch of greensward which Mrs. Greaves had recently converted into a formal Italian garden.

The night was moonlit, with an occasional spring cloud blowing over the soft glow and shading it. There was plenty of illumination, whereby Jim could find his way to the evergreen-surrounded Italian garden, and could choose a good listening-post there.

In the garden's center was a lily-pool bordered with flowering iris. At one side of this was a carved stone bench—an ideal seat for spooning couples. Set deep in the shrubbery, twenty feet farther on and facing the house, was a second stone seat. To this second seat repaired Jim Ross.

Lounging upon it, half sitting, half lying, he was concealed from any but the keenest sight, and, in that position, his head would not show on the sky-line above the clipped evergreens. He commanded a full view, not only of the opposite bench in the open but of the broad path itself and of the distant veranda and front doorway.

As a strategic position for eavesdropping, it could not have been improved on. Luck, assuredly, was with the solicitous elder brother this night! All he need do was to remain there until Helen and Cahill should keep their moonlight tryst in the garden.

Then it ought to be the simplest thing in the world to collect evidence enough to convince Walton of his sweetheart's unworthiness. A single kiss—nay, even the suffering of Cahill's arm to steal about her waist—an unconsidered love-word from her—Jim knew Walton would take his word for what he had seen and heard. Jim was truthful. And Walton knew it.

All that remained was to get indisputable evidence—evidence to which, if need be, Jim could swear. And Ross waited, grimly triumphant, for the furnishers of that evidence to come in sight.

The evening wore on. The dance-music reached Jim fitfully through the stillness. Now and again a woman in white and a man in black would stray across his vision, as some couple chose to stroll on the moonlit lawn instead of dancing in a hot room. At sight of these occasional promenaders, Ross would invariably crouch lower, in keen expectation. But none of them came so far afield as the Italian garden.

Once, between dances, he heard Cherry San's reedy-sweet voice singing to the tinkle of her samisen. And, diverted by the haunting melody, he recognized an air from the "Chinese Child's Day." He even made out a fragment of the quaintly accented words:

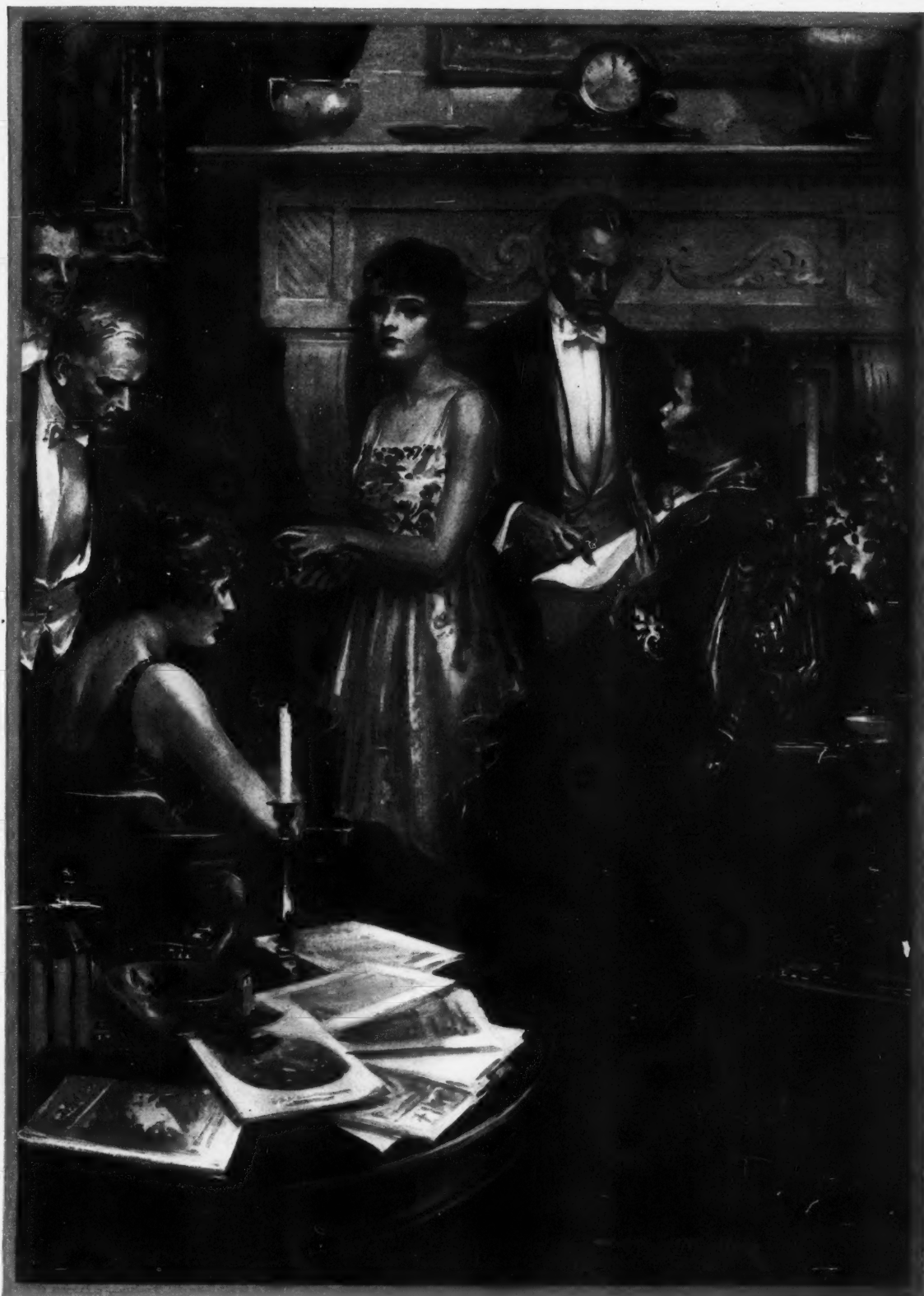
Many things I sing—
Of the cherry blossoms blooming in the spring,
Of the bird that is homeward winging,
Of the temple-bell a-swinging—
You can almost hear it ringing.

Then, one after another, the cars that had brought the dance-guests came whirling up the drive to the veranda. And voices and laughter from departing neighbors told that the dance was at an end. After the last car had gone, several of the house-guests stood chatting on the veranda for a few minutes.

One by one they went back into the house, bound for bed. Jim, by the glow of the veranda lamps, could recognize some of them as they passed in through the double doorway. He discovered his wife and Walton and a few others as they moved indoors.

Then the veranda lights were switched off, and he heard the front doors closed. The shaded windows of the two huge dormitories gleamed into vision against the house's dark background. And still Jim Ross stayed at his post.

He had staked everything on those two scraps of overheard talk: "Italian garden," and "Later." They meant—if they meant anything—a secret moonlight rendezvous in the garden



DRAWN BY H. R. BALGINGER

Presently he broke upon the lively chatter by thrusting out a thick finger and tapping with disapproval one of the charted designs. "Real Japanese art, hey?" he scoffed jarringly. "That pattern, for one, is startlingly new and Oriental! A heart transfixed by an arrow! Was Saint Valentine a Samurai?"

at the first free moment. And, with the dumb stubbornness which had won him so many cases, Jim Ross was staying on.

But Jim had had a hard week. The silence and the coolness and his half-reclining posture—all had wooed him to drowsiness.

He never knew whether he slept a minute or a half-hour. But, suddenly, he started up, blinking and bewildered—awakened from his doze by the uncontrolled sobbing of a woman not twenty feet away from him.

Dazed, not yet realizing where he was nor why he was there, Jim looked about him in the elusive moonlight.

Directly in front of him, and on the far side of the lily-pool, stood a woman and a man. They were close-locked in each other's arms. The woman's head was on the man's breast, and she was weeping. Her back was toward Ross.

The man, however, was facing him. And, as he raised his head for an instant, Jim saw him distinctly. It was Barry Cahill.

Jim Ross was always slow to collect his senses on awakening. And now he stared in owl-like dullness at the couple, wondering where he was and what was happening. Only subconsciously did his mind focus on the scene before him.

Cahill was murmuring to the woman in his arms, and was seeking to soothe her hysterical grief. Jim heard her cry out brokenly, her voice sob-strangled past all recognition:

"Oh, I can't stand it any longer! I can't! He—"

And, at that point, Jim Ross remembered why he himself had come hither. His furtive task was accomplished. He had succeeded beyond his wildest hopes.

Here, in Barry Cahill's arms, wept Helen Ward! And she was bewailing her lot! Presumably her lot in being engaged to Walton Ross! Jim had evidence aplenty for the breaking of the engagement.

A thrill of triumph swept away the last of the sleep-mists from Ross's brain. He was himself again—vigilant, crafty, eager. And he comprehended that one move alone remained to make his victory complete. He must see Helen Ward's face, that he might be able to swear it was she he had found in Cahill's arms.

All intent on this final proof, he jumped to his feet. As though by a signal, a cloud, whose feathery edges had been dimming the moon's full glare, swirled its dark center athwart the face of the orb. Jim's leap from the shrubbery brought the two lovers spinning round to confront him. Then, in almost the same motion, they wheeled and fled at top speed up the path toward the house.

In Ross's mind was a fierce chagrin. Thanks to the dim light, he had not yet seen Helen's face. It had been a whitish blur. He could not swear to her identity, morally certain of it as he was. Losing control of himself, as he saw his prey escaping, he roared after the fugitives:

"Take your time, Miss Ward! There's no hurry!"

As he spoke, he hurled his body forward in pursuit. But the others had gained too good a start for him to overtake them. As he ran, the moon shook off its grimy cloud and shone out again in dazzling radiance.

By the gleam, Ross could see the lovers gain the veranda steps. The man held open the front door for his companion. As she glided into the house, he stooped and kissed her. Then he slammed shut the door behind her and dashed round the veranda to the side entrance of the men's dormitory.

Jim Ross paid no heed to his vanishing law partner. He was after Helen, not Cahill. Feverishly he craved to catch her before she could traverse the long hall and reach the entrance to the

women's dormitory. Up the low steps he sprang and across the deep veranda. As he flung open the front door, he saw a gleam of white showing triangular against the outer panel near the floor. And his heart gave a savage throb of joy.

For Cahill, in his lovely haste to close the door on his *inamorata*, had shut it a fraction of a second too soon. And the hem of her fluffy skirt had been caught between portal and jamb. She was a prisoner!

Jim, with one hand, swung wide the door. With the other, he made a lunging clutch at the newly freed white figure which fled before him. His outflung fingers closed round a cold little wrist just as the front door blew shut behind him.

In the pitch-black hallway the woman fought mutely to free herself. Jim thrust his unused hand into his waistcoat pocket in search of his match-box. It was not there. He did not know where to look elsewhere for matches to give him the brief glimpse he needed of his wriggling captive's face. Nor did he know the location of the light-switch.

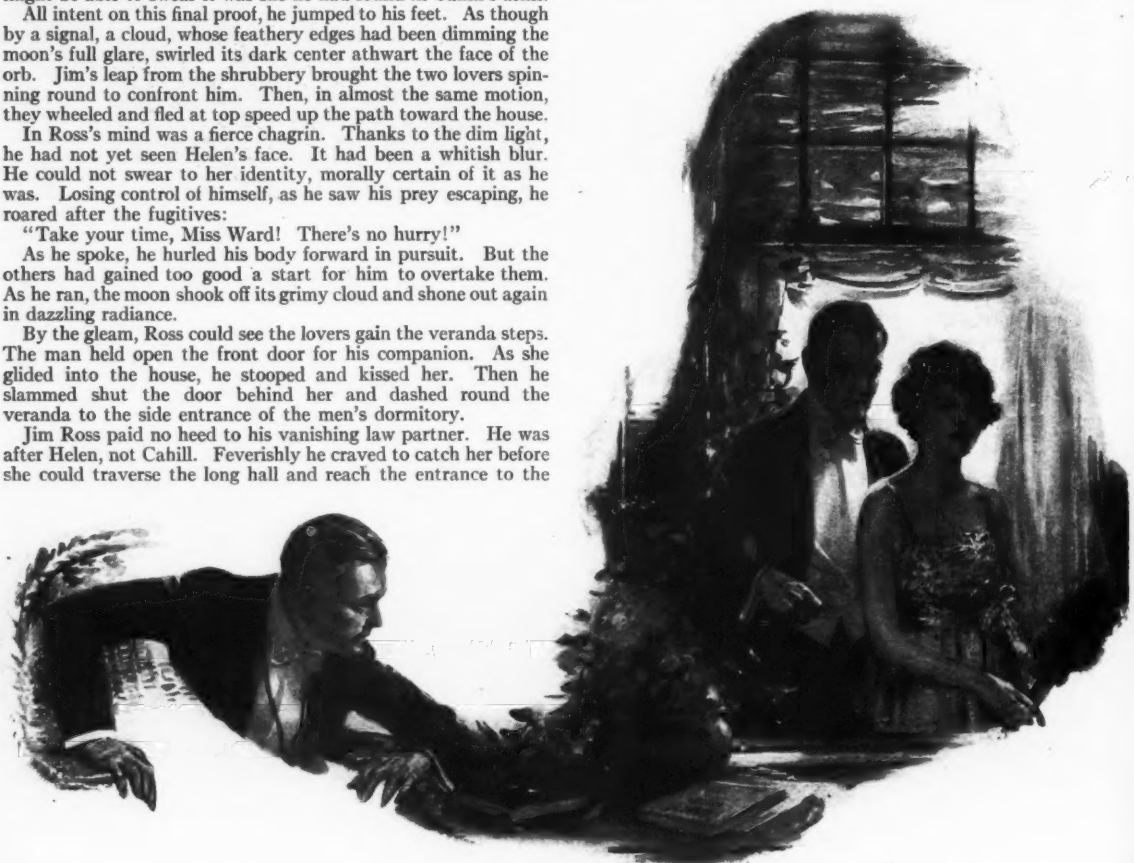
There was something of the noiselessly desperate trapped beast in the woman's wild struggles to free herself. Panting sobs punctuated her writhings as she sought to tear away her wrist from the pursuer's sweating grip. So violently did she tug that, at one moment, Jim Ross all but lost his balance. He threw out his other hand to steady himself.

Down came his waving hand on a corner of the hall table. And something pricked him so sharply as to wring a grunt of pain from his twisting lips. His palm had come into contact with one of the tattoo-needles he had left strewn there. The pain bred a clever inspiration.

Bracing himself, and tightening his left hand's hold on the dumb prisoner's wrist, he picked up the needle with his right hand and groped for the nearest jar of pigment. Into this jar he plunged the needle to the full depth.

Brandishing the suffused point of steel, he turned back to the woman.

"Miss Ward," he said coolly, "light (Continued on page 108)"



Jim leaned perilously forward and strained his ears! He heard the words: "Italian garden," in Barry's rumbling voice

This is the last of a series of stories describing the efforts of two millionaire bachelor brothers of simple habits to spend their money as millionaires should do.

The Great Solution

By

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

GEORGE HENRY UNDERWOOD, attuned to extravagance, threw down the Milan luncheon menu a little petulantly. Nothing was expensive except the things he most disliked.

"I will take half a dozen oysters, some roast beef and baked potatoes, and cheese," he ordered.

The well-trained waiter accepted this somewhat surprising order and retired. George Henry turned to his brother.

"Stephen," he said, "we lay too much stress on small things. For weeks I have searched the menu here for the most expensive dishes I could find, and have had to face indigestion for the sake of getting rid of a few pounds. The whole thing is insignificant."

"I am inclined to agree with you," Stephen declared. "Still, you must remember that, in converse fashion, our grandfather's fortune was started by economy in small ways."

"That may be so," was the dubious reply, "but I am perfectly certain that no one can ever succeed in dissipating one by these minor extravagances. For the first time in a month I have ordered exactly what I want to eat and drink. The difference in the bill will be barely half a sovereign. We must put our heads together, Stephen. Some justifiable expenditure or plausible investment—surely we can think of something."

"It is a problem which we must face," Stephen replied. "Only this morning, George Henry, while you were at Mincing Lane, Mr. Duncan read over our dear father's letter once more. We are enjoined to spend a reasonable proportion of our income. We do not do it. We have failed in this, the only charge left upon us by the founder of our fortunes."

"I have come to the conclusion," George Henry declared mournfully, "that men cannot spend money. It is only women who are temperamentally extravagant."

Stephen frowned.

"We have made several attempts to invoke the aid of the other sex," he remarked reminiscently.

"And very little has come of it," his brother sighed.

"If your marriage, now—"

"That will do, Stephen," George Henry interrupted. "The matter is not one I care to be reminded of."

Miss Blanche Whitney, flamboyant, perfumed, a miracle of frills and rustles, beatifically escorted, paused at their table.

"Don't get up, you dear men," she begged. "I positively must shake hands. My heart warms every time I see you."

"The play goes well, I trust?" Stephen asked politely.

"I think that it will run forever," was the confident reply.

"You'll never have the chance of another theatrical speculation, Mr. Underwood."

George Henry coughed. This was an opportunity for which he had been waiting a long time.



George Henry staggered to his feet. "You!" she exclaimed.

"I must apologize," her visitor gasped weakly

"By the bye," he inquired, with an air of elaborate carelessness, "what has become of the young lady with blue eyes who used sometimes to come in here for lunch? She was in the chorus."

"Nearly all the girls in the chorus," Miss Whitney observed, "have blue eyes and lunch here occasionally—when they get the chance."

"Miss Robinson her name was," George Henry continued.

"Peggy Robinson! Why, that poor little thing—haven't you heard? She's absolutely down and out."

"Dear me! Dear me!" George Henry murmured.

"She got in wrong with the stage-manager somehow," Miss Whitney continued indifferently. "Then she sprained her ankle. Say—won't you two come and see the show one night and give us all some supper afterward?"

Stephen murmured a vague promise, and the reigning queen of musical comedy lattered away to rejoin her escort. The brothers proceeded with their luncheon. George Henry's appetite, however, was spoiled. There had been something different about Peggy Robinson. Notwithstanding the extravagance of her dress, the brevity of her skirts, the unabashed use of her eyes, there had been a certain instinctive self-respect which lingered still in George Henry's memory.

"The fact is, I was wondering," he finally remarked to his brother, "whether it might not be to our advantage to extend some help to the young lady of whom our friend was speaking."

"I should be delighted to associate myself with any such undertaking," Stephen said hastily. George Henry frowned.

"Miss Whitney was rather by way of being your protégée,"

he remarked. "Why don't you send her another diamond bracelet to mark your appreciation of her success?"

"I find that such gifts," Stephen replied, a little stiffly, "lend themselves to misconstruction."

"I wonder," George Henry murmured, "whether Harold would know Miss Robinson's present whereabouts."

Harold put in an appearance a few minutes later. He drew up a chair to his uncles' table, and, ignoring their invitation to partake of coffee, ordered a liqueur brandy.

"Little Peggy Robinson," he repeated thoughtfully. "She was one of the quieter sort, wasn't she?"

"She is a young lady for whom I have always felt the utmost respect," George Henry said firmly. "I hear that she has fallen upon adversity. I should be glad of her address."

Harold sighed.

"You two do take some looking-after!" he observed. "I'll see what I can do for you, uncle. You can easily get rid of a few thousands if you begin looking up chorus-girls in distress."

"Miss Robinson has already proved," George Henry observed, "that she has no mercenary instincts."

Harold shook his brandy round in his glass and sniffed at it.

"I've been thinking over your hard case," he observed, "contrasting it, by the bye, with my own."

Stephen smiled faintly, but he shook his head.

"It will be exactly six weeks and two days, Harold," he reminded his nephew, "before the subject of any further pecuniary advance can be broached between us."

"That's all right, nunks," the young man replied airily. "Yours truly isn't in this; only, when I came in to-day and saw those two hideous old daubs hanging in the entrance-hall there, I thought to myself, 'Why doesn't uncle Stephen take an interest in art?'"

"Art?" Stephen murmured thoughtfully.

"Pictures, bronzes, statuettes—all the sort of truck they get together at Christie's," his nephew explained. "Pictures'd be my choice—something medieval, with plenty of the female form divine—what? You'd get something for your money, anyway. You can't buy rubbish at Christie's unless you're an out-and-out mug, and you can soon make a hole in the banking-account of a Rothschild if the thing grows on you."

"Pictures," Stephen observed approvingly, "are a great adornment. They give pleasure to many people besides the possessor.

I am inclined to consider favorably the acquisition of a certain number of pictures. What do you say, George Henry?"

"The idea appeals to me," the latter replied. "Our rooms upstairs are very bare."

"When is the next sale at Christie's?" Stephen inquired.

Harold scribbled a few lines on a card and handed it to his uncle.

"There's a pal of mine there will show you the ropes," he declared. "So long, both of you. I won't forget your little commission, either, uncle George Henry. You'll be able to play the giddy philanthropist all you want."

George Henry commenced his performance in that rôle on the following day, when, at half-past six in the evening, assisted by the chauffeur, he reached the third story of a block of flats in Battersea and deposited outside the door the hamper which they had been carrying.

"You can go down and wait, Smithers," his master directed.

The man obeyed with a respectful salute. George Henry sat upon the basket and mopped his forehead. On the other side of the door he was conscious of the monotonous sound of a typewriter. Suddenly the door was opened, and



The unpacking was a lengthy affair, and the various remarks suggested by its contents brushed away that first feeling of embarrassment

Peggy, leaning a little upon a stick, looked out at him in blank amazement. George Henry staggered to his feet.

"You!" she exclaimed.

"I must apologize," her visitor gasped weakly.

"But what are you doing there, sitting on that basket?" she demanded. "I thought I heard some one."

"You see," George Henry explained, "we carried it up, and

it was rather heavy. These stone stairs are a little tiring. I was taking a rest before I rang the bell."

"You were coming to see me, then?"

"I was venturing to take that liberty," he admitted. She laughed.

"Well, do come in," she begged, after a moment's hesitation. "But what on earth have you got in that basket?"

George Henry's suddenly revealed glimpse of the poverty of the apartment brought an extraordinary huskiness to his voice.

"I heard a report," he said diffidently, "that you were ill. I ventured to hope, therefore, that I might exercise the privilege of an old acquaintance and bring you some few articles such as one is generally permitted to—er—offer an invalid."

The huskiness was suddenly very much worse in George Henry's throat, for beyond the light of sudden pleasure in those very hollow-set blue eyes, there was an ominous gleam of something grimmer.

"How perfectly wonderful!" she exclaimed unsteadily. "Do bring it in, and let's unpack it."

The unpacking was a lengthy affair, and the various remarks suggested by its contents brushed away that first feeling of embarrassment. Peggy laughed and cried alternately. For a girl who had lived for two months and paid her rent on the scanty savings from fifty shillings a week, the sight of pots of caviar, *pâté de foie gras*, a pigeon pie, country but-

venture to open one of these small bottles? Just one glass of wine, Miss Peggy, before you do another thing."

She seated herself on the edge of the table and drank with sheer and unpretending joy the wine which her guest poured out.

"How did you hear of me?" she inquired.

"Through Blanche Whitney, first of all," he replied. "Then Harold discovered your address."

She nodded.

"I am sure the girls meant to be kind," she said, "but I simply couldn't bear it when they got to sending me trifles from their salary and that sort of thing. Perhaps you knew that I had a kind of a disagreement with Mr. Lovell?"

"What was it about?" he asked.

"Oh, the usual sort of thing. He thought I needed sea air toward the end of the week, and I suppose his vanity was hurt."

George Henry's rubicund cheeks paled a little; and the inward turn of his lips was almost vicious. Thoughts were passing in his mind which it was as well for Mr. Lovell that he knew nothing of.

"Well, anyhow," the girl went on, "they stopped my salary dead, and here I am trying to learn the typewriter. And now," she concluded, "I am going to lay the cloth."

For the best part of an hour she chattered and ate, and George Henry experienced to the full the joys of the appreciated philanthropist. When she had cleared away, she lighted a cigarette from the box which he had brought. George Henry cleared his throat.

"So you thought of going in for typing, eh?" he asked.

"I thought of it," she admitted ruefully, "but I am very, very slow."

George Henry deliberately rose to his feet, came and stood by her side, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"I was once guilty," he said, "of a foolish mistake. I have already apologized. I beg you now to believe that I am in earnest. I am a great deal too old for you, but I can at least give you a comfortable home and even luxury. Will you marry me, Peggy?"

Peggy looked into the very kind but nervous face leaning toward hers. There was no doubt whatever about George Henry's earnestness. There was no doubt whatever about the kiss which fell upon his cheek or the cling of her arms suddenly round his neck.

"Oh, do take care of me!" she begged. "I am so tired, and you are such a dear."

Early on that same afternoon, Stephen presented himself at an address in Sackville Street designated on Harold's card, and inquired for Mr. Shollit Douglas. Mr. Shollit Douglas, who was a middle-aged man with a black mustache, an exceedingly aquiline nose, and rather narrow eyes, was very pleased to see him.

"My nephew," Stephen explained, "has mentioned your name to me. He tells me that you are a judge of pictures. I wish to acquire some."

There was a beatific expression for a moment in Mr. Douglas's face.

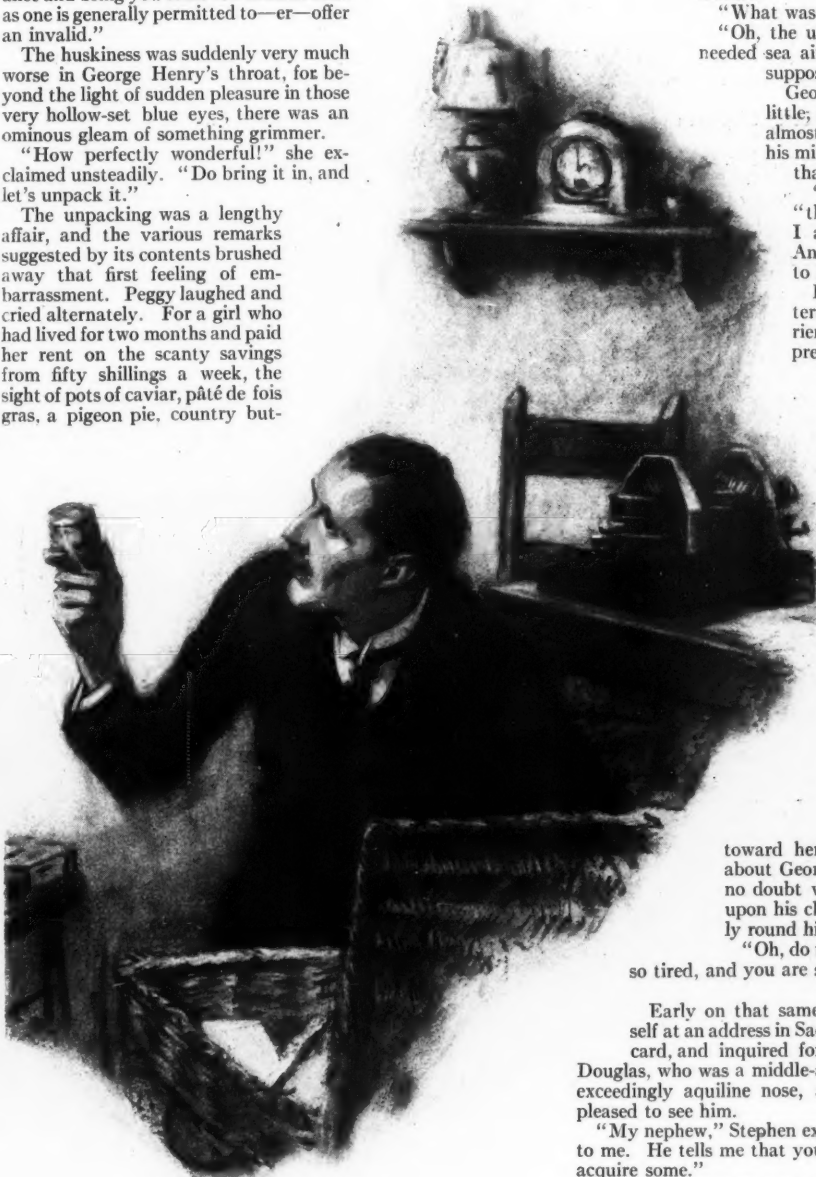
"There is no finer or more satisfactory way of spending a surplus income," he declared.

"I have at present no knowledge of pictures," Stephen continued, "but my likes and dislikes are somewhat marked. I want your advice, at such fees as you think well, as to whether the pictures which I design to purchase are intrinsically worth the money that may be asked for them."

Mr. Douglas held on to the table hard.

ter, brown eggs, and a variety of gold-foiled bottles, peaches as big as apples, great green muscatel grapes, pear-shaped and with the bloom still upon them—the sight of all these things made miracles seem insipid. Presently she sat down and cried. George Henry gazed at her like a helpless child. Suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Miss Peggy," he said, "you are overwrought. Might I



"Sit down and smoke a cigarette with me, Mr. Underwood," he invited, "and we will talk the matter over."

For an hour or so Stephen lounged in an easy chair and walked up and down the narrow gallery in which were displayed several masterpieces. There was only one—a small French landscape—in which he appeared to take a great interest, and that one Mr. Douglas was graciously pleased to let have him for the trifling sum of a hundred guineas. Then his adviser looked at his watch.

"You haven't an hour to spare, by any chance?" he asked.

"The remainder of the afternoon, if necessary."

"There's a sale on," Mr. Douglas explained, "not at Christie's, at Aldersleigh's, and there is a picture there you ought to buy."

He produced a catalogue and handed it to Stephen.

"Number Forty-three," he pointed out, "Study of an Italian Lady." It's a modern picture, but it's an exquisite piece of work, and it will be worth a lot of money some day. Take my advice. Go to five hundred for it."

"Perhaps it would be a good plan," Stephen suggested, "if you accompanied me to the sale."

"I'll look in as soon as I possibly can," Mr. Douglas promised, "but the fact of it is I have a man from Leeds coming in this afternoon to buy some pictures—a country client whom I can't afford to lose. I am going to give you my card," he went on, scribbling a line or two at the back, "to a Mr. Mosenschein whom you'll find there—just to let him know that you are a friend of mine."

Stephen thanked him and departed upon his fateful errand. He presented his card to Mr. Mosenschein, who welcomed him fervently and introduced him to various friends who were dotted about the auction-room and who might well have been his first cousins. Stephen, after a time, found a place just underneath the auctioneer's desk, and watched with interest the various pictures that were offered, not one of which appealed to him in the least. Number Forty-three, however, was not altogether without charm. It was the picture of a woman of ample proportions, dressed in a loose, medieval gown of Italian design, and gazing over the balcony of a palace. The bidding started at a hundred and reached four hundred and fifty. At that there was a pause. Stephen was conscious that he had one opponent only—a man who stood somewhere in the vicinity of Mr. Mosenschein. "Four hundred and fifty pounds against you, sir," the auctioneer remarked, looking down on him.

Stephen shook his head.

"I will let it go," he said.

Immersed in his catalogue, he was unconscious of something that approached a sensation at the back of the room. The hammer descended, and the picture was withdrawn. Mr. Mosenschein, who had hurried to the front, was engaged in animated conversation with the auctioneer's clerk, a conversation which continued long after the next picture was offered. Stephen, utterly unconscious that his withdrawal from the contest for the Italian lady had excited any particular interest among the remainder of the buyers, studied, for the first time, with real pleasure the small canvas which was now exhibited. It represented the figure of a boy driving a harrow, attached to a team of horses, down the steep slopes of a brown field—a boy who was gazing with something like wonder in his eyes at the sunset over the valley, one of the yellow-green Coleridge sunsets lighted by all the poet's melancholy. The picture was started at twenty-five pounds. Stephen promptly bid fifty guineas. Again there was a little rustle at the back of the room. Mr. Mosenschein himself made the next bid, a little hesitatingly. Stephen's nod was unhesitating, and Mr. Mosenschein went round the room, holding his head in his hands. At a hundred guineas, Stephen bought the picture, paid for it, and took it away. Mr. Mosenschein followed him, breathless, to the door.

"Mr. Underwood," he said, "I think that an arrangement can be made with regard to Number Forty-three. A friend of mine bought it for four hundred and fifty. Very cheap—very cheap indeed. But he has bought rather more than he intended. If you felt inclined to spring a tenner, or even five pounds—"

Stephen shook his head.

"Will you present my compliments to your friend," he interrupted, "and thank him exceedingly for his generous offer. I really lost my first taste for the picture after a more critical examination, and I am very glad indeed that I did not buy it."

Mr. Mosenschein's face was a study.

"But I thought—" he gasped, "Douglas thought you were going to five hundred for it?"

"If I had taken a fancy to it," Stephen explained, "the price would have not been a primary consideration."

"What about the little one there that you bought for Mr. Douglas?" Mr. Mosenschein asked anxiously.

Stephen's taxi had arrived. He laid the picture on the seat and turned around with his foot on the step.

"I had no commission from Mr. Douglas," he said gently. "I bought this picture for myself. I like it very much, and I should have paid a great deal more for it if it had been necessary."

"Good gad, man!" Mr. Mosenschein gasped. "Of course you would! It's a genuine Tiernay! We were all there for it, but we let you have it, because we'd agreed that Douglas—"

"Some misunderstanding, perhaps," Stephen, who had taken a dislike to Mr. Mosenschein, interrupted. "The Milan Court, driver."

The brothers Underwood were seated at lunch one morning, about a week later, when their nephew Harold approached their table with a little less than his usual nonchalance.

"I say, uncle Stephen, you didn't half rub it across Duggie," he remarked, with mild reproach.

Stephen was a little puzzled.

"I cannot quite follow you, Harold," he replied. "Mr. Douglas received me very politely; I bought a small picture from him, and he told me of a sale which was going on in the vicinity. It is true that he advised me to go to five hundred pounds for a certain picture, but, as you must be aware, personal preference is a great factor in such matters, and I was conscious of taking a dislike to the subject just after I had reached four hundred and fifty pounds. I thereupon ceased to bid."

"It absolutely beats the band!" Harold declared to an imaginary audience. "What about the genuine Tiernay which you bought for an old song?"

"It is a very delightful picture," Stephen replied, "but I bid for it quite in the ordinary way, and it was knocked down to me with very little competition."

Harold regarded his uncle for a moment almost with reverence.

"Uncle Stephen," he said, "I sent you to Shollit Douglas because I knew that he wouldn't skin you more than any other picture-dealer, and he happens to be a—er—kind of a pal. That picture for which you went to four hundred and fifty would have been sold for about a hundred only that Duggie had sent word round to the ring that you were certain to bid up to five hundred. So they got landed with it. Then the Tiernay had been promised to Duggie—everyone knew that—and Mosenschein misunderstood his message on the card, and thought that you were buying it on his account. You fairly laid it over them."

"I am sorry," Stephen acknowledged, with a very faint smile, "if I was a disappointment to your friends."

"Oh, they're not squealing," Harold remarked, rising to his feet, "but if you mean to lose a lot of money buying pictures, you'll have to go about it a little differently. That Tiernay you bought for a hundred is worth nearer a thousand."

Stephen cleared his throat.

"I am beginning to find," he observed, "the collection of pictures a most absorbing occupation. It certainly means outlay, although I am not so sure that it can be counted as actual expenditure. You, my dear George Henry, are the person to be envied."

George Henry, who was looking well satisfied with life, was suddenly graver.

"In many respects," he confessed, "I am perfectly content with the decision I have made, and yet I, too, have my doubts at times as to whether matrimony necessarily leads to increased expenditure. The fact of it is, Peggy is an exceedingly sensible young woman, who was very soundly brought up, and—pardon me—This is very pleasant, my dear."

Both brothers rose at once to their feet. Peggy, looking very charming, had entered the room unobserved and was standing before their table. An attentive *maitre d'hôtel* hurried up with a chair.

"My dear," Stephen said, "this is a great pleasure. I have been looking forward to an opportunity of meeting you again. I am sure that you will make my brother very happy."

"How dear of you not to mind!" she exclaimed, sinking into the chair. "I was afraid you would think that, because I have been on the stage, I was just an empty-headed, frivolous sort of person. I really am very sedate, and not at all extravagant. I am going to try and be a help to George Henry, and I don't think he'll find it nearly so expensive to have a little house of his own and a careful housekeeper as to live here."

"This, er—" the prospective bridegroom groaned, "is not exactly what we intended."

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DRAWN BY EDWARD L. CHASE

"What about the little one there that you bought for Mr. Douglas?" Mr. Mosenschein asked anxiously

Peggy was distinctly puzzled. Then Stephen, patting her hand gently, told her the whole story of their troubles. She listened as though to a fairy-tale. When it was finished, she looked a little dazed.

"Then what you really want of me," she summed up at last, "is to be extravagant?"

"That wasn't the only reason I asked you to marry me," George Henry hastened to assure her.

She smiled at him brilliantly.

"Thank you, dear," she whispered; "but you do want me—to spend money?"

"We do," the brothers echoed, almost simultaneously.

After that, events marched. One morning, about a month later, Stephen and George Henry took their places once more at their accustomed luncheon-table.

"It is exceedingly pleasant," the former remarked, "to think that your marriage does not interfere with our customary mid-day repast together. I should very much miss our luncheons, George Henry."

"And I," was the hearty response.

"I am in excellent spirits," Stephen continued. "You will remember that I gave seventeen thousand pounds last week for a small Corot to which I took a great fancy?"

"I remember it quite well," his brother assented. "Some of the papers thought the price excessive."

Stephen beamed.

"I have been credibly assured," he went on, "that if that picture were put up again, it would fetch no more than ten thousand pounds at the outside, and even at that price it would be hard to find purchasers. I shall therefore be able to write it down in my inventory at the latter figure, leaving me seven thousand pounds to the bad upon one picture. Promising, I think, George Henry?"

"Excellent!"

"And now tell me about your wife?"

George Henry glanced toward the door, where the slight commotion which heralded a distinguished client was apparent.

"She shall speak for herself," he whispered.

The head waiter, two *maitres d'hôtel*, and one ordinary waiter, bent almost double, were welcoming the brilliant apparition which had just appeared. Peggy, *Parisienne* of the Rue de la Paix from the ospreys in her exquisite hat to the gray suède of her perfect shoes, gown in wonderful smoke-colored muslin, with a tiny Pekingese under her arm, came smilingly toward them. Her cavalcade of followers fell away, having provided her with an easy chair, and hung round her until she had indicated her wishes as to luncheon. Stephen grasped her hands with genuine affection.

"Caviar, I think you said, my dear," he remarked, after the first greetings, "some grilled salmon and strawberries? Louis, you heard?"

"*Madame* shall be served," Louis replied, as he turned away.

Peggy leaned over and patted George Henry's hand.

"You nice thing!" she said. "I didn't mean to come in for lunch to-day, but I haven't a penny left in the world."

George Henry was taken aback.

"My dear, I gave you five hundred pounds this morning," he reminded her.

She leaned back and laughed.

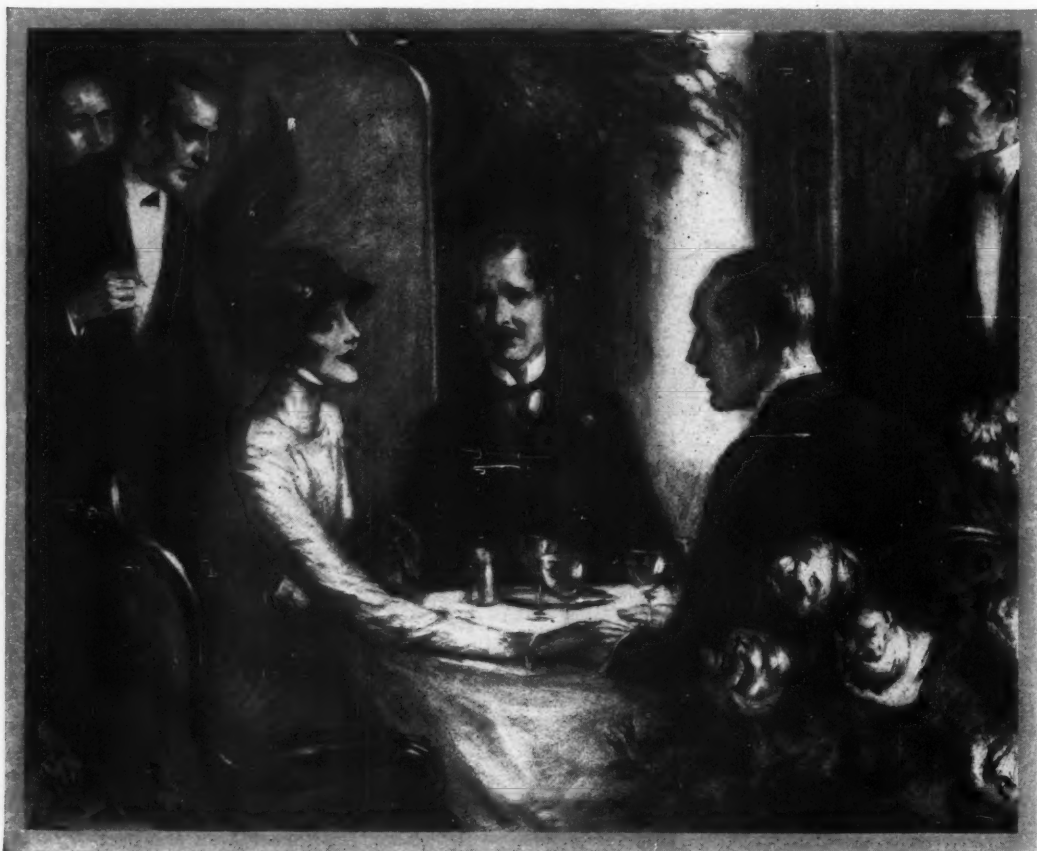
"Isn't he stingy?" she exclaimed, turning to Stephen. "Five hundred pounds, indeed! Why, I'd spent it all by twelve o'clock, and there are several places I am going to this afternoon where I haven't an account."

Stephen and George Henry exchanged one long, ecstatic glance.

"George Henry," his brother said solemnly, "I congratulate you!"

"On me?" Peggy asked artlessly.

"On the great solution," Stephen pronounced.



Peggy leaned over and patted George Henry's hand. "You nice thing!" she said. "I didn't mean to come in for lunch to-day, but I haven't a penny left in the world"



A young girl of fourteen, herself a granddaughter of the sleeper, crouched beside him and, with a feathered fly-flapper, brushed away the flies

The Bones of Kahekili

By Jack London—the last short story from one of the greatest writers who ever put pen to paper, the story Jack London finished just before he died

Illustrated by

G. Patrick Nelson

FROM over the lofty Koolau Mountains vagrant wisps of the trade-wind drifted, faintly swaying the great, unwhipped banana leaves, rustling the palms, and fluttering and setting up a whispering among the lace-leaved algaroba trees. Only intermittently did the atmosphere so breathe, for breathing it was, the suspiring of the languid Hawaiian afternoon.

Of humans about the low bungalow-like house, there were many; but one only of them slept. The rest were on the tense tiptoes of silence. At the rear of the house, a tiny babe piped up a thin, blating wail that the quickly thrust breast could not appease. The mother, a slender *hapa-haole* (half-white), clad in a loose-flowing *holoku* of white muslin, hastened away swiftly among the banana and *papaia* trees to remove the babe's noise by distance. Other women, *hapa-haole* and full native, watched her anxiously as she fled.

At the front of the house, on the grass, squatted a score of Hawaiians. Well-muscled, broad-shouldered, they were all strapping men. Brown-skinned, with luminous brown eyes and black, their features large and regular, they showed all the signs of being as good-natured, merry-hearted, and soft-tempered as the climate. To all of which a seeming contradiction was given by the ferociousness of their accoutrement. Into the tops of their rough leather leggings were thrust long knives, the handles projecting. On their heels were huge-roweled Spanish spurs. They had the appearance of banditti, save for the incongruous wreaths of flowers and fragrant *maile* that encircled the crowns of their flopping cowboy hats. From far off, muffled by distance, came the faint stamping of their tethered horses. The eyes of all were intently fixed upon the solitary sleeper, who lay on his back on a *lauhala* mat, a hundred feet away under the monkey-pod trees.

Large as were the Hawaiian cowboys, the sleeper was larger. Also, as his snow-white hair and beard attested, he was much older. The thickness of his wrist and the greatness of his fingers made authentic the mighty frame of him hidden under loose dungaree trousers and cotton shirt, buttonless, open from midriff to Adam's apple, exposing a chest matted with a thatch of

hair as white as that of his head and face. The depth and breadth of that chest, its resilience, and its relaxed and plastic muscles tokened the knotty strength that still resided in him. Further, no bronze and beat of sun and wind

availed to hide the testimony of his skin that he was all-*haole*—a white man.

On his back, his great white beard, thrust skyward, untrimmed of barbers, stiffened and subsided with every breath, while, with the outblow of each exhalation, the white mustache erected perpendicularly like the quills of a porcupine and subsided with each intake. A young girl of fourteen, herself a granddaughter of the sleeper, crouched beside him and, with a feathered fly-flapper, brushed away the flies. In her face were depicted solicitude and nervousness and awe, as if she attended on a god.

And truly, Hardman Pool, the sleeping whisky one, was to her, and to many and sundry, a god—a source of life, a source of food, a fount of wisdom, a giver of law, a smiling beneficence, a blackness of thunder and punishment—in short, a man master whose record was fourteen living and adult sons and daughters, six great-grandchildren, and more grandchildren than he could, in his most lucid moments, enumerate.

Fifty-one years before, he had landed from an open boat at Laupahoehoe, on the windward coast of Hawaii. The boat was the one surviving one of the whaler *Black Prince*, of New Bedford. Himself New Bedford born, twenty years of age, by virtue of his driving strength and ability, he had served as second mate on the lost whale-ship. Coming to Honolulu and casting about for himself, he had first married Kalama Kamaopili, next acted as pilot of Honolulu Harbor, after that started a saloon and boarding-house, and, finally, on the death of Kalama's father, engaged in cattle-ranching on the broad pasture-lands she had inherited.

For over half a century he had lived with the Hawaiians, and it was conceded that he knew their language better than did most of them. By marrying Kalama, he had married not merely her land but her own chief-rank, and the fealty owed by the commoners to her by virtue of her genealogy was also accorded him. He knew his Hawaiians from the outside and the, in, knew

The Bones of Kahekili

them better than themselves, their Polynesian circumlocutions, faiths, customs, and mysteries. And at seventy-one, after a morning in the saddle over the ranges that began at four o'clock, he lay under the monkey-pods in his customary and sacred siesta that no retainer dared to break or would dare permit any equal of the great one to break. Only to the king was such a right accorded.

The sun blazed down. The horses stamped remotely. The fading trade-wind wisps sighed and rustled between longer intervals of quiescence. The perfume grew heavier. The girl, breathless as ever from the enormous solemnity of her task, still brushed the flies away, and the score of cowboys still intently and silently watched.

Hardman Pool awoke. The next outbreath, expected of the long rhythm, did not take place. Neither did the white, long mustache rise up. Instead, the cheeks under the whiskers puffed; the eyelids lifted, exposing blue eyes, choleric and fully and immediately conscious; the right hand went out to the half-smoked pipe beside him, while the left hand reached the matches.

"Get me my gin and milk," he ordered, in Hawaiian, of the little maid, who had been startled into a tremble by his awaking.

He lighted the pipe, but gave no sign of awareness of the presence of his waiting retainers until the tumbler of gin and milk had been brought and drunk.

"Well?" he demanded abruptly. "What are you hanging round for? What do you want? Come over here!"

Twenty giants, most of them young, uprose and, with a great clanking and jangling of spurs and spur-chains, strode over to him. They grouped before him in a semicircle, trying bashfully to wedge their shoulders, one behind another's, their faces agrin and apologetic, and at the same time expressing a casual and unconscious democratism. In truth, to them, Hardman Pool was more than mere chief. He was elder brother, or father, or patriarch; and to all of them he was related in one way or another, according to Hawaiian custom, through his wife and through the many marriages of his children and grandchildren. His slightest frown might perturb them, his anger terrify them, his command compel them to certain death; yet, on the other hand, not one

of them would have dreamed of addressing him otherwise than intimately by his first name, which name, "Hardman," was transmuted by their tongues into "Kanakan Oolea."

At a nod from him, the semicircle seated itself on the *manienie* grass, and, with further deprecatory smiles, waited his pleasure. Hardman Pool singled out one of them.

"Well, Iliiopo, what do you want?"

"Ten dollars, Kanaka Oolea."

"Ten dollars!" Pool cried, in apparent shock at mention of so vast a sum. "Does it mean you are going to take a second wife? Remember the missionary teaching. One wife at a time, Iliiopo; one wife at a time. For he who entertains a plurality of wives will surely go to hell."

Giggles and flashings of laughing eyes from all greeted the joke.

"No, Kanaka Oolea," came the reply. "The devil knows I am hard put to get *kow-kow* for one wife and her several relations."

"*Kow-kow*?" Pool repeated the Chinese-introduced word for food which the Hawaiians had come to substitute for their own "*paina*."

"Didn't you boys get *kow-kow* here this noon?"

"Yes, Kanaka Oolea," volunteered an old, withered native who had just joined the group from the direction of the house; "all of them had *kow-kow* in the kitchen, and plenty of it. They ate like lost horses brought down from the lava."

"And what do you want, Kumuhana?" Pool diverted to the old one.

"Twelve dollars," said Kumuhana. "I want to buy a jackass and a second-hand saddle and bridle. I am growing too old for my legs to carry me in walking."

"You wait," his *haole* lord commanded. "I will talk with you about the matter and about other things of importance when I am finished with the rest and they are gone."

The withered old one nodded and proceeded to light his pipe.

"The *kow-kow* in the kitchen was good," Iliiopo resumed, licking his lips. "I am full of good *kow-kow*. My belly is heavy with it. Yet is my heart not light of it because there is no *kow-kow* in my own house, where is my wife, who is the aunt of your fourth son's second wife, and where is my baby daughter, and my wife's old mother, and my wife's old mother's feeding-child that is a cripple, and my wife's sister, who lives likewise with us along with her three children, the father being dead of a wicked dropsy—"

"Will five dollars save all of you from funerals for a day or several?" Pool testily cut the tale short.

"Yes, Kanaka Oolea; and as well it will buy my wife a new comb and some tobacco for myself."

From a gold-sack drawn from the hip-pocket of his dungarees, Hardman Pool drew the gold piece and tossed it accurately into the waiting hand.

To a bachelor who wanted six dollars for new leggings, tobacco,



"There was that in her manner of walk that was big and queenlike, like the motion of the forces of nature"



"The sacred bones of Kahekili are gone—and forever gone. They rest nowhere. They have ceased to be"

and spurs, three dollars were given; the same to another who needed a hat, and to a third, who modestly asked for two dollars, four were given with a flowery-worded compliment anent his prowess in roping a recent wild bull from the mountains. They knew, as a rule, that he cut their requisitions in half, wherefore they doubled the size of their requisitions. And Hardman Pool knew they doubled, and smiled to himself. It was his way.

"And you, Ahuhu?" he demanded of one whose name meant "poison-weed."

"And the price of a pair of dungarees," Ahuhu concluded his list of needs. "I have ridden much and hard after your cattle, Kanaka Oolea, and where my dungarees have pressed against the seat of the saddle there is no seat to my dungarees. It is not well that it be said that a Kanaka Oolea cowboy, who is also a cousin of Kanaka Oolea's wife's half-sister, should be shamed to be seen out of the saddle save that he walks backward from all that behold him."

"The price of a dozen pairs of dungarees be thine, Ahuhu," Hardman Pool beamed, tossing to him the necessary sum. "I am proud that my family shares my pride. Afterward, Ahuhu, out of the dozen dungarees you will give me one, else shall I be compelled to walk backward, my own and only dungarees being in like manner well worn and shameful."

And in laughter of love at their *haole* chief's final sally, all the sweet-child-minded and physically gorgeous company of them departed to their waiting horses, save the old withered one, Kumuhana, who had been bidden to wait.

For a full five minutes they sat in silence. Then Hardman Pool ordered the little maid to fetch a tumbler of gin and milk, which, when she brought it, he nodded her to hand to Kumuhana. The glass did not leave his lips until it was empty, whereupon he gave a great, audible outbreath of "A-a-ah!" and smacked his lips.

"Much *awa* have I drunk in my time," he said reflectively. "Yet is the *awa* but a common man's drink while the *haole* liquor is a drink for chiefs. Hardman Pool smiled and nodded agreement, and old Kumuhana continued: "There is a warmingness to it. It warms the belly and the soul. It warms the heart. Even the soul and the heart grow cold when one is old."

"You are old," Pool conceded. "Almost as old as I."

Kumuhana shook his head and murmured, "Were I no older than you, I would be as young as you."

"I am seventy-one," said Pool.

"I do not know ages that way," was the reply. "What happened when you were born?"

"Let me see," Pool calculated. "This is 1880. Subtract seventy-one and it leaves nine. I was born in 1809, which is the year Kelimakai died, which is the year the Scotchman, Archibald Campbell, lived in Honolulu."

"Then am I truly older than you, Kanaka Oolea. I remember the Scotchman well. Yet do I know when I was born. Often my grandmother and my mother told me of it. I was born when Madame Pele [the fire-goddess or volcano-goddess] became

angry with the people of Paiea because they sacrificed no fish to her from their fish-pond, and she sent down a flow of lava from Hualalai and filled up their pond."

"That was in 1801, which makes you seventy-nine, or eight years older than I. You are very old."

"Yes, Kanaka Oolea," muttered Kumuhana pathetically.

"And you are very wise."

"Yes, Kanaka Oolea."

"And you know many of the secret things that are known only to old men."

"Yes, Kanaka Oolea."

"And then you know—" Hardman Pool broke off, the more effectively to impress and hypnotize the other ancient with the set stare of his pale-washed blue eyes. "They say the bones of Kahekili were taken from their hiding-place and lie to-day in the royal mausoleum. I have heard it whispered that you alone of all living men truly know."

"I know," was the proud answer. "I alone know."

"Well, do they lie there? Yes or no?"

"Kahekili was an *alii* [high chief]. It is from his straight line that your wife Kalama came. She is an *alii*." The old retainer paused and pursed his lean lips in meditation. "I belong to her as all my people before me belonged to her people before her. She only can command the great secrets of me. She is wise, too wise ever to command me to speak this secret. To you, O Kanaka Oolea, I do not answer 'Yes,' I do not answer 'No.' This is a secret of the *aliis* that even the *aliis* do not know."

"Very good, Kumuhana," Hardman Pool commended. "Yet do you forget that I am an *alii*, and that what my good Kalama does not dare ask, I command to ask. I can send for her now, and tell her to command your answer. But such would be a foolishness unless you prove yourself doubly foolish. Tell me the secret, and she will never know. If you will not tell me alone, then will you tell Kalama and me together, and her lips will talk, her lips will talk so that the latest *malahini* [newcomer] will shortly know what, otherwise, you and I alone will know."

A long time Kumuhana sat on in silence, debating the argument and finding no way to evade the fact-logic of it.

"Great is your *haole* wisdom," he conceded at last.

"Yes or no?" Hardman Pool drove home the point of his steel.

Kumuhana looked about him first, then slowly let his eyes come to rest on the fly-flapping maid.

"Go!" Pool commanded her. "And come not back without you hear a clapping of my hands."

Hardman Pool spoke no further, even after the flapper had disappeared into the house; yet his face adamantly looked, "Yes—or no?"

Again Kumuhana looked carefully about him, and up into the monkey-pod boughs, as if to apprehend a lurking listener. His lips were very dry. With his tongue he moistened them repeatedly. Twice he essayed to speak, but was inarticulately husky. And finally, with bowed head, he whispered, so low and solemnly that Hardman Pool bent his own head to hear,

"No."

Pool clapped his hands, and the little maid ran out of the house to him in tremulous, fluttery haste.

"Bring a milk and gin for old Kumuhana, here," Pool commanded; and, to Kumuhana, "Now tell me the whole story."

"Wait," was the answer. "Wait till the little *wahine* has come and gone."

And when the maid was gone, and the gin and milk had traveled the way predestined of gin and milk when mixed together, Hardman Pool waited without further urge for the story. Kumuhana pressed his hand to his chest and coughed hollowly at intervals, bidding for encouragement, but in the end, of himself, spoke out.

"It was a terrible thing in the old days when a great *alii* died. Kahekili was a great *alii*. He might have been king had he lived. Who can tell? I was a young man, not yet married. You know, Kanaka Oolea, when Kahekili died, and you can tell me how old I was."

"It was 1829," Pool said complacently. "You were twenty-eight years old, and I was twenty, just coming ashore in the open boat after the burning of the Black Prince."

"I was twenty-eight," Kumuhana resumed. "It sounds right. I remember well Boki's brass guns at Waikiki. Kahekili died, too, at the time, at Waikiki. The people to this day believe his bones were taken to the *Hale o Keawe* [mausoleum] at Honaunau, in Kona—"

"And long afterward were brought to the royal mausoleum here in Honolulu," Pool supplemented.

"Also, Kanaka Oolea, there are some who believe to this day that Queen Alice has them stored with the rest of her ancestral bones in the big jars in her tabu room. All are wrong. I know. The sacred bones of Kahekili are gone and forever gone. They rest nowhere. They have ceased to be. And many *kona* winds have whitened the surf at Waikiki since the last man looked upon the last of Kahekili. I alone remain alive of those men. I am the last man, and I was not glad to be at the finish.

"For see! I was a young man, and my heart was white-hot lava for Malia, who was in Kahekili's household. So was Anapuni's heart white-hot for her, though the color of his heart was black, as you shall see. We were at a drinking that night—Anapuni and I—the night that Kahekili died. Anapuni and I were only commoners, as were all of us *kanakas* and *wahines* who were at the drinking with the common sailors and whale-ship men from before the mast.

"It was past midnight, I remember well, when I saw Malia, whom never had I seen at a drinking, come across the wet-hard sand of the beach. My brain burned like red cinders of hell as I looked upon Anapuni look upon her. Oh, I know it was whisky and rum and youth that made the heat of me; but there, in that moment, the mad mind of me resolved, if she spoke to him and yielded to dance with him first, that I would put both my hands round his throat and throw him down and under the *wahine* surf there beside us, and drown and choke out his life and the obstacle of him that stood between me and her. For know that she had never decided between us, and it was because of him that she was not already and long since mine.

"She was a grand young woman, with a body generous as that of a chiefess and more wonderful, as she came upon us, across the wet sand, in the shimmer of the moonlight. Her walk! It was not the walk of a girl but of a woman. She did not flutter forward like rippling wavelets on a reef-sheltered, placid beach. There was that in her manner of walk that was big and queen-like, like the motion of the forces of nature, like the rhythmic flow of lava down the slopes of Kau to the sea, like the movement of the huge, orderly trade-wind seas, like the rise and fall of the four great tides of the year that may be like music in the eternal ear of God.

"Anapuni was nearest. But she looked at me. Have you ever heard a call, Kanaka Oolea, that is without sound yet is louder than the conches of God? So called she to me across that circle of the drinking. I half rose, for I was not yet full drunken; but Anapuni's arm caught her and drew her, and I sank back on my elbow and watched and raged. He was for making her sit beside him, and I waited. Did she sit, and, next, dance with him, I knew that ere morning Anapuni would be a dead man, choked and drowned by me in the shallow surf.

"Strange, is it not, Kanaka Oolea, all this heat called 'love'? Yet it is not strange. It must be so in the time of one's youth, else would mankind not go on."

"That is why the desire of woman must be greater than the desire of life," Pool concurred. "Else would there be neither men nor women."

"Yes," said Kumuhana; "but it is many a year now since the last of such heat has gone out of me. I remember it as one remembers an old sunrise—a thing that was. And so one grows old, and cold, and drinks gin, not for madness but for warmth. And the milk is very nourishing.

"But Malia did not sit beside him. I remember her eyes were wild, her hair down and flying as she bent over him and whispered in his ear. And her hair covered him about and hid him as she whispered, and the sight of it pounded my heart against my ribs and dizzied my head till hardly could I half see. And I willed myself with all the will of me that if, in short minutes, she did not come over to me, I would go across the circle and get her.

"It was one of the things never to be— You remember Chief Konukalani? Himself he strode up to the circle. His face was black with anger. He gripped Malia, not by the arm but by the hair, and dragged her away behind him and was gone. Of that, even now, can I understand not the half. I, who was for slaying Anapuni because of her, raised neither hand nor voice of protest when Konukalani dragged her away by the hair—nor did Anapuni. Of course we were common men, and he was a chief. That I know. But why should two common men, mad with desire of woman, with desire of woman stronger in them than desire of life, let any one chief, even the highest in the land, drag the woman away by the hair? Desiring her more than life, why should the two men fear to slay then and immediately the one chief? Here is something stronger than life, stronger than woman; but what is it—and why?"

"I will answer you," said Hardman Pool. "It is so because most men are fools, and therefore must be taken care of by the few men who are wise. Such is the secret of chiefship. You think but one day at a time, while we, your chiefs, think for you all days and far days ahead. But the bones of Kahekili—Chief Konukalani had just dragged away Malia by the hair of the head, and you and Anapuni sat on without protest in the circle of drinking. What was it Malia whispered in Anapuni's ear?"

"That Kahekili was dead. That was what she whispered to Anapuni. That Kahekili was dead, just dead, and that the chiefs, ordering all within the house to remain within, were debating the disposal of the bones and meat of him before word of his death should get abroad. That the high priest, Eopo, was deciding then, and that she had overheard no less than Anapuni and me chosen as the sacrifices to go the way of Kahekili and his bones and to care for him afterward and forever in the shadowy other world."

"The *moepuu*, the human sacrifice," Pool commented. "Yet it was nine years since the coming of the missionaries."

"And it was the year before their coming that the idols were cast down and the tabus broken," Kumuhana added. "But the chiefs still practised the old ways, the custom of *hunakele*, and hid the bones of the *aliis* where no man should find them and make fish-hooks of their jaws or arrow-heads of their long bones for the slaying of little mice in sport. Behold, O Kanaka Oolea!"

The old man thrust out his tongue, and, to Pool's amazement, he saw the surface of that sensitive organ, from root to tip, tattooed in intricate designs.

"That was done after the missionaries came, several years afterward, when Keopuloani died. Also, did I knock out four of my front teeth, and half-circles did I burn over my body with blazing bark. And whoever ventured out of doors that night was slain by the chiefs. Nor could a light be shown in a house or a whisper of noise be made. Even dogs and hogs that made a noise were slain, nor all that night were the ships' bells of the *haoles* in the harbor allowed to strike. It was a terrible thing in those days when an *alii* died.

"But the night that Kahekili died— We sat on in the drinking circle after Konukalani dragged Malia away by the hair. Some of the *haole* sailors grumbled; but they were few in the land in those days and the *kanakas* many. And never was Malia seen of men again. Konukalani alone knew the manner of her slaying, and he never told. And, in after years, what common men like Anapuni and I should dare to question him?

"Now, she had told Anapuni before she was dragged away. But Anapuni's heart was black. Me, he did not tell. Worthy he was of the killing I had intended for him. There was a giant harpooner in the circle, whose singing was like the bellowing of bulls; and, gazing on him in amazement while he roared some song of the sea, when next I looked across the circle to Anapuni, Anapuni was gone. He had fled to the high mountains where he could hide with the bird-catchers a week of moons. This I learned afterward.

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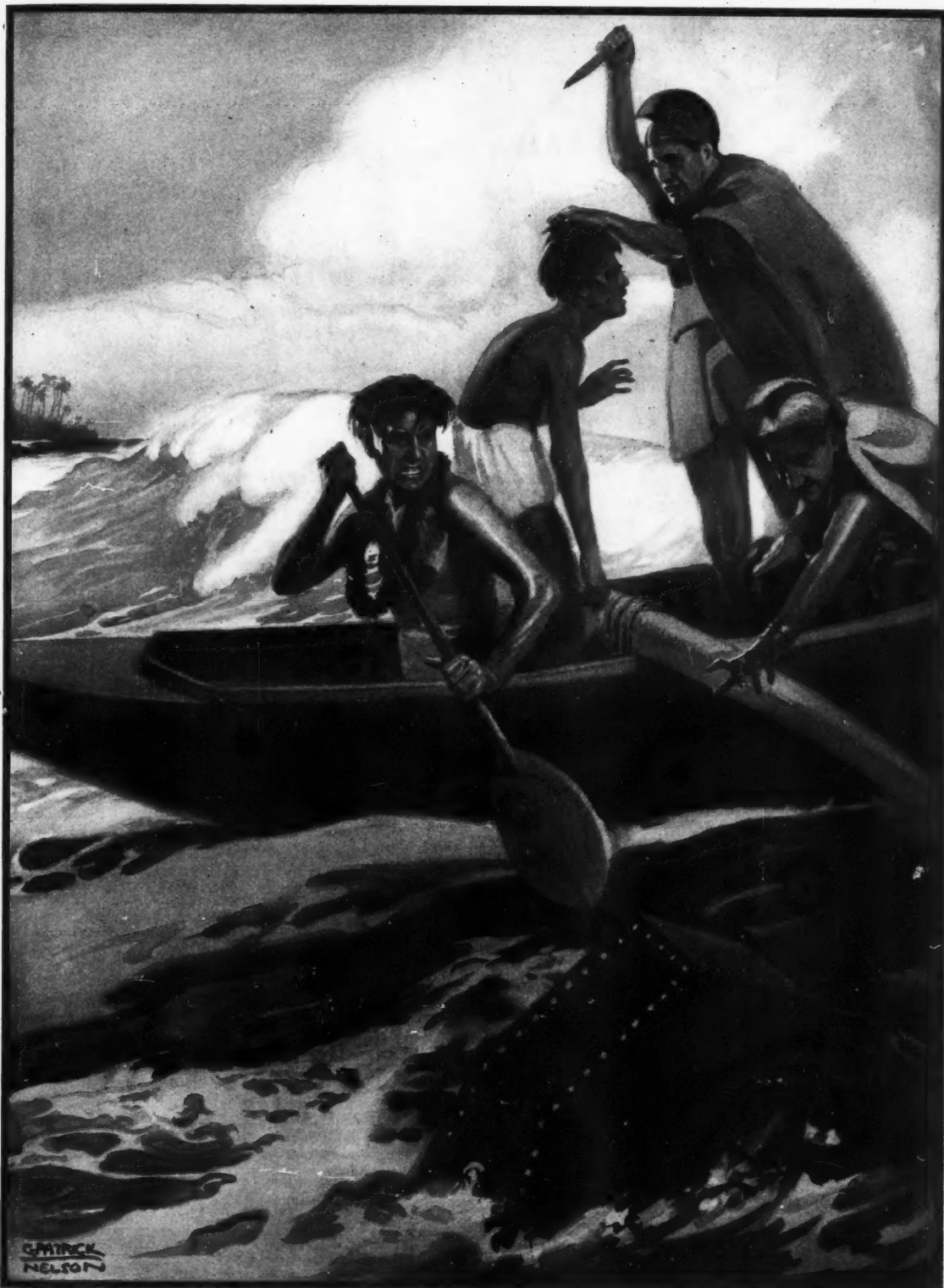
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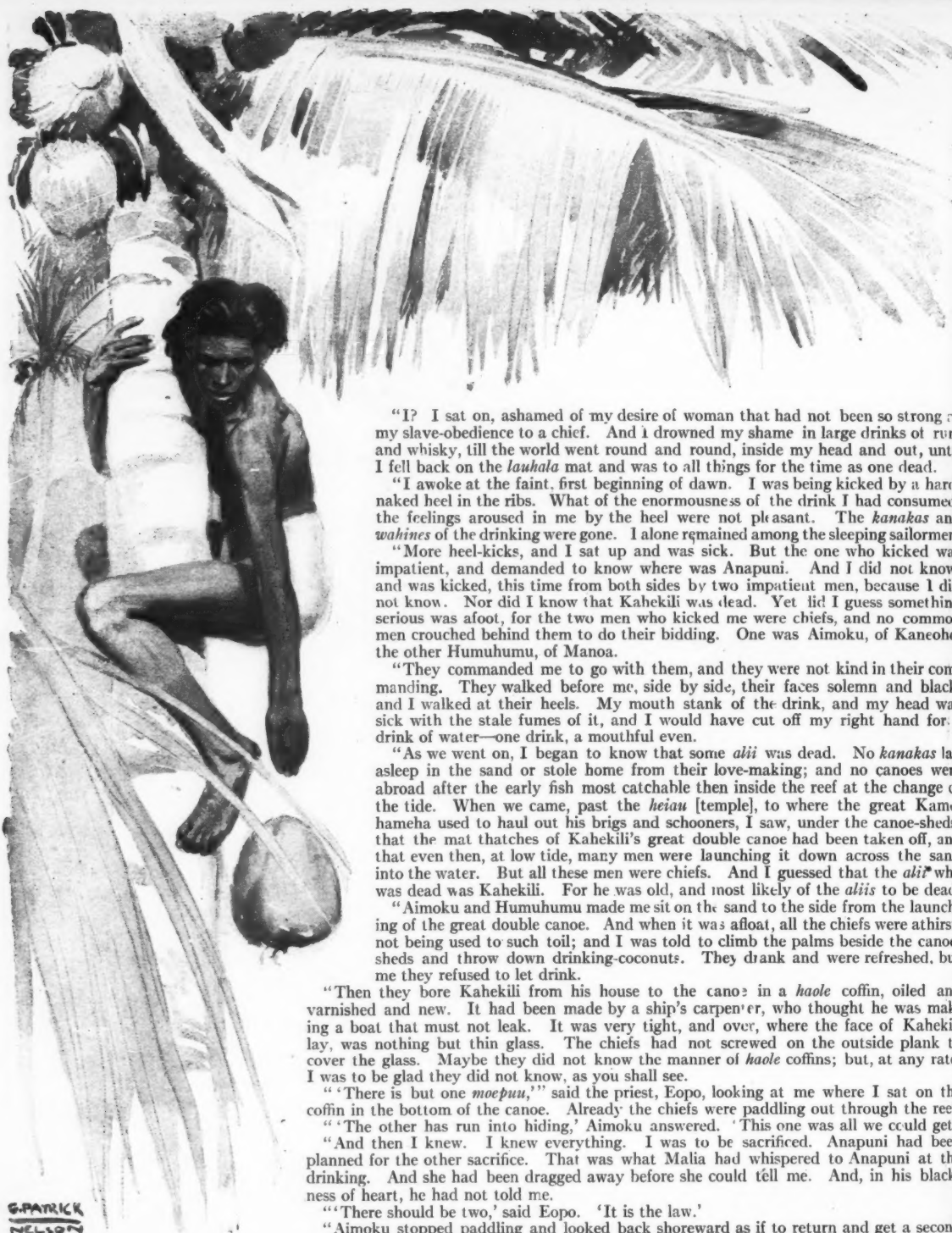
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DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

"Eopo, priest though he was, was likewise afraid, and his reason weakened before the sight of Kabekili in his *hoo* coffin that would not sink. He seized me by the hair, drew me to my feet, and lifted the knife to plunge to my heart. And there was no resistance in me"



G. PATRICK
NELSON

"I was told to climb the palms beside the canoe-sheds and throw down drinking-coconuts"

"I? I sat on, ashamed of my desire of woman that had not been so strong as my slave-obedience to a chief. And I drowned my shame in large drinks of rum and whisky, till the world went round and round, inside my head and out, until I fell back on the *lauhala* mat and was to all things for the time as one dead.

"I awoke at the faint, first beginning of dawn. I was being kicked by a hard, naked heel in the ribs. What of the enormity of the drink I had consumed, the feelings aroused in me by the heel were not pleasant. The *kanakas* and *wahines* of the drinking were gone. I alone remained among the sleeping sailormen.

"More heel-kicks, and I sat up and was sick. But the one who kicked was impatient, and demanded to know where was Anapuni. And I did not know, and was kicked, this time from both sides by two impatient men, because I did not know. Nor did I know that Kahekili was dead. Yet did I guess something serious was afoot, for the two men who kicked me were chiefs, and no common men crouched behind them to do their bidding. One was Aimoku, of Kaneohe; the other Humuhumu, of Manoa.

"They commanded me to go with them, and they were not kind in their commanding. They walked before me, side by side, their faces solemn and black, and I walked at their heels. My mouth stank of the drink, and my head was sick with the stale fumes of it, and I would have cut off my right hand for a drink of water—one drink, a mouthful even.

"As we went on, I began to know that some *alii* was dead. No *kanakas* lay asleep in the sand or stole home from their love-making; and no canoes were abroad after the early fish most catchable then inside the reef at the change of the tide. When we came, past the *heiau* [temple], to where the great Kamehameha used to haul out his brigs and schooners, I saw, under the canoe-sheds, that the mat thatches of Kahekili's great double canoe had been taken off, and that even then, at low tide, many men were launching it down across the sand into the water. But all these men were chiefs. And I guessed that the *alii* who was dead was Kahekili. For he was old, and most likely of the *alii*s to be dead.

"Aimoku and Humuhumu made me sit on the sand to the side from the launching of the great double canoe. And when it was afloat, all the chiefs were athirst not being used to such toil; and I was told to climb the palms beside the canoe-sheds and throw down drinking-coconuts. They drank and were refreshed, but me they refused to let drink.

"Then they bore Kahekili from his house to the canoe in a *haole* coffin, oiled and varnished and new. It had been made by a ship's carpenter, who thought he was making a boat that must not leak. It was very tight, and over, where the face of Kahekili lay, was nothing but thin glass. The chiefs had not screwed on the outside plank to cover the glass. Maybe they did not know the manner of *haole* coffins; but, at any rate, I was to be glad they did not know, as you shall see.

"There is but one *moepuu*," said the priest, Eopo, looking at me where I sat on the coffin in the bottom of the canoe. Already the chiefs were paddling out through the reef.

"The other has run into hiding," Aimoku answered. "This one was all we could get."

"And then I knew. I knew everything. I was to be sacrificed. Anapuni had been planned for the other sacrifice. That was what Malia had whispered to Anapuni at the drinking. And she had been dragged away before she could tell me. And, in his blackness of heart, he had not told me.

"There should be two," said Eopo. "It is the law."

"Aimoku stopped paddling and looked back shoreward as if to return and get a second sacrifice. But several of the chiefs contended no, saying that all commoners were fled to the mountains or were lying tabu in their houses, and that it might take days before they could catch one. In the end, Eopo gave in, though he grumbled from time to time that the law required two *moepuus*.

"We paddled on, past Diamond Head and abreast of Koko Head till we were in the midway of the Molokai Channel. There was quite a sea running, though the trade-wind was blowing light. The chiefs rested from their paddles, save for the steersmen, who kept the canoe's bow on to the wind and swell. And, ere they proceeded further in the matter, they opened more coconuts and drank.

"I do not mind so much being the *moepuu*," I said to Humuhumu; "but I should like to have a drink before I am slain." I got no drink. But I spoke (Continued on page 102)



"Larboard watch ahoy!
Just watch this Campbell's boy—
Sailing free o'er the bounding sea
On a tide of health and joy."

Keep at "high tide"—it pays.

You know the difference. You can neither feel right nor work right unless you're in top-notch physical condition.

With vitality at high tide you don't have to "lay off" every little while.

You don't have to go to the shore or the mountains to recuperate.

Work or weather doesn't take it out of you. Good appetite and good digestion are your one sure means of health and vitality. To be certain of these you should eat a good soup every day. Begin today's dinner or luncheon with

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is an unfailing appetizer, a true natural stimulator, a wholesome food—all at once.

It supplies important food-elements which cannot be overlooked in building up health and vigorous condition.

It not only produces energy in itself but it so strengthens the digestive powers that other food yields you more energy, too.

Serve it as a Cream of Tomato when you want it especially rich and nourishing.

Don't think of this as only an "extra" or a cold-weather dish. All authorities agree that good soup is an essential food all the year round.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case, so you will always have it at hand.

Try the new Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup

We have blended high-grade vegetables with selected beef and a nutritious stock to make this soup extra hearty and substantial. You could make a meal of it any time.

21 kinds

12c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Bones of Kahekili

(Continued from page 100)



"You can't Afford to Experiment on baby—

"Of course I sell other good Talcums, but, on the other hand, there are some that are not as good and which are injurious to delicate baby skin. I feel safer to have you take Mennen's old reliable Borated for your baby.

"Possibly that's because I've supplied Mennen's to several generations of babies. Your own mother used it on you.

"I've noticed that nurses nearly always take Mennen Borated Talcum when they are on a baby case. It's just because no one likes to experiment on baby. Mennen's is safe."

Mennen's is safe. Doesn't that apply to adult skin as well as to baby skin? Do you get all the hot weather comfort you can out of a box of Mennen's? A talcum shower after your bath makes clothes feel loose and prevents clinging of undergarments.

Use Talcum in tight shoes—Talcum between the sheets on a hot night.

Our Talcum for Men is neutral in tone so that it doesn't show—delightful after shaving. Get a box for Him.

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With the Original Borated Formula
Include Borated, Violet, Flesh Tint,
Cream Tint, Talcum for Men

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true. I was too sick of the much whisky and rum to be afraid to die. O Kanaka Oolea, what animals young men are with the drink!

"The priest Eopo sang a long *mele* about Kahekili's mother, and his mother's mother, and all their mothers all the way back to the beginning of time. And it seemed I must die of my sand-hot dryness ere he was done. And he called upon all the gods of the underworld, the middle world, and the overworld to care for and cherish the dead *alii* about to be consigned to them, and to carry out the curses—they were terrible curses—he laid upon all living men and men to live after who might tamper with the bones of Kahekili to use them in sport of vermin-slaying.

"At the very end, though I was near dead myself, and nearer to die under the priest's knife, he sang what I have remembered every word of. Listen! It was thus—" And, in quavering falsetto, with the customary broken notes, the old man sang.

"A Maori death-chant unmistakable," Pool exclaimed, "sung by an Hawaiian with a tattooed tongue! Repeat it once again, and I shall say it to you in English.

And when it had been repeated, he spoke it slowly in English.

"But death is nothing new. Death is and has been ever since old Maui died. Then Pata-tai laughed loud And woke the goblin god, Who severed him in two and shut him in, So dusk of eve came on."

"And at the last," Kumuhana resumed, "I was not slain. Eopo, the killing knife in hand and ready to lift for the blow, did not lift. And I? How did I feel and think? Often, Kanaka Oolea, have I since laughed at the memory of it. I felt very thirsty. I did not want to die. I wanted a drink of water. I knew I was going to die, and I kept remembering the thousand waterfalls falling to waste down the *palis* [precipices] of the windward Koolau Mountains. I did not think of Anapuni. I was too thirsty. I did not think of Malia. I was too thirsty. And in the bottom of the canoe rolled about many drinking-nuts. Yet I did not attempt to drink, for these were chiefs, and I was a common man.

"No," said Eopo, commanding the chiefs to throw overboard the coffin; "there are not two *moeopus*. Therefore there shall be none."

"Slay the one!" the chiefs cried. "But Eopo shook his head, and said, 'We cannot send Kahekili on his way with only the tops of the taro.'"

"Half a fish is better than none," Aimoku said the old saying.

"Not at the burying of an *alii*," was the priest's quick reply. "It is the law. We cannot be niggard with Kahekili and cut his allotment of sacrifice in half."

"So, for the moment, while the coffin went overside, I was not slain. And it was strange that I was glad immediately that I was to live. And I began to remember Malia, and to begin to plot a vengeance on Anapuni. And with the blood of life thus freshening in me, my thirst multiplied on itself tenfold, and my tongue and mouth

and throat seemed as sanded as the tongue of the harpooner. The coffin being overboard, I was sitting in the bottom of the canoe. A coconut rolled between my legs, and I closed them on it. But as I picked it up in my hand, Aimoku smote my hand with the paddle-edge. Behold!"

He held up the hand, showing two fingers crooked from never having been set.

"I had no time to vex over my pain, for worse things were upon me. All the chiefs were crying out a horror. The coffin, head end up, had not sunk. It bobbed up and down in the sea astern of us. And the canoe, without way on it, bow on to sea and wind, was drifted down by sea and wind upon the coffin. And the glass of it was to us, so that we could see the face and head of Kahekili through the glass; and he grinned at us through the glass and seemed alive already in the other world and angry with us, and, with other-world power, about to wreak his anger upon us.

"Kill him!" "Bleed him!" "Thrust to the heart of him!" These things the chiefs were crying out to Eopo in their fear. "Over with the taro tops!" "Let the *alii* have the half of a fish!"

"Eopo, priest though he was, was likewise afraid, and his reason weakened before the sight of Kahekili in his *haole* coffin that would not sink. He seized me by the hair, drew me to my feet, and lifted the knife to plunge to my heart. And there was no resistance in me.

"But before the knife could fall and drive in, the thing happened that saved me. Akai, half-brother to Governor Boki, as you will remember, was steersman of the canoe, and, therefore, in the stern, was nearest to the coffin and its dead that would not sink. He was wild with fear, and he thrust out with his paddle to fend off the confined *alii* that seemed bent to come on board. The point of the paddle struck the glass. The glass broke—"

"And the coffin immediately sank," Hardman Pool broke in, "the air that floated it escaping through the broken glass."

"The coffin immediately sank, being builded by the ship's carpenter like a boat," Kumuhana confirmed. "And I, who was a *moeopus*, lived.

"And so, O Kanaka Oolea, the bones of Kahekili do not lie in the royal mausoleum. They are at the bottom of Molokai Channel, if not, long since, they have become floating dust or slime, or, builded into the bodies of the coral creatures dead and gone."

In the pause that followed, wherein Hardman Pool was deep-sunk in meditation, Kumuhana licked his dry lips many times. At the last, he broke silence.

"The twelve dollars, Kanaka Oolea, for the jackass and the second-hand saddle and bridle?"

"The twelve dollars would be thine," Pool responded, passing to the ancient one six dollars and a half, "save that I have in my stable-junk the very bridle and saddle for you which I shall give you. These six dollars and a half will buy you the perfectly suitable jackass of the Chinese at Kokako, who told me only yesterday that such was the price."

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Perspiration hurts fabrics

Laundry your blouse the moment it gets soiled

YOU had a very precious little blouse, and you laid it away so carefully—and yet it wore out almost before you knew it!

Your soft taupe crêpe de Chine, your dull yellow chiffon, your latest lilac voile—how promptly the threads grow weak and break when you lay them away without washing them.

If you only knew how to make them last longer!

When you put away a blouse that is even slightly soiled, have you ever stopped to think what happens to it? Perspiration contains acids—acids that attack the fabric and make it "tender." Leaving your blouse even a day like this will damage it.

The moment your blouse gets soiled, dip it into pure Lux suds!

Lux comes in dainty white flakes—pure and transparent. They melt instantly in hot water. You whisk them up into the richest foamiest suds, the most wonderful suds there are for dainty things!

You add cold water till lukewarm, and dip the fabric through the delicate suds again and again. Then rinse in clear water once, twice,

three times—and the blouse is as fresh and fair as the day you bought it! Not a color dimmed, not a fibre torn or weakened in any way!

Use Lux the moment a thing becomes soiled. The gentle Lux way of washing saves it from the damage even a trace of perspiration does to delicate things.

Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.

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Voiles	Organdie Blouses
Chiffons	Crêpe de Chine Blouses
Sweaters	Corsets
Blankets	Spats
Silk Underwear	Damasks

If you are not sure
a color is fast

First wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs, try to set it before washing, by soaking in half a cupful of vinegar to a gallon of cold water, first testing sample. Then rinse before washing. Lux won't cause any colors to run which pure water alone will not cause to run.

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Soap, Ointment, Talcum 25c each.
Samples of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston"

Clear Out Rats In 3 Nights

"Rough On Rats" rids your premises of all
rats and mice in 3 nights. Change the bait
you mix with "Rough On Rats"—that's the
secret. Rats won't eat the same food that
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My Eyelashes and Eyebrows?**

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better every time I look at it. I think it is finer than a
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Send No Money Just send your name and finger
size, we'll send a Lachnite ring, set in solid gold, prepaid, to your home; when it comes
deposit \$4.75 with the postman, and wear the ring 10 full
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diamond, send it back. If you return the ring in ten
days we will return your deposit. If you decide to keep
it, send \$2.50 a month until \$15.75 is paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which
"set" or "men's" size you want. We will send you a Lachnite ring.
Harold Lachnite Co., 12N. Michigan Ave., Dept. B 104 Chicago

They sat on, Pool meditating, conning over and over to himself the Maori death-chant he had heard, finding in it an intense satisfaction of beauty, Kumuhana licking his lips and tokening that he waited for something more. At last, he broke silence.

"I have talked long, O Kanaka Oolea. There is not the enduring moistness in my mouth that was when I was young. It seems that afresh upon me is the thirst that was mine when tormented by the visioned tongue of the harpooner. The gin and milk is very good, O Kanaka Oolea, for a tongue that is like the harpooner's."

A shadow of a smile flickered across Pool's face. He clapped his hands, and the little maid came running.

"Bring one glass of gin and milk for old Kumuhana," commanded Hardman Pool.

The Story I Can't Write

(Continued from page 50)

I said I went to town for a good time. I said I wanted to be a soldier. He read the letter and looked very sad and then he talked to me.

"My son," he said, "when thee was a little child, thy mother abandoned thee. Who took thee then, and gave thee a home and love and care in sickness and religious teaching?"

"Thee did, pa," I said.

"Thee knowst that we are Friends, that we hate war and all the works thereof, that we abhor the thought of its blood and butchery and unchristian cruelty. And now our own son would be a soldier, would learn to shoot and to kill, and make that his business. Thee has no right to desert us who never deserted thee. My son, do not do this—this ungodly thing."

"All right, pa," I said; "I won't."

It hurt. I had a soldier's blood in me. My father was a soldier; my son is a soldier, and I wanted to be one.

But I gave it up. It broke my heart, but I felt I had no right to break the hearts of the people who had given me the only love I had ever known.

I stayed on the farm for years. Then I decided to be a lawyer. I studied in the office of the congressman who offered me the appointment, and was admitted to the bar, and I moved away to another state, where I built up a fair practise. But politics interested me, and finally I became the chairman of the State Committee.

A reporter interviewed me and asked about my parents, and I told him I hadn't any, or didn't know what had become of them. He wrote quite a piece about it, and it was copied all over the country.

One day, I got a telegram from Freneau, New York. It said:

I am your mother's sister. Please communicate.

CLARA SHULL.

I communicated with the first train east. When I got to Freneau, I asked about the Shulls. I was told they lived on a farm just north of town.

There was no hack at the station, and I walked out, trying to remember the village, but I couldn't recall anything about it. I finally saw a farmhouse and felt that it must be the place. The doors

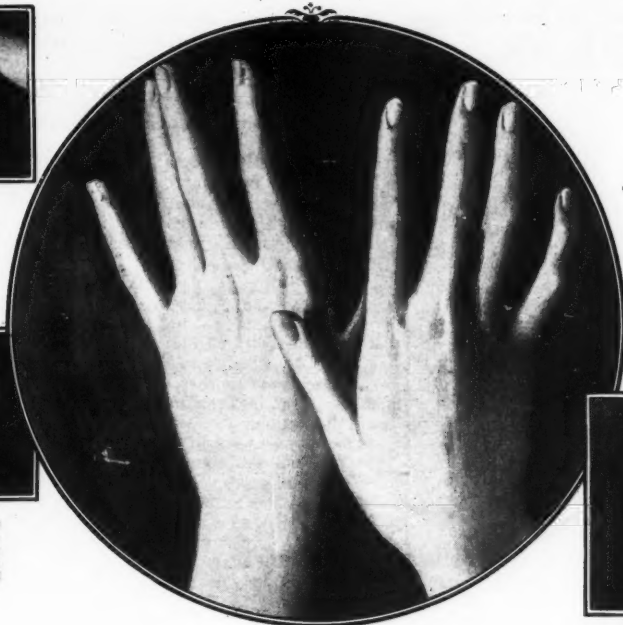
If you haven't yet tried Cutex, make up your mind to send for the trial set today. See how noticeably better your nails look after their first Cutex manicure!



Stains and discolorations disappear as if by magic the moment you apply Cutex Nail White underneath the nails



A lasting, brilliant gloss or a soft, transparent finish, just as you prefer, you can get with Cutex Nail Polish



"So smooth does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails, I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut."

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How to keep your nails looking freshly manicured all the time

YOUR nails look unbelievably lovely after their Cutex manicure!

They are so shapely, so exquisitely groomed; the cuticle edge at their base is as smooth, firm and even as if they had just had a professional manicure. You are delighted with their appearance.

Keep them looking lovely, always!

Spasmodic attention won't do it—having your nails manicured *occasionally* may only make the cuticle look worse, in the long run. But, with a bottle of Cutex at hand, it is so easy to keep your cuticle *always* smooth and firm.

So little trouble, too

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and windows were open, but there was nobody at home. I heard voices in the orchard, and I walked out there.

Nobody was to be seen, but there were ladders up the trees and feet on the ladders, and people talking to each other as they picked the apples.

As I came near, a woman backed down a ladder. She had an apron full of apples. She turned her head and caught sight of me. She let her apron go and the apples fell to the ground. She came hurrying after them, and she said:

"You're Tommy Farley! I'd know you anywhere by your mother's eyes."

She ran to hug me, but I was angry. All my childhood loneliness came back on me, and I kept her away while I said,

"Where is my mother, and why didn't she ever come back for me when she left me in the station?"

"Oh, my poor boy, she had a sunstroke in the street and was taken to a hospital and died there without ever saying a word."

I put my arms round my aunt then and cried and cried. I was a hard old politician of thirty-five, but I wept myself out. Then I grew hot again, and I said:

"Why didn't you ever look for me? You were her sister."

She sighed.

"My husband was what they called a 'copperhead,' and we were driven out of the state. We went to Canada and stayed till after the war. We couldn't get word, and afterward, when we were allowed to come back to this country, my husband went to Cincinnati to bring your mother's body home from the potter's field."

"They had learned her name from some papers in her hand-bag, but they didn't know of her boy. Cincinnati was in such a state then, and the hospitals were overcrowded. And when my husband asked for you, you were hopelessly lost. The years went on and on, and then, the other day, we happened to read your story in the paper, and I telegraphed you right away."

"And I came right away," I said. "But my father—why didn't he look for me?"

"He died of his wounds."

Well, it was kind of pitiful to be so alone, but it helped some to find that I was human, and hadn't "just grown." When we were quieted down a little, my aunt said:

"But what's that 'J' in your name? The paper calls you 'Thomas J. Farley.'"

"I took that name from Pa Jemison," I said. And then I had to tell her all about him.

Did I ever hear from Poke Swinton again? Funny thing about that. A few years ago I was out West with a group of big railroad men, including old Jake Walker.

We were standing in the lobby of a big hotel when somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I turned and saw a big, strapping giant smiling at me. He said,

"You don't know me, do you?"

I had to say,

"I can't just recall you at the moment."

He said,

"Well, you slept with me for two years."

"Poke Swinton!" I shouted, and nearly wrung his hand off.

"What are you doing with those fellers?" he said.

"Oh, I'm out on a little railroad business."

The next Rupert Hughes story, *Chicken-feed*, will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.

"Well, you steer clear of that gang Old Jake Walker will steal every cent you've got. Have you got any?"

"Not much," I said.

"I tell you what you do. I got a nice safe business here, and I'll take you in as a partner."

He took me out to his place. He had a wholesale business in barbers' supplies and begged me to come in with him.

I told him I couldn't, and I told Jake Walker what Poke said of him. Old Jake laughed himself sick and insisted on seeing the store. Poke showed him round and old Jake was very complimentary but Poke said,

"Well, I can't take back much of what I said."

And Jake laughed again.

I never saw Poke again, but a couple of years ago I was taken suddenly ill in Pittsburgh. I went to the hospital and stayed there for months—like to have died. My wife and daughter came to be with me.

It got into the papers that I was ill there, and one day a letter came from Poke. It said he had read that I was sick in hospital and he knew I was broke. He had saved up in his lifetime thirty-six hundred dollars, and he enclosed me a check for half of it. I could have the rest of it if I wanted it.

Well, I read the letter and looked at that check for eighteen hundred dollars, and I cried. And my wife read it, and she cried, and my daughter read it, and—well, we had a great old cry.

I wouldn't for worlds have written Poke that I was independent of his fatherly anxiety, so I wrote him that I was just as much obliged, but I had enough money to pay my doctors' bills and the hospital charges, and I had a job waiting for me when I got well, so I asked him to keep the money till I really needed it, and sent it back. I hated to do it, too, because I knew Poke wanted to feel that he still had to take care of me just as much as when he was a little newsboy and found me crying on the street for my lost mother.

Well, that's my story. I've succeeded in life after a fashion, I suppose. I've got a wife and a daughter, and a son who's a soldier. I'm here in Washington in a big position, and I guess I'm what would be called a successful man. But I'm worried all the time about something, and now it's war-times again and my boy is in France. He may be lost somewhere, as my father was and as I was.

So that's why I say I was never really free or really happy except when I was a five-year-old newsboy without a home or parents or anything—Here's Philadelphia. Let's get out and stretch our legs.

But at Philadelphia we others had to stop off for a banquet, and we left him to continue his journey. We wanted to ask about his love-story, for he must have had one, with that wife, that doubtless beautiful daughter, and that heroic son.

But his train would not wait.

And now you have the story as I had it. There seems to me to be a lot in it, a lot of American life, and significance. But as for telling it properly—I repeat, it is too much for me. Perhaps it is not too much for you.

that gang.
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Columbia Grafonola

Miss Columbia Celebrates the Fourth

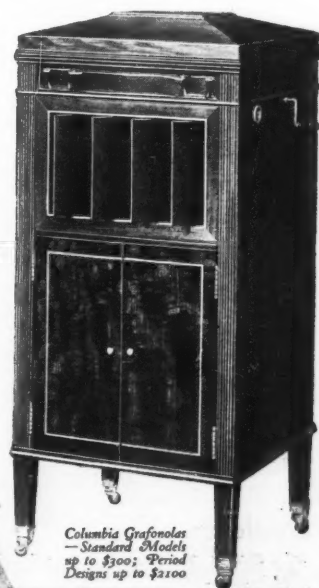
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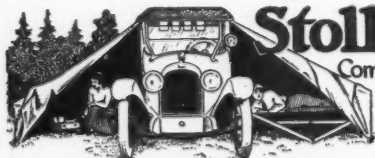
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Branded

(Continued from page 38)

isn't the only way of identifying people. A tattoo-mark will serve just as well."

Pulling her hand nearer to him, he drove the needle into the soft flesh just where the palm joins the wrist.

Three times he jabbed the needle into the shrinking wrist—deep, slanting, ragged jabs. He had no time for a fourth stab. Whimpering with agony and fright, the woman struck out in blind horror with her other fist. The random blow smote Jim Ross heavily across the bridge of the nose.

Anguish at the impact added to the surprise of the attack. Instinctively, Jim slackened his hold on the branded wrist. And the prisoner took quick advantage of her chance.

Next morning, Jim Ross was the first man to enter the hall, where the guests always assembled for breakfast. One by one, the other men joined him there. But not a woman appeared. Even Helen Ward—a notoriously early riser—had not yet come from the dormitory. Jim waited her advent with quiet anticipation. As he waited, he strolled over to Walton.

"Walt," he said cryptically, "when the women come in, watch for one with a smudge or a sore or a bunch of scratches on the inside of her right wrist. Look sharp for it. And then remember I told you about it beforehand."

"What's the main idea?" asked Walton, puzzled.

Before Jim could reply, Mrs. Greaves came into the hall full of apologies for her own lateness and with word that the other women would be with them in a minute or so. Jim Ross did not hear a syllable of her salutation. His eyes were glued to her outstretched wrist as she shook hands with Walton.

His glance focused on a saffron smudge nestling in the crease between wrist and palm. And his jaw drooped in crass amaze.

It was not Helen Ward, then—it was this stately, gracious, lofty-souled hostess, this ideal wife and mother whom he had seen clinging so adoringly to Barry Cahill, there in the moonlit garden, when all her guests were supposedly in their dormitories!

A closer covert look at the hostess's wrist, as she shook hands with a man still nearer to him, revealed to Jim that the supposed smudge was a cleverly wrought bit of tattooing. On a space no larger than a girl's little finger nail was pricked a tiny saffron heart transfixed by a rosy arrow.

A second woman was coming into the hall from the dormitory—a buxom and noisy damsel named Polly Armytage. She was nursing her right hand in the cupped palm of the left, and looking down solicitously at her wrist as if it hurt her.

As Miss Armytage brushed past Jim, in her progress toward Mrs. Greaves, he saw that the wrist which she was so worriedly scanning bore, in its juncture-crease, an arrow-transfixed heart of the same size and hue as the hostess's. And his head began to swim.

A moment afterward, Helen Ward entered. Glowing with youth and health, she gave the impression of a sweep of mountain air in a hot room. Walton Ross hurried across to greet her. Jim, moving like

a sleep-walker, tagged at his brother's heels. And, by so doing, he saw something that escaped Walton's lovely gaze. Walton was looking into his sweetheart's laughing eyes. Jim was studying the wrist of the hand she had extended to his brother. And on that wrist he discerned a replica of the heart and arrow.

The three remaining women came in together. Jim Ross, hypnotized, ambled across the long hall to greet them—an act of effusive courtesy that astonished them all, especially his own wondering wife, who was last of the trio. On all three right wrists—even on Marcia's—he saw the tiny saffron heart and its pink arrow.

With a warning scowl, he stayed Marcia's further progress into the hall. Calling her away from the rest, Jim pointed dramatically to his frightened wife's wrist. Growling the words from deep down in his throat, he demanded:

"What's the meaning of this? What's the meaning of it? Speak up!"

"Please, Jim," she protested, shrinking back from her vehement spouse; "please! People are looking. Please don't growl like that, dear, or glower at me so, when everyone is here. And it—it frightens me to—"

"I'll speak and look as I choose!" he cut in, too angry to heed her almost tearful plea. "Tell me what all you women mean by tattooing yourselves like that! Tell me!"

"Oh!" quavered Marcia. "The hearts on our wrists? I—I didn't know you'd mind. Last evening, you seemed so interested in the pictures, and—"

"Tell me!" he interrupted harshly.

"Why," she faltered, trying not to cry as his accusing glare summoned her to answer, "why, there's nothing much to tell. Cherry San did it. This morning. That's what made us late. We—we thought it would be a lark and—and a pretty souvenir of this visit—if—if we all six had the same little design put on our wrists. We—I didn't think you'd mind, Jim. Honestly—"

"Who suggested the idea?" demanded Jim, his legal instincts aflutter. "Whose idea was it for you all to be tattooed with the same design—and in the same spot? Hey? Whose?"

"Why—why—I think—that is—why, it was Helen Ward," replied Marcia. "She suggested it only for a lark, Jim," pleaded the unhappy woman. "She didn't mean any harm. Oh, please don't let it make you dislike her any more than you do! She's a dear. And—"

"She's a—" began Jim hotly, only to be cut short by the signal for breakfast.

As the guests trooped into the sunny breakfast-room, Jim found chance to whisper to Marcia:

"Did you happen to notice Miss Ward's wrist before it was tattooed—or while it was being done? Did you?"

"Why," bleated Marcia, "I didn't. I was so—"

"Yes," grunted Jim. "You always are."

Sullenly he sat down to breakfast. As he made pretense of eating, he gave grudging tribute to Helen Ward's alert wit. Yes; he bowed in glum resignation to her genius. Humbly, if ungraciously, he realized that she had beaten him.

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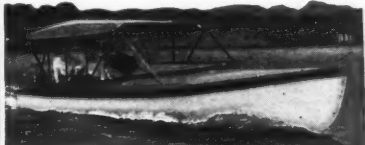
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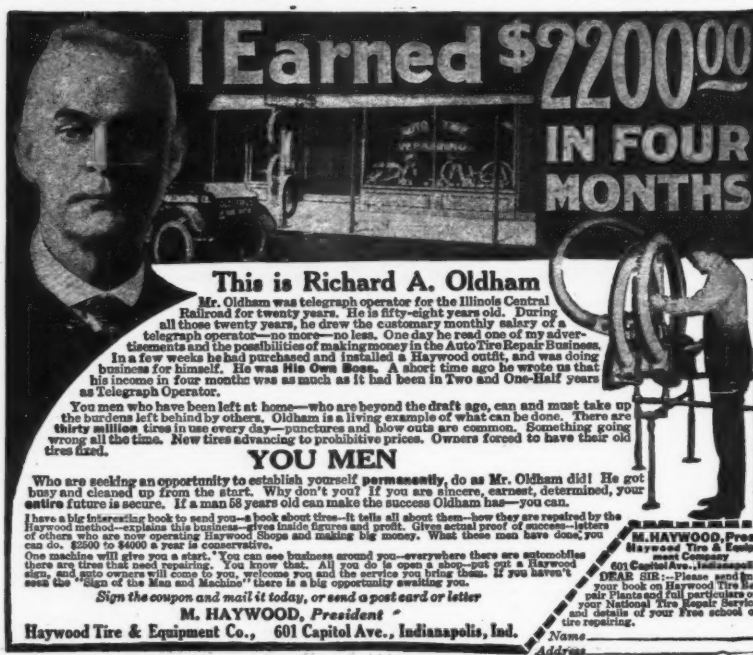


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Jim's court-room experience had taught him that. And it had taught him how best to make such attack. Wherefore, as they arose from the table, he succeeded in drawing Helen Ward to one side in a niche of the veranda.

"Miss Ward," he began abruptly, "I stood here, last evening, while the dance was going on. I heard Barry Cahill arrange to go to the Italian garden with you. Something interfered, and you said you'd go later. He——"

"You heard remarkably well, Mr. Ross—for an eavesdropper," she made answer, her level gaze steadily upon his. "But even the most accomplished eavesdropper can't hear everything. Mr. Cahill brought me a message from Walt, whom I had sent to dance with Marcia. Walt wanted me to save him the next dance, so he could sit it out in the Italian garden. Just then, Mrs. Greaves brought up a man to dance with me. So I sent word to Walt that we must wait till later. As a matter of fact, we didn't go there at all. There were so many——"

"Pardon me," Jim broke in on her glib recital. "You did go there. Two hours later. Not with Walt. With Barry. You were——"

"Mr. Ross," was the sweet reply, "I have learned—when I am anywhere near you—to establish a continuous alibi. I was in the house or on the veranda—as plenty of people can prove—till after the last dance-guests went away. Then I went to the dormitory. Mrs. Greaves and Marcia and Polly Armytage went there at the same time. Any of the three can so testify. I was there until an hour ago. We didn't go to bed till three o'clock. Marcia and I sat and talked till then. My presence, every minute, can be accounted for by competent witnesses, you see. Now, if the cross-examination is quite ended——"

She finished the sentence by moving away to where Walton Ross was emerging from the hall in search of her.

Jim stared dully after the daintily stepping girl. In his heart of hearts, he knew this pat series of alibis had been framed by her in anticipation of just such a charge as he had been about to make. She had rattled it off with an ease that spelled rehearsal.

More than ever he was convinced of her guilt. But he was finally thoroughly convinced that she had beaten him—and could continue to beat him—at every turn. With a sigh of genuine misery, he surrendered.

At the doorway, fifty feet distant, Mrs. Greaves was saying good-by to Cherry San. Jim was not near enough to have heard their parting words, had he cared to. Which was rather a pity. For those words were worth his hearing.

"We all thank you so much!" Mrs. Greaves finished her valedictory. "Your songs were charming. So was your tattoo-work. It——"

"No, no!" disclaimed Cherry San, her smilingly upturned face clouding. "Not the tattoo-work, madame! Not that! That was very bad—very hasty—very poor. And no true artist would use that foolish heart-arrow design. But what could I do?"—with a despairing outspread of the yellow little fingers. "What else was there to do? There was no other design that was shaped right to hide those three hideous slanting marks on Mrs. Ross's wrist!"

Alias Prince Charming

(Continued from page 73)

thank goodness! Her nephew is here. He's Majina's one human weakness, I think. She dotes on him like a mother, but won't let him come here except during vacation, when all the girls but me have gone home. Majina wouldn't consider it proper, you know, for a young man to be under the same roof with forty girls. They're out for a walk, and we're safe for the moment. Eat your dinner while I plan how to get the clothes you need."

She spread the dishes before him, poured his coffee, and sipped a cup herself while he ate.

"Could I buy you an outfit at one of the stores down-town?" she asked. "I might smuggle them up here the same way I did you?"

"Have you thought what a sensation it would make in a small-town store for one of Miss Pettibone's girls to buy a complete outfit of men's clothing?"

"They'd talk, of course, and maybe 'phone Miss Majina. That would ruin everything; but you simply must have them. There's some way, if we only could find it."

"Is there a telephone in the house?" the convict asked.

"Yes; but the only one is in Miss Majina's room, and that's always locked. The girls are not permitted to 'phone except in her presence."

"Then I will go the moment I have eaten. It's growing dark. If luck is with me, I'll stumble across a 'phone or some clothes before morning."

"No! No! Let me think. I'm going to see you properly dressed before you stir one step out of this room."

The fugitive finished his meal and rose, reaching mechanically to his pocket for a cigarette. The girl smiled with him in comprehension of the involuntary movement.

"I wish I had one to give you," she whispered. "I'd love to smell tobacco again. Miss Majina's nephew smokes, for I smelled it outside his room yesterday, though I'm sure she doesn't suspect." She sprang to her feet excitedly. "I have it! I'll be back with clothes for you in ten minutes!"

Before he could question her or protest, she was gone. The man made a gesture of resignation. The issue of the adventure plainly had passed into the hands of Fate, and from the bottom of his heart he prayed that fate, for once, would be in a kindly mood.

Within the allotted ten minutes, Stella was back, a suitcase in one hand and clothes over her arm.

"From the nephew's room," she explained, endeavoring to stifle her laughter. "I ransacked his bureau and took everything I thought you'd need. Look in the suitcase. Dress while I take the tray back to the kitchen."

"But when this nephew returns, he'll see at once that his things are gone, and will know some one within the house has taken them—"

"Oh, no, he won't!" Stella interrupted. "I didn't grow up at The Palms without learning something. I unlocked and opened the window and dropped a necktie outside.

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Prevent loss. They are neat and durable. Made in many styles in fast colors of Red, Blue, Black, Navy, Yellow or Green.

Your Full	3 doz.	U. S. Cash	\$1.00
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Keep the Hair in Place
5 Different Sizes—Stand 10¢ Packages Everywhere

There is danger in
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TO preserve healthy teeth the ordinary tooth-paste is futile. You must first care for the gums, on which tooth health depends.

How many people think of this? Yet four out of five people over forty suffer from gum-decay or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease).

At first the gums become tender, though actual gum-shrinkage is imperceptible. But in time receding gums will surely loosen your teeth, and then only a dentist can save them. The tender, bleeding gums of Pyorrhea also act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's (For the Gums) prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. This means that it prevents gum-shrinkage, gum tenderness, gum-bleeding. So, automatically, Forhan's prevents tooth loosening.

Brush your teeth with it. It scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for treatment.

30c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

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To emphasize good looks is an art well understood by the women of France. That charming quality of natural freshness is given the complexion by Freeman's Face Powder. At all toilet counters 50 cents (double quantity) or 4c for miniature box.

The Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 99 Cincinnati, O.

That's more than enough to convince Miss Majina and our small-town police that it was a burglar. I'm going. Dress quickly. You ought to be away before they get back. Do hurry!"

Catching up the tray, she disappeared.

Ten minutes later, arrayed in his appropriated clothes, Convict No. 32,143 surveyed himself in a mirror. The suit fitted more than passably well. The hat suited. The collar, shirt, and tie were irreproachable. The shoes, though a bit tight, were enduring. So dressed, any public 'phone in the town was open to him, which was all he required. Impatiently he paced the room, waiting for Stella.

She came as before, silently, but her face was troubled. She unlocked the door and hurried to his side.

"Miss Majina is back!" she said breathlessly. "There's not a second to lose!"

"Will you see me if I come again in a proper way?" he asked, taking her hands. "I've a confession to make about myself—something that I must say. I want to tell you in the glade where I first saw you. May I when I can? If I write and name a day, will you meet me there, my little Princess Make-Believe?"

"Yes—Ragged Prince," she answered shyly.

As their eyes met, both realized that their game of make-believe had united them with bonds not easily or lightly to be broken.

"Good-by, little Princess," he said, her hands still within his.

There was a peremptory knock at the door. Like guilty children, they sprang apart.

"Miss Hartwell, open your door at once!" commanded an authoritative and angry voice.

"Miss Majina!" gasped Stella.

"Delay her just a moment. I'll go by the fire-escape," whispered the convict.

"I command you to unlock this door immediately, Miss Hartwell!" The voice was insistent.

"In just a moment, Miss Pettibone. I'm dressing, but I'll be there immediately," answered Stella faintly.

The convict had slipped the window-catch and was raising it slowly and quietly when a pass-key turned in the lock and the door was thrown open. On the threshold stood Miss Majina Pettibone, an immortal picture of outraged spinsterhood.

"So you entertain male visitors alone in your room, you shameless girl!" she cried, quivering with indignation.

The man at the window turned and faced the apparition in the doorway. The damage was done. He couldn't go and leave the pal who had saved him to endure alone the volcanic eruption of wrath he foresaw.

"You are mistaken, madam," he said. "I am a burglar. This young lady found me in her room. I pleaded for my liberty, and, in the goodness of her heart, she was permitting me to go."

"Do burglars say, 'Good-by, little Princess' to strange young ladies who happen to discover them in an act of thievery?" demanded Miss Pettibone, snapping out her words as if each were profaning hitherto unsullied lips.

The accused pair looked at each other in utter consternation.

"What's that?" demanded their accuser, pointing with a trembling finger at the striped suit that lay across a chair.

"The clothes in which I entered this house," answered the fugitive, seeing the impossibility of further denials. "I will tell you the truth. I am an escaped convict. I came here in search of clothes and—"

"Where did you get that suit you are wearing?" interrupted Miss Pettibone.

"In a man's room on the first floor," answered the convict. "Also the hat, shoes, tie, and collar."

"This shameless female brought you here and gave them to you!" shrieked the schoolmistress. "No convict burglar would break into a girl's seminary in search of men's clothing. She gave them to you. Don't deny it!"

"I do deny it emphatically," answered the man evenly.

"But I don't! It's all true. I found him hunted by men who would have killed him out on the marshes. I brought him here in my car. I smuggled him into the house and up here to my rooms. I brought him up a dinner from your kitchen. I took your nephew's clothes and gave them to him. If you had not come, he would have been gone in another moment. Now, Miss Pettibone, you know the complete truth, except that I do not regret one single thing I have done."

Miss Majina Pettibone's answer to this confession of utter depravity from Stella was a scream for help that brought athletic masculine footsteps up the stairway in three-step bounds. The convict threw open the window and was half-way through it when a muscular young man dashed into the room.

"What's the row, auntie?" he demanded.

Then seeing the fleeing man, he seized him by the shoulders and dragged him to the floor. As the two grappled, each for the first time saw the other's face. Their clenched hands dropped in mutual amazement.

"Larry!" exclaimed Miss Pettibone's nephew.

"Art Lester!" echoed his antagonist of the previous second, as their hands met in a grip of long-standing and intimate friendship. Miss Pettibone sank into the nearest chair and wiped her spectacles as if she blamed them for the nightmarish spectacle before her. The nephew carefully closed the door and, forgetting his aunt's scruples, lighted a cigarette.

"Now for the answer," he said, with a side glance at Stella, as he groped blindly for an explanation that would exonerate his friend. "I suppose you came here to see me—eh, Larry?—and wandered up to this room by mistake."

"Arthur, is it possible you know this convict person?" demanded his aunt.

"Convict person," echoed the young man. "If you refer to Mr. Lawrence Morton, my roommate at college, my 'frat' brother and the greatest quarterback who ever wore a 'C' sweater, I rather guess I do know him! Allow me to introduce you, auntie. Miss Pettibone; Mr. Morton, my best friend. Mr. Morton; my aunt, Miss Majina Pettibone."

"But he admits he is an escaped convict and a burglar!" persisted the bewildered lady, as the erstwhile fugitive bowed decorously.

"Larry always did love a joke," parried her nephew.

"But there's his disgraceful striped suit

YOU are always willing to pay a man well who makes money for you. Kelly-Springfield Tires make a practice of handing back to you in uninterrupted mileage a very liberal profit above their slightly higher cost.



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A "book" of Guaranty Travelers Checks. The purchaser signs the check in the upper left-hand corner. Before the check can be cashed, he must sign his name again in the lower left-hand corner, in the presence of the person cashing it, who compares the two signatures, assuring identification and preventing use of the check by an unauthorized holder.

Take Guaranty Travelers Checks

WHEN you travel—taking all your funds in *cash* means taking the risk of loss. Taking a *check book* means depending on acquaintanceship. Taking *Guaranty Travelers Checks* means convenience, and safety for your funds.

Guaranty Travelers Checks can be cashed at leading banks throughout the United States. They are accepted in payment for transportation at the principal railroad offices and in settlement of accounts by hotels and business houses. They are as readily available as actual cash, yet can be used only by the rightful holder.

Abroad, these checks are also readily accepted by hotels and business houses. Unlike other travelers checks, as formerly issued, Guaranty Travelers Checks are not payable in foreign currency at a fixed rate, but are cashed by all leading banks at the best current rate of exchange, thus affording in most cases a greater equivalent in foreign money.

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THE AMERICAN BOY

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in all the World"

WHEN your boy was a baby, you hoped he would always be surrounded by the best character-forming influences. Remember this now, as the world lies open before him. In his reading especially he needs the sound, manly material published regularly in *The American Boy*—a magazine that is a positive power in developing America's boyhood.

More than 500,000 read it eagerly and regularly. Give your boy this inspiration and this advantage. He needs it as he grows. Buy it at the newsstands, or subscribe for him. \$2.00 a year—25c a copy.

The Sprague Pub. Co.
45 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

lying on the chair, and he's stolen your clothes!"

"If Larry says the clothes he's wearing are his, he's right," said Lester, laughing as his perplexities grew with recognition of his suit. "Come on, Larry; give us the answer to the riddle," he urged. "I'm going down for the third time, and I can't swim."

"An explanation and an apology are due both Miss Pettibone and Miss Hartwell," answered Larry, with a solicitous glance toward the white-faced girl, who had neither moved nor spoken during the dénouement. "With the permission of all concerned, I'm going to tell my story."

"Fire away! I'll risk my reputation as a prophet it will be some story," interjected young Lester, dropping into a chair and puffing at his forbidden cigarette.

"Arthur Lester, I believe you are smoking!" cried Miss Pettibone. "I thought you promised me never to use filthy tobacco."

"Maybe I did, auntie dear," replied her nephew, ruefully crushing his cigarette tip. "I don't smoke often, but a man is likely to do nearly anything at a time like this. You'll have to admit that yourself. Begin, Larry. They say curiosity is sometimes fatal, and I'm sure my life's in danger."

"Five weeks ago, a judge in an out-of-the-way little town in Del Norte County committed me to San Gregorio prison for two years for burglary. Since then, I have been convict No. 32,143, and in those five weeks I have learned what it means to a man to be a captive in a prison where men are tortured barbarously, where men are starved because officials have stolen the food bought by the state, where humanity and justice are dead letters, and fear and favor rule. I have seen and endured all this. That is why I went there."

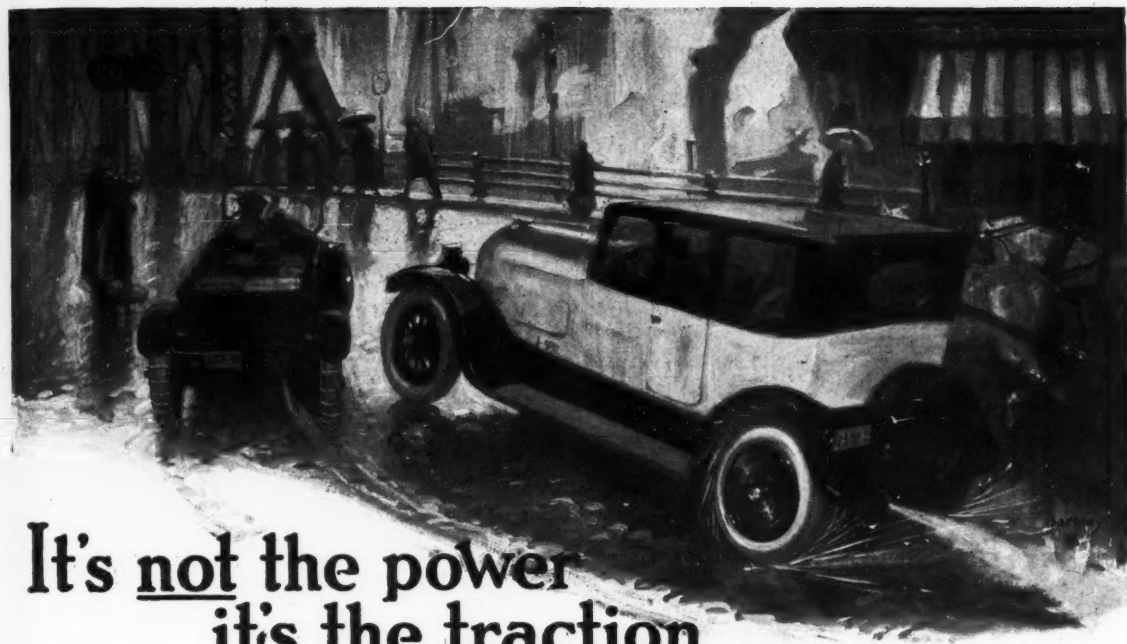
As he spoke, Larry Morton's eyes were fixed on Stella. Evidently it was her verdict on what he had to tell that mattered.

"Rumors of these prison conditions have often reached the outside world, but they were inconclusive. Officials wafted them aside as the fiction of resentful discharged men. And yet the governor of this state believed that somewhere underlying them was truth. He said so to the editor of my paper, the San Francisco *Examiner*.

"Do you wish to know the absolute truth?" my chief asked him. "Very well then; we'll get it for you. I'll send one of my reporters to live in San Gregorio for a month as a prisoner, provided no one in the prison is permitted to know who he is or why he is there."

"Agreed," said the governor. That's how I have been for five weeks a convict legally, though I have broken no laws. It was arranged that I was to be committed from a far-away town. No one knew I was anything but what I seemed—an ordinary burglar. On the day I entered the prison, the governor signed a pardon for me, detailing the circumstances. That pardon is now in the hands of my editor. One moment on the 'phone with him, and I will no longer be an escaped convict."

Stella half rose with extended hands and parted lips as she comprehended. But as it came, her first instinctive glow of happiness died. White-faced, she dropped back to her chair. Her head drooped, and Morton saw tears fall to her lap.



It's not the power it's the traction

Here's the Story—

The above illustration

was suggested by a well known business man who was standing on the curb at the foot of a sharp incline leading to a bridge spanning a river.

The scene made such an impression upon him that he described it to us in detail and urged us to picture it in an ad so that all motorists might learn the lesson he got from it—"to always put on Weed Tire Chains when the roads are wet and slippery."

"The bridge had just swung closed and the policeman had given the 'Go' signal. All the motor cars, motor trucks and wagons, a long line of them, started ahead, but right in front of me stood a big car—a beauty—which seemed to me to have as much power as a locomotive, but she didn't move a foot. *Stood like she was anchored*, and I judged the 'clutch was slipping' until I realized that all this time the rear wheels were 'spinning' on the cobble stones like a windmill.

"It surprised me to see a small-power delivery truck with a heavy load turn out and go by the big car and up the grade without any trouble. Then I noticed that the cars that were moving were equipped with Weed Chains while the big car had nothing but slippery, bare tires.

"Here was the driver of the big car, with all its tremendous power, standing still, wasting time and *wearing out his tires* spinning on a rough, uneven road. And when I thought of what those big 36x5 tires cost and how they were being ruined, it taught me a lesson I will never forget.

"In the past few years I have read over and over again how Weed Chains gave positive traction and *prevented slipping and skidding*, but I never saw it so vividly portrayed.

"If every motorist could see it in the same way, *not a single one would attempt to drive* on slippery streets or pavements without Weed Tire Chains."

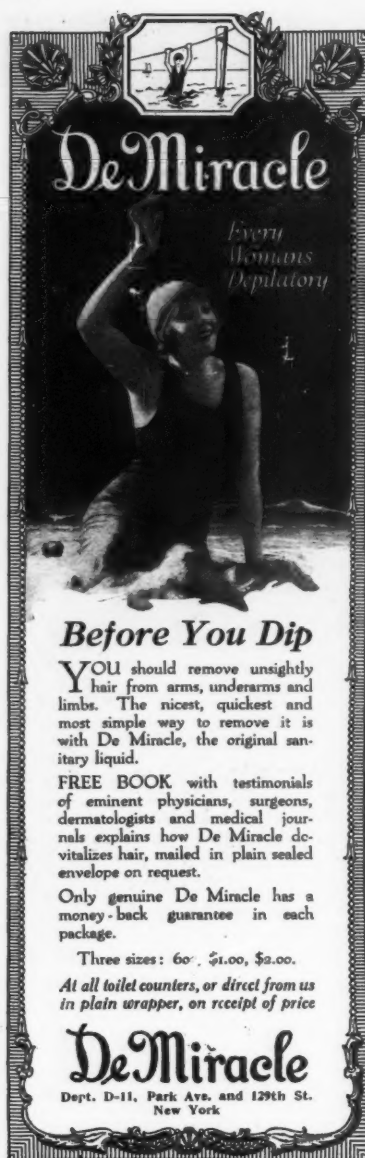
We are glad to put our friend's story into print and hope the lesson will "strike home" to a lot of drivers who have been either careless or indifferent about using Weed Chains—one of the most important factors in sane motoring.

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Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World
 The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain





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Every Woman's Depilatory

Before You Dip

YOU should remove unsightly hair from arms, underarms and limbs. The nicest, quickest and most simple way to remove it is with De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid.

FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals explains how De Miracle de-vitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Only genuine De Miracle has a money-back guarantee in each package.

Three sizes: 60¢, \$1.00, \$2.00.

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The Chicago Daily News School and College Bureau

Will Tell You the Best School

for your boy or girl if you will write us (1) the kind of schooling desired, (2) location preferred, (3) amount you expect to spend.

Our School and College Bureau knows the leading schools and colleges of the country and compiled information at hand, and its recommendations may be helpful to you.

The Daily News renders this service without charge, and readers may either telephone, write, or call for a personal interview.

The Chicago Daily News School and College Bureau

15 N. Wells St., Chicago—Telephone Franklin 1

"It was arranged that I was to stay at San Gregorio until I sent a code letter to San Francisco saying that my work was done. The first week, my letter-writing privilege was taken away for a trivial violation of rules. Since then, I have been cut off from rescue. This week, for alleged insubordination—it was a protest about the food—I was placed in the dungeon. I saw the strait-jacket—an inhuman form of torture—ahead. Escape was my only recourse. Fortune favored me, and, thanks to Miss Hartwell, here I am. And now with your permission"—turning to Miss Pettibone—"I'm going to 'phone to my office, have my pardon brought to me, and go back to tell this state through my paper just what is being done to men at San Gregorio."

"Some stunt!" cried Lester, jumping up and seizing his friend's hand. "It's the thing that Osborne pulled in New York, but better done."

"Whether or not you are a real convict is immaterial, young man," interrupted Miss Pettibone, who was by no means appeased by the explanation. "The fact remains that I found you alone with one of my pupils in the girls' dormitory of my school. Kindly leave my house, young man. Your presence in this room is an insult."

"Good-by, Miss Hartwell," said Morton, turning to Stella and taking her hands. Lester immediately began a noisy argument with his aunt to permit his friend an uninterrupted farewell.

"I am sorry I have brought this trouble on you," Morton said, bending low, "but there will be happier days for us. Remember you are Princess Make-Believe, and I am still the Ragged Prince, and when we have our picnic in the glade—"

"We shall never have that picnic. I retract the promise I made. I do not wish to see you again."

"What!"

"Never again. This is good-by for always."

"But why?" he persisted. "Have I offended you?"

She shook her head, unable to speak. "But you must have some reason. You did not feel this way before I revealed myself. Aren't we ever again to play in the world of make-believe?"

For the first time, she looked squarely into his troubled eyes.

"No, we are not; and there is a reason. I am a crook, and the daughter of Mother McGinn and you—you're Mr. Lawrence Morton—an honest man."

At last Morton understood, but before he could protest, Stella was gone. As the door of her bedroom closed behind her, he heard a sob.

Six weeks passed, during which Larry Morton wrote six letters to Stella Hartwell without receiving a reply. He called the Hillcrest Seminary on the 'phone and heard, in the rasping voice of Miss Pettibone, that "Miss Hartwell wisely refuses to speak with you." Then he had an inspiration. A ten-dollar bill properly placed with a garage attendant kept him informed of the movements of Miss Hartwell's car.

On a sunny afternoon, very like that other sunny afternoon when he had first seen it, Larry Morton stole quietly through the entrance to Crystal Spring ravine. As

before, he peeped from behind the intervening boulder that hid the glade. On the grass was a girl. Before her was a rag doll, and beside her a picnic luncheon was spread. Exultingly, Morton saw that places had been set for three, two of the plates sparingly supplied, the other bountifully. In her lap lay six unopened letters, which she fondled as she talked to the doll in whispers. Noiselessly as an Indian, Morton crossed the glade and seated himself at the vacant place set at her side.

Stella sprang up with a cry of intermingled alarm and joy.

"Oh, why did you come?" she asked reproachfully. "Don't you think I've suffered enough already?"

"I came," he said gently, "because you are Princess Make-Believe and I am the Ragged Prince. I came because you have suffered far too much and without cause. Wait and you'll see."

Wonderingly, she heard his shrill whistle. Immediately a man and woman entered the glade.

"Boston Blackie! Mary!" cried Stella. Both took her in their arms and kissed her.

"Poor, dear, grieved little girl!" whispered Mary, with tears in her eyes.

"Now, little Princess," said Morton, "you once told me to ask Boston Blackie to tell me all your history. He has told it to me. I've brought him here to tell it to you. Listen."

"Stella dear, I've a confession to make to you," Blackie began. "You wanted to become a crook once. You wanted to because you felt there was nothing else possible, because you had grown up at Mother McGinn's. I knew better; so, when I couldn't dissuade you, I let you think you were having your way. That baseball hold-up was a fake. I hired the detectives to do just what they did. It was my own money we took from that car. I played the coward purposely, to disgust you with crooks and the crook life. Then I let you think I had betrayed you to the police to save myself. I knew that would be the final straw. You did what we all wanted you to do. You went to the Hillcrest Seminary, utterly disillusioned with the crooked game. And now, little one—with a glance toward the happily smiling Morton—"I think you will agree that I was right. You're not a crook, Stella. You never were or will be a crook. You're Stella Hartwell, the sweetest, purest little girl in the world."

Mary and Stella were crying. Women do when they are extraordinarily happy.

"Good-by, Stella," Blackie said. "Mary and I are going. You two have a car, and I don't think you need us any longer."

They didn't. They sat like two reunited children, perfectly content in seeing each other.

"Dear little Princess Make-Believe, are you glad now that I have come back?" asked Larry at last.

"Yes—Ragged Prince," she answered. "The Ragged Prince is hungry," suggested Larry.

"Luncheon is served, sir," she answered, smiling up at him with the light in her eyes for which he longed.

As she passed him the one bountifully filled plate, he caught her hand and did not let it go.

The rag doll didn't seem to care.

The next *Boston Blackie* story will appear in an early issue.



The beautiful Long Island estate of Capt. J. R. De Lamar. The treatment of the trees was entrusted to the proved skill of Davey Tree Surgeons

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Father of Tree Surgery

A FINE house is built in a setting of magnificent trees and gives promise of great and permanent beauty. Drives are built and perhaps half the roots of the adjacent trees are cut away. The trees die or become half dead—ugly objects of the landscape.

The lawn is graded. Heavy soil is dumped over the roots of the trees. No care or knowledge is used to protect these priceless features of the landscape. The trees die—nine times out of ten. He who says that it does not hurt to bury the roots of trees, does not know trees.

On the other hand, many an estate owner walks by some fine old trees on his place that are going to premature destruction from eternal decay. The leaves may still be green and the trunks a mere shell, ready to break apart or topple over in a wind storm. He is unconscious of impending loss, because he has had no occasion to learn how trees live—or how and why they die.

The very first thing—you owe this to yourself—you ought to do to protect the cash value of your trees, is to secure the advice and suggestions of a Davey Tree Surgeon. A careful examination of your trees will be made by appointment.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 507 Elm St., Kent, Ohio
Branch Offices with telephone connections in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. Write nearest office

Permanent representatives located at Boston, Newport, Lenox, Hartford, Stamford, Albany, Poughkeepsie, White Plains, Jamaica, L. I., Newark, N. J., Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Louisville, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City. Canadian address: 252 LaSalle Street, West, Montreal.

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Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

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This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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It may take but an instant to capture love—an instant of flashing beauty, of healthful, glowing color—such as the "Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette" gives. The woman who knows this secret looks confidently into the future and sees only happiness.

First a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. Work this softening, vanishing cream well into the skin, so that the powder will not stick in spots. Now the Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, with its pearly touch and captivating perfume. Then a bit of Pompeian BLOOM on the cheeks. This touch of color adds the bloom of youthful beauty and makes your eyes seem darker and more lustrous.resto! What a change in a few moments. "Don't Envy Beauty. Use Pompeian."

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, Pompeian DAY Cream or Pompeian BLOOM may be used separately or together. Sold by your druggist at 50c for each article. Guaranteed by the makers of the well-known Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

Guarantee—The Name Pompeian on a package guarantees that the contents are pure and beneficial. The Pompeian Company at Cleveland, Ohio, will cheerfully refund the full purchase price if you are not completely satisfied.

SPECIAL HALF-BOX AND PANEL OFFER

(Positively only one to a family)

To one person only in a family, we will send a special box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package), a Liberty Girl Art Panel (26 inches long and in beautiful colors), and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes. Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with the samples.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2036 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio



THE POMPEIAN CO.
2036 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find two dimes. Send me your ONE-HALF BOX Powder and 1919 PANEL offer. No member of my family has accepted this offer.

Name

Address

City

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First shade sent unless white or brunette requested.



Tetlow's Pussywillow Face Powder



**"Sifted
Through Silk"**

THE rare fragrance of Pussywillow has charm and gives charm.

This almost invisible face powder marks the highest achievement of the house of Henry Tetlow since its beginning seventy years ago.

Many, many women say Pussywillow is the perfect powder. Soft, smooth, pure, and it stays on until you want it off.

Your choice of shades—white, flesh, pink, cream and brunette. 50 cents the box.

Free Sample on Request

or miniature box sent for a dime. (State shade wanted.)

Pussywillow Powder Tablets, compact powder in white and flesh.

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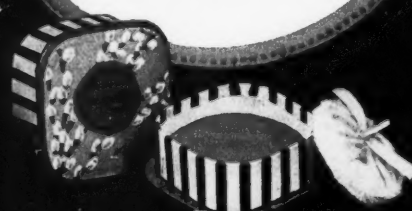
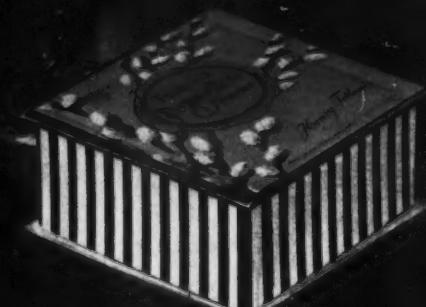
HENRY TETLOW COMPANY

Established 1849

Makers of Pussywillow Dry Shampoo

195 Henry Tetlow Bldg.

Philadelphia, Pa.



Violet Eyes

(Continued from page 64)

have got to old Benjamin's ears. When he returned from New York, he stamped round the place a day or two, and then announced that it had come to his ears that some of his employees were referring to him as "the old buccaneer." It was plain his feeling were annoyed.

"I want you all to understand I got my troubles as well as you," he roared at the men in the packing-room one morning. "And, furthermore, I got an ulcerated stomach, and for two cents I'd nail the front doors of this place tighter'n a stone and go to a sanitarium for my few remaining years. I'm terrible tired, anyway, of hat-seasons. It's mostly for your sakes I've hung on."

Hettie Frywell said resentfully she saw her pianola going back where it came from, and one day pointedly refused to speak to Dol Springer. And most of the married men in the shipping- and packing-rooms began to look worried. But it must be admitted that, for the most part throughout the establishment, there hung an exhilarating expectation of momentous happenings that might not be desirable but would be—dramatic.

Dol Springer laughed at the married men and smiled at Hettie. And wondered lightly to several if Benjamin Benwell had the place decorated with dictographs.

"No," said Daniel Tailor positively. Benjamin Benwell was trimming expenses so close these days that he barked when he had to have his private stenographer's typewriter repaired. He—Daniel—knew too much about the Benwell books to have any expenditure for dictographs slipped past him. "No," said Daniel contemptuously. Some loud voice had simply sailed through a partition or up an elevator shaft to the old man's quick ears.

"And you better keep careful," warned Daniel. "That old man's a man of his word. And his stomach bothers him a lot. Myself—I don't care. I'm like Sam—I got savings."

It was the next day that Norma's uncle in Iowa telegraphed for her—he was sick in bed. As she went, Hettie Frywell grimly appealed to her.

"Norma, as a favor I ask you to ask Dol not—not to start anything while you're gone—as a favor to a woman that's worked with you—"

"I half thought of asking him that, anyway," Norma returned absently.

III

THE next Wednesday, Norma got back late in the forenoon. Rather quiet—in black, too—her uncle was buried Sunday. From the coat-room she did not hurry straight to her chair at the work-table. She first scooted round and found Dol Springer. Naturally. They had been separated over a week—a long time when you are young and violet-eyed.

She found him near the door of the packing-room opening into the stock-room, checking a mammoth order of straws for a Southern buyer. It happened that Hettie Frywell was in the stock-room—and so Hettie was able to tell at noon, in the midst of a tense-cared circle of other lunchers, just what came to pass.



"Here's an Extra \$50, Grace —I'm making real money now!"

"Yes, I've been keeping it a secret until pay day came. I've been promoted with an increase of \$50 a month. And the first extra money is yours. Just a little reward for urging me to study at home. The boss says my spare time training has made me a valuable man to the firm and there's more money coming soon. We're starting up easy street, Grace, thanks to you and the I. C. S.!"

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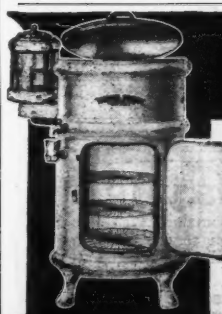
You have the same chance they had. What are you going to do with it? Can you afford to let a single priceless hour pass without at least finding out what the I. C. S. can do for you? Here is all we ask—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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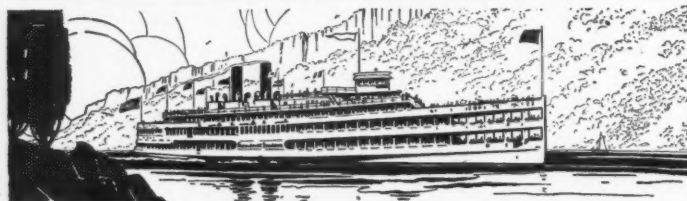
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"I heard it all," said Hettie firmly; "so no one can ever tell me one word about the ins and the outs of the matter. And—if I hadn't heard it with my own ears, I dunno as I would have believed it. I was standing at the ornament-shelves right near the door, trying to find some coral cabochons for those gray-net turbans for the Wussel sisters, of Jerusalem, Ohio—you know they're always writing in a complaint that their stuff ain't as stylish as the catalogue says they'll be—"

"We don't care anything about the Wussel sisters," said Mary Helm impatiently. "Keep to Norma and—"

"Well, as I was saying, I was standing right there where I could hear and see—through the crack of the door. And I saw Norma scoot in, real pink-cheeked like she always is after a spell on her uncle's farm—only, this time kind of sober-eyed on account of him dying—and dance up to Dol, who had his arms full of liséré toques. And while my eyesight ain't what it was before threading needles these twenty and more years, my hearing is real good. But"—Hettie glanced round eloquently at her listeners—"but if I'd been two-thirds stone-deaf, I could 'a' heard what she said—her voice was like a whistle the day everybody but Germany won the armistice.

"Oh, Dol," she fairly sang at him, "what do you think? Uncle Ed left me his farm—all of it—just as it stands!"

"His farm?" said Dol, putting two turbans idle under one arm and putting the other round her and kissing her after he'd looked to see none of the other men was in sight.

"Two hundred acres!" cried she. "And cows and chickens and pigs. And wheat field and orchard. And barns and a house. Only eight rooms, but an eight-roomed house is a fair-sized one." And Dol, he kissed her again while he said slowly, "You don't mean it, Norma?"

"Isn't it grand?" she wanted to know. "It certainly is a lot of luck," he said. "I didn't know I'd picked out a fair-sized heiress."

"Norma—she giggled and squeezed his arm. Which sort of surprised me," said Hettie meditatively. "Norma ain't a giggling person—though I dare say two hundred acres and all that live stock would sort of unsettle any one's disposition. But she went on, in a serious enough voice, 'And, Dol, a man from the county-seat offered me, before I'd got my hat off after the funeral, ten thousand dollars for it as it stands!'"

"He did?" said Dol. "And—and are you going to sell it to him, Norma?"

"Of course!" said she, with a sort of little excited jump up and down. "Of course, Dol dearest! And then we can—"

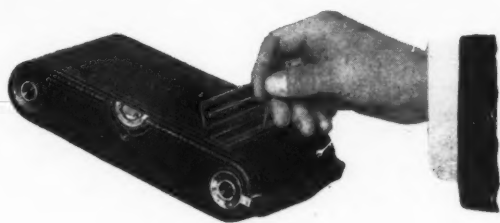
Hettie paused and fixed her circle of listeners with a mournful and disgusted eye.

"I knew what was coming," she groaned.

"Right then I could guess what was coming—before ever that foolish girl said another word. I knew.

"And then we can what?" asked Dol quickly.

"Then we can do just what you've been wanting to do, Dol dear. Organize, wake the world up, rent a hall when we want to, print leaflets and pamphlets—O-oh! Think of all those leaflets and pamphlets we can get printed out of ten thousand dollars!"



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This picture of John, was it made before or after the war? And this of little Mary taking her first toddling steps—how old was she then?

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Cosmopolitan for July, 1919

"Yes—that girl said just that!" Hettie turned wrathful, elderly, near-sighted gray eyes on her listeners. "Ten thousand good dollars—for leaflets and pamphlets! But I must give Dol credit. He said right away he couldn't do a thing like that—take all her money for such a purpose, and maybe in years later she'd regret it."

"Dol," Norma said reproachfully, rolling her violet eyes up at him as sorrowful as if he'd been stealing her money instead of refusing it, "I'd never, never, regret anything. Why, dearest, when I went out and looked at poor dead uncle Ed's cows, I said right away to myself, 'Every one of those broad, brindled backs is good for a month's rent of a hall where Dol and Gus and all the rest can palaver—I mean talk matters of moment. No more sneaking up to old Benjamin's roof while he's out of town.'"

"How many cows did your uncle have?" asked Dol, in an odd voice.

"Nineteen," said Norma. "All good milch cows, the hired man said, too. And then when I went over and looked at the pigs snoozing sour milk at those great troughs, I said to them, 'Every one of you dirty black beauties is good for—'"

"How many pigs did your uncle have?" asked Dol, interrupting her.

"Eighty-one," said Norma. "And then there's the chickens. Every time I threw a kernel of corn to an Orpington, I said, 'Old girl, you're legal tender for a dozen pamphlets—'"

"How many chickens are there?" asked Dol, kind of calculating like.

"Norma said absently, 'About a hundred,' and went on eagerly; 'and then there's the orchard and the winter wheat. I said beside that field, 'Every little green leaf is good for a leaflet—'"

"Dol absently wanted to know how many acres there was in wheat, and she told him. And I'll give him some more credit. He says, sort of frowning, 'Norma, you're a darling, generous girl, but I don't believe you've thought this over long enough—'"

"Yes, I have, Dol! and, anyway, I don't have to think it over!"

"And the silly, sacrificing way that girl softly smiled up at him!" Hettie Frywell groaned again, and snorted also. "It was all I could do to hold myself behind that stock-room door and not take a hand in that conversation. I thought to myself, 'The folks that the good Lord gives good money to!'"

"But Dol, he said, sort of shaking his black head, 'But your uncle—your uncle might not like you to be devoting his money this way—'"

"Oh," said that foolish Norma, "I kind of think he'd be glad. When his orchard got to bearing, he put up a sign that passers-by could have all they wanted to eat."

"Did he?" said Dol. "Well, he might do that and still not— What kind of apples is there mostly?"

"Baldwins and Duchess," said Norma. "Dol, we can start organizing right tonight. There's a hall on North Clark Street we could get for twenty dollars for two hours—"

"Oh, well," said he, a bit slow, "we don't exactly have to rush matters. This is your first night back, and I'd like just you, darling, after not seeing you for so long—"

"Norma smiled up at him, perfectly

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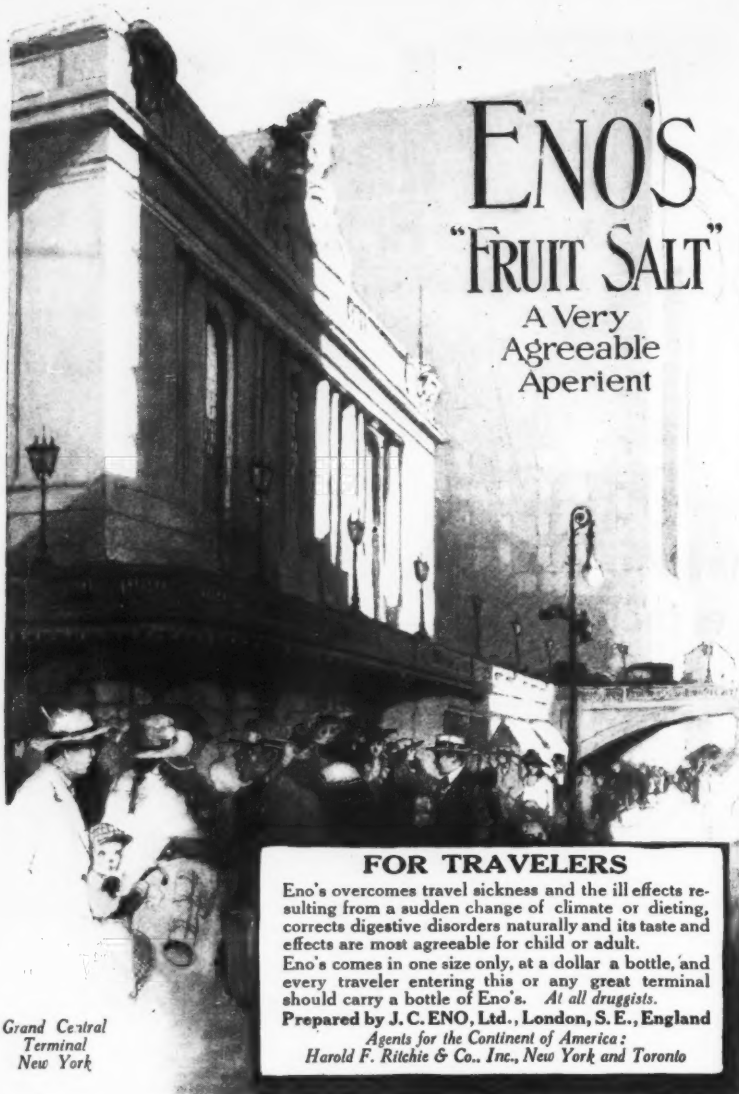
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agreeable. 'Just as you say, Dol. I only thought—'

"Baldwins and Duchess are both good apples," said Dol, sort of absently.

"Yes, they are," agreed Norma. "I was thinking that we could get organized just as soon as you like, Dol. You will be president of course, and maybe Gus Dineen treasurer—"

Hettie Frywell paused while she gathered up some crumbs that had fallen near a white-faille brim.

"I didn't have a real good view of all of the two of 'em, through that door-crack," she said meditatively. "But I heard Dol say thoughtfully to Norma: 'Dear, I really don't know as Gus would be my choice for treasurer. I've nothing against Gus, you understand. But I hardly think he's just the person to handle money wisely and carefully.'"

"Norma was as sweet as a young fly swimming in sirup. She broke in tenderly right away that it didn't make a bit of difference to her who was elected to any office except the presidency. And she added sweetly that it didn't either make a lot of difference if the money wasn't handled real careful. She and Dol would just let the world know that they would share with others. Let it be scattered to help humanity."

"Well," Dol said hastily at that—I will say he had a little sense if she didn't!" sniffed Hettie. "Well," he says, 'that's noble of you, Norma. But I'm afraid there's lots of folks that wouldn't understand us. And there's be no merit in being wasteful, especially when your uncle must have worked pretty hard to get it.'"

"Norma says, 'Just as you say, Dol dear.' I got real tired of hearing her say that over and over," sniffed Hettie, attacking another sandwich. "And then she repeated—oh, the silliness of her!—Dol dear, I'll send a telegram this afternoon to the man that he can have the farm for that price, and we'll get the money in a few days, and then—"

"I could almost swear," said Hettie, slowly, "that Dol jumped when she said that. And at once he told her, 'Norma dearest, you mustn't rush the matter this way. I won't permit you. You're carried away by your generosity, and perhaps later you'd—"

"Dol, you're talking perfectly foolish," said she, taking hold of his arm again and leaning her head against it. Norma's got awful pretty hair, I will say," said Hettie. "Dol, he looked down at it—I saw him. She went on fast as she could talk: 'We're going to take every cent of this ten thousand dollars, Dol Springer, and spend it as you've always said you'd spend money. We're not going to hang onto it—'

"Norma darling," said Dol, with a small frown, "I don't want to hurt you, but I don't know as everyone would thank you for trying to enlighten them. People are a funny lot. Why, I dare say you could take fifty thousand dollars and throw it around any way you like and still not accomplish much. Anyway, not what you'd hope. I'd hate to see you all disappointed because the money didn't accomplish what you'd confidently counted on, my own girl. I'd—"

"Then you think we—we'd better keep the money, Dol?" she asked, sort of appealing like.



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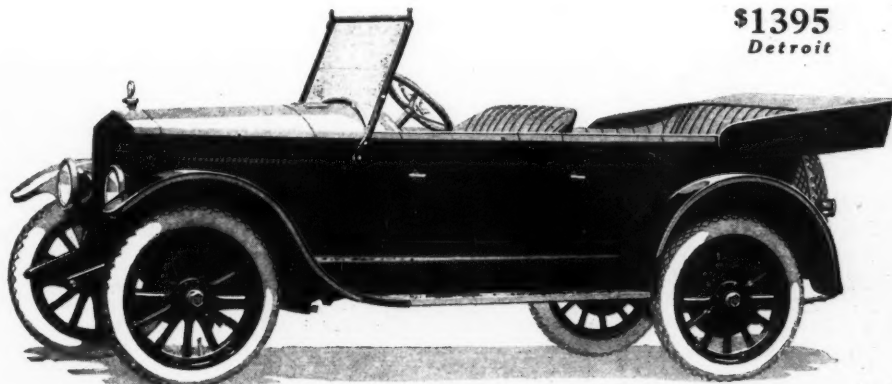
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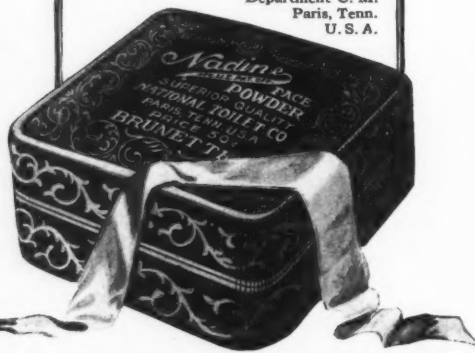
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"If it was my money, I don't know quite what I'd do," he said. His voice sounded honest, too," asserted Hettie, with a nod. "I really can't say, Norma," he declared; "but I know I wouldn't let you throw yours away—well, spend it for a visionary purpose. It would always be on my conscience, Norma darling."

"Oh, well, Dol, I wouldn't want you to do anything you'd brood over and maybe worry," said she slowly. "And if you think we better keep it—"

"The money," he said thoughtfully, "the—you—do you think your uncle might not be hurt because you sold his farm so quick?"

"I wonder if he would," said she. I couldn't see her face at all," interpolated Hettie. "But in eight years I know most tones of Norma Brody's voice—I wish I could have seen her face."

"Baldwin and Duchess are good apples," Dol then said, real slow and thinking like.

"Yes, they are. And the hired man said there was going to be a bumper crop this year," said Norma.

"Are you real set on selling it right away, Norma?" Dol then wanted to know absent like.

"Oh"—she hesitated—"oh, no!"

"A good farm is a good farm," said he, still absent like. "I don't know but what taking care of it would be as good a way of enlightening— But maybe, dear, you wouldn't care to live on a farm?"

Hettie Frywell paused here and sent a grim, mystified glance round the table of listeners. "I guess every one of you has heard Norma Brody say a thousand times if she'd said it once that she couldn't abide life on that farm of her uncle's?"

A circling nod of assent answered her.

"Well," said Hettie, "when Dol Springer said that, Norma said like a shot, 'Dear, I could be happy on a farm in Archangel—with you!'"

The circling nod gave place to an incredulous, circling, "O-oh!"

"I wish I'd heard her!" gasped Mary Helm.

"She said it!" said Hettie.

"I wonder—" began Mary Helm, then paused.

"I've been wondering, too," admitted Hettie grimly. "You see I was still there when Norma left Dol. And you all know that mirror at the end of the passage? Norma stopped at it to fix her hair. And while she fixed it—" Hettie halted for rhetorical effect. "My eyesight ain't what it used to be"—musingly—"but while she was looking in that mirror, I could swear her left eyelid drooped at itself."

Hettie gathered up the last crumbs of a sandwich.

"You know there's this about violet eyes," she said reflectively. "You never can tell whether they're just pretty—or deep."

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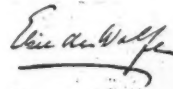
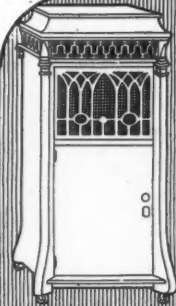
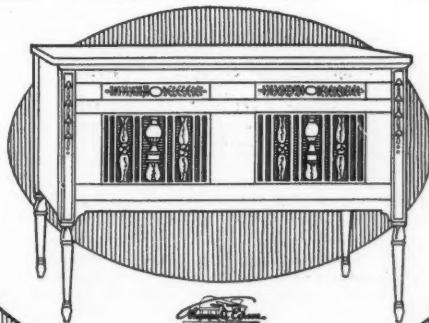
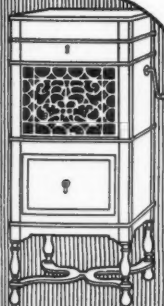
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Uneasy Street

(Continued from page 35)

the monuments that had been built by the people whom he had seen at play to-night. New York could be gay, but, in the chill dawn after a night of revelry, one was more conscious of New York's ability to work than of its penchant for play.

He drew in a last breath of air and entered the hotel. It was overheated; he had hardly reached the elevator before the headache that had been threatening him arrived. He was nodding when he reached his door.

He had always been a methodical sort of person, and the army had accentuated this trait in him. Always he placed his effects in an orderly row upon his dresser—pocketbook, fountain pen, keys, money. He grimaced as he counted the latter. Less than three dollars! Suddenly blur left the recollections of the evening. Events stood out sharply. He had borrowed a hundred dollars from Jimmy Ladd. Well, after all, he needn't repay that immediately. As for his hotel bill, he could pawn his wrist-watch. His face grew suddenly blank as his fingers, dipping into his waistcoat pocket, failed to encounter Eileen Elsing's pin. Slowly, then frantically, he searched his other pockets. It was gone! He sat down on the edge of the bed. What was it the girl had said? That she would hate to ask him to replace it? He exhaled heavily. That meant that she would not hesitate to do so, if he remembered correctly the expression in her eyes.

But even if she didn't ask him to replace it, how long would he be content to remain under any obligation to a girl who flirted with one man, kissed him, while she was cold-bloodedly planning to marry, for money, another man twice her age?

He stared down between his knees. Something protruded from under the bed. He pulled it out. It was a worn, canvas-covered steamer-trunk, small, unfashionable. A porter, doubtless, had put it in his room by mistake. Savagely he kicked at the unoffending box. It disappeared under the bed. To-morrow he'd notify the office—He'd lost Eileen Elsing's pin. That was the only thought of which he was capable. He wondered what it was worth? A thousand dollars? It was long before uneasy slumber came to him.

III

PAIN is the most vital thing in the world. If conscience worked directly upon anatomy, there would be fewer sinners. That is why drunkards are always much more remorseful than burglars. Drunkards are certain to pay within twenty-four hours. Burglars may escape for years.

Baird had slept heavily. But now, as he painfully opened his eyelids, he was sure that he had not slept more than half an hour, although his wrist-watch told him that it was almost two o'clock. Only the sternest critic would have accused him of having been intoxicated last night, but—memory was a bit inactive, and his limbs ached. Intoxicated or not, he had drunk too much.

He'd missed his train home. But that could hardly be blamed to liquor. He'd decided to miss it before he'd had a single drink. Because a girl, of a sort different



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from any he had hitherto known, intrigued him, he had stayed over.

A girl of a different sort. Yes; she was all of that. She was the sort who willingly exchanged her youth and beauty for money. He sneered at himself. What difference did it make to him?

Suddenly he closed his eyes; memory was less sluggish. Brilliantly, despite his lids, there danced before his eyes a pin—of platinum—from which glistened nine diamonds. Memory was racing now. How she had hesitated when she said that an aunt had given it to her! Aunt!

But what difference did it make to him who had given it to her? Except that, of course, he would be even more anxious to replace a gift from Blackmar than one from an aunt. Why, he did not know. It was just so. Hurt, angry pride made him forget, for the moment, his aches.

What an ass he'd made of himself last night! The hundred dollars that he had borrowed from Ladd, the pin that he'd lost—for the moment he waved these matters aside, while memory brooded bitterly upon his attitude toward Eileen Elsing. He supposed the girl flattered herself that she'd made a conquest. He sat up in bed and swung his feet to the floor.

A cold bath, breakfast, the raising of some money on his watch—On the floor, right at his foot, was a bill. His brows drew together as he bent over and picked it up. A hundred-dollar bill! Where on earth—Ladd had given him a hundred. But he had spent that. His own hundred-dollar bill had been slipped into the waitress's stocking at the Central. But had it? He'd been drinking. He might easily have made a mistake. And when he'd turned in last night, perhaps he hadn't been as methodically careful as he imagined. He had doubtless dropped this on the floor. His telephone-bell rang. The bill clutched in his hand, he walked to the instrument.

"Good-morning, Indian! How you feeling?" It was Jimmy Ladd, as cheerful as though his last night's festivities had had milk as their inspirational base.

"Sort of so-so," said Baird.

"You ran out on us," accused Ladd.

"It was a bit too strong for me," apologized Baird.

"For you? Not if you got into the proper training, old top. I think you've an honest-to-God talent for being a rum-hound, Rod. Of course, you're out of practise and all that, but you have a way of leaping at the old juice, and enveloping it, and making it feel at home that I envy."

"Was I as bad as that?" asked Baird.

Ladd laughed.

"Course not. Except for a minute or two, when I thought you'd pull Blackmar apart to see what made him tick."

"What does make him tick?" demanded Baird.

"He doesn't. He shrieks to heaven. It's the kale that does it for him. Do you suppose Eileen Elsing could hear him if it wasn't for that?"

"I wasn't thinking of Miss Elsing."

The laugh that came over the wire was extremely distasteful to him.

"Why try to deceive your uncle James?" demanded Ladd. "Why, if I introduced a man to Eileen and he didn't spend at least a week doing nothing else but think of her, I'd drop his acquaintance! There'd be something wrong with that man."

"Oh, she's very nice," said Baird shortly. "Very nice!" mimicked Ladd. "She's a perfect corker—that's what Eileen is!"

"And is going to marry a man for his money," sneered Baird.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," argued Ladd. "Blackmar's kept out of jail so far, and he has a remarkable taste in neckties. And a man who can make eight or ten millions isn't exactly a human zero."

"I suppose not," said Baird stiffly.

"Had breakfast?" demanded Ladd abruptly.

"Just woke up."

"Then I'll come over and you can weep on my shoulder about Eileen, and I'll weep on yours."

It was rather crude of Jimmy to harp on Miss Elsing, but still Baird supposed that he had given cause for it.

"What are you weeping about?" he demanded.

"Me?" Ladd's laugh was not quite as care-free now. "Have I ever, Roddy me buck, intimated that my esteemed father is no unchastened hellion?"

"I think that you once said that he'd rather chase up a church aisle than Broadway," answered Baird.

"You quote me accurately," declared Ladd. "And perhaps, in some moment of girlish confidence, I have painted a portrait of myself in the character of the erring son."

"I seem to remember something like that," admitted Baird.

"Yea, bo! 'Never darken my door again!' That's father. He used to be able to repeat it backward. And then I joined the army. Forgiven? I almost drowned beneath his forgiveness. And then I returned from France, and got my discharge, and the glamour wore off when I dallied with the grape, and—well, father delivered his famous lecture again this morning. I am no longer Little Sunshine, the Hero Heir. I am Door-Darkener, the Profligate. He happened to be slumbering lightly this morning when I crashed into the ancestral mansion, and he even neglected the office to-day, in order that he might parentally pry open my eyes. I've forgotten the verbiage of the ultimatum, but the gist of it is: 'On your way!' Bless his dear old heart, I'm a fearful rotter, and in three or four days, when he's begun to miss me, I'll trot home and explain to him that New Year's doesn't happen often, and isn't going to happen at all if the Prohibitionists get their way. But I've talked enough. I'll be over in twenty minutes."

Baird's mouth was hard as he hung up the telephone. Jimmy hadn't said so, hadn't even hinted it, but the intimation was there. Ladd could use the hundred that he had loaned Baird last night. Jimmy would never be crude enough to say so, but—Baird was glad that he had not tipped the waitress so generously last night. Thank heaven that he could settle the debt to Jimmy at once!

He stepped hurriedly beneath the shower. The cold spray revived him physically, and mentally, too. Of course he'd been an utter jackass, but it was all in the game of life, he supposed. Lots of men, through no particular fault of their own, suffered accidents entailing much more serious consequences than the replacing of a diamond pin.

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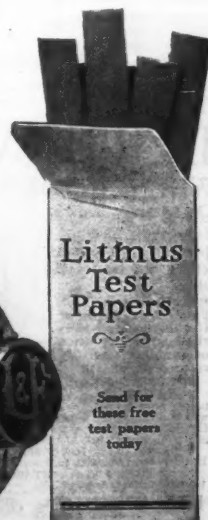
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In Linestream, a suburb of Donchester, there was a corner lot. Before the war, Baird had been offered fifteen hundred dollars for the property, which represented the entire savings of his father. Of course, prices had dropped a bit, but there wasn't the slightest doubt that he could get a thousand dollars for it half an hour after he notified any one of a dozen real-estate firms that it was in the market. His own firm, Robbins & Robbins— But no; he'd rather not say anything about it to them. Both the Robbinses were prosy old fogies who took great personal interest in their employees.

Rubbed briskly dry, he stepped into his bedroom again. He reached under the bed for his shoes. His hand encountered a bit of paper—two bits of paper. He straightened up, staring blankly at two hundred-dollar bills!

Maybe he had drunk enough last night to make a mistake in thinking that he had given a waitress a hundred-dollar tip. But certainly he had not been in such condition as to acquire two hundred dollars without recollection of the fact. He glanced quickly at his overcoat. It was his own brand-new one; he had not walked off with the wrong one.

He sat dazedly down upon the edge of the bed. He remembered perfectly having gone through all his pockets searching for the diamond pin. He couldn't have pulled three hundred-dollar bills from his pocket without seeing or feeling them. It was credible that he'd dropped one bill, but three—never! He got on his knees and looked beneath the bed. There was that little canvas trunk—he remembered that, remembered kicking it angrily under the bed. There were more bills on the floor by the trunk. The cover was partly open; money seemed to be oozing from it.

He reached farther under and pulled the trunk out. His wits were acute now. He knew at once that his angry kick last night had forced the lock, had permitted the money that was so tightly packed inside to expand with the cessation of pressure, to flutter upon the floor.

A knock sounded upon the door. Harshly he called a question. A maid answered him. Sudden drops were upon his forehead. He laughed nervously as he wiped them away, and called to the maid to return in an hour.

An hour? Why not ten minutes? By some amazing error, this trunkful of money had been placed in his room, and his only course was to telephone the office at once, inform the hotel staff of the affair, and— How much money was there? If they were all hundreds, like these bills that he saw— But there were thousands, too. Suddenly it seemed that the only important thing in the world was the adding of this money. His fingers trembled as he began counting.

Two hundred and three thousand and seven hundred—but he mustn't forget the hundred that he had first picked up, and which now he knew could not possibly be his own. Two hundred and three thousand and eight hundred dollars! And it had been left in his room!

He walked to the window and stared unseeingly at Times Square. He must think, *think!* This money, this fortune—it wasn't his. He mustn't lose sight of that fact for a second.

He turned back from the window and

sat down. The telephone, silent against the wall, seemed to call to him. The obvious thing, the only thing, was to telephone down-stairs and have this trunk and its contents removed.

But there was no law forbidding a man to play with his fancy. How on earth had it come into his room? Well, it hadn't walked in—that was sure. And it no longer seemed credible that a hotel porter had accidentally delivered it to this room. Trunks containing fortunes are not carelessly entrusted to porters.

Well then, why hadn't the person who left it here claimed it? For eleven hours, at least, it had been undisturbed in the room— His telephone-bell rang. The girl announced Mr. Ladd.

"Tell him that I'll be down in five minutes," said Baird.

He hung up and looked again at the trunk. He didn't have a hundred with which to pay Jimmy Ladd, and Jimmy would undoubtedly be grateful, in view of the parental displeasure incurred to-day, for repayment. But there was no necessity for weighing Jimmy's possible gratitude against—well, against theft. A person looking on, watching him, would be justified in thinking that he intended keeping this money.

He laughed. But his mirth was not reassuring to himself. Two hundred and three thousand and eight hundred dollars! He'd never even seen so much money. Why, if it came to that, he doubted if Rockefeller had ever seen so much. Bankers might have, but the big millionaires of the country paid their bills, acquired their properties with checks. So much cash—

And why hadn't it been claimed? People who have mislaid two hundred thousand dollars don't oversleep, even on the day after New Year's eve.

Could it be possible that its last possessor did not intend to claim the money? Well, what difference did that make? His duty was very clearly defined. He'd telephone down-stairs immediately—and The bell rang again. He answered it. It was Ladd, speaking from down-stairs, announcing that he, for one, was starved, and purposed beginning his late breakfast. "With you right away," said Baird.

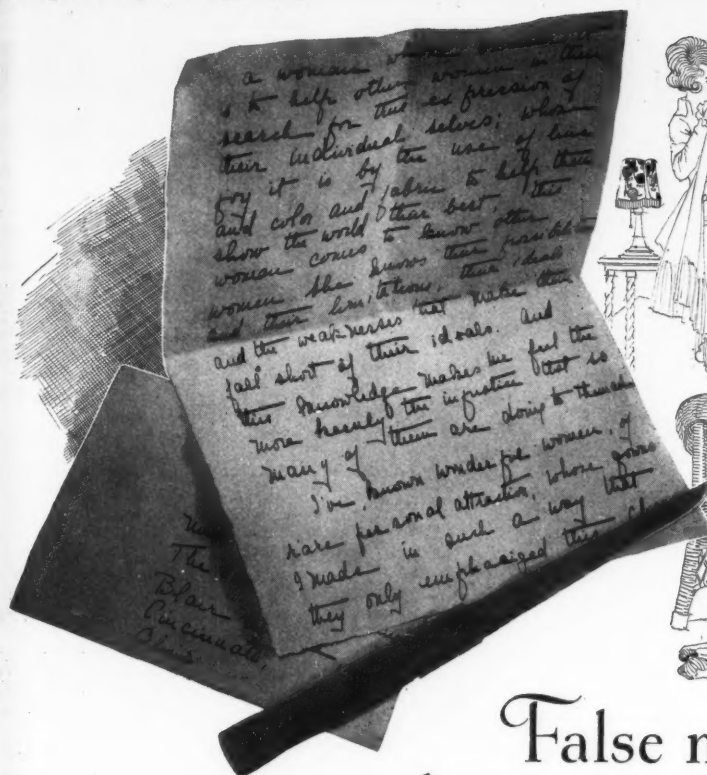
Once again he looked at the trunk. Then he walked over to it and picked it up. In his own trunk, purchased yesterday, he placed the canvas one. There was plenty of room. It had needed a big new trunk to hold his uniforms and trophies acquired abroad. Carefully he locked it. It was certainly his duty to guard this money against the possible depredations of a maid. He was slightly dizzy as he entered the elevator.

IV

JIMMY LADD, in matters gastronomic at any rate, was a man of his word. Also, he had a persuasive way with head waiters. The *maitre d'hôtel*, a captain, a waiter, and a 'bus-boy were all scurrying round the corner-seat of the Tramby grill, administering to the young man's wants, when Baird entered the room.

"How do you do it, Jimmy?" asked Baird, as the captain drew out a chair for him.

Ladd thrust his pointed spoon into the iced grapefruit; he conveyed a morsel to his mouth.



False modesty has caused this subject to be ignored

Now a Fifth Ave. modiste permits us to make public her experience

"Being in a position to come in close personal contact, professionally and socially, with women of wealth and distinction," writes a well known modiste, "I have come to very definite conclusions about this subject.

"Until now I have had no intention of making these conclusions public. But recently I have come to feel that it is a thing to be remedied only by open discussion. If you feel this letter will help, you are at liberty to publish it.

"A woman whose business it is to help other women in their search for true expression of their individual selves; whose joy it is by the use of line and color and fabric to help them show the world their best, this woman comes to know other women. She knows their possibilities and their limitations, their ideals and the weaknesses that make them fall short of their ideals.

How many women are doing themselves grave injustice!

"And this very knowledge makes me feel the more keenly the injustice that so many of them are doing to themselves.

"I've known wonderful women, of lovely figure, of rare personal attraction, whose gowns I made in such a way that they only emphasized this charm, who yet, I knew, would fail miserably to make others feel that they were wholly lovely. They didn't seem to know that the odor of perspiration was destroying the effect of all my efforts, all the force of their own confident poise.

"They know that it has a real power to stand in the way of a woman's progress and charm. They notice the defect in others, but do not realize that others may notice it in them!

"I'm glad of the present crusade to make women know. When they do know, they'll act—just as they've done in every other great movement for the betterment of themselves and their world."

It is a physiological fact that the odor which is caused by the chemicals of the body is practically always present whether we ourselves notice it or not. Too often we do not notice it. No amount of soap and water, or powder, can correct this. And the underarm perspiration glands are under such sensitive nervous control that sudden excitement or emotion or embarrassment is sufficient to make them more active, and therefore to cause this odor to become more apparent.

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Fastidious women everywhere know that this cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of a woman's toilet. They are giving it the regular attention that they give to their hair, or teeth or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet water especially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

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"What? Get action? Roddy, when I walk into a restaurant, the check-boy knows that it's Christmas. He flashes the word ahead that Santa has arrived." He dug again into his grapefruit. "That's one of the arguments that father uses to bolster up his frightful injustices toward me." He grinned. "Father says that if I'd earned my own money, I wouldn't be so lavish with it. And he can't see it at all when I point out to him that my main objection to work is that it will doubtless cause me to set too great a value upon money. He has the thrift idea. I try to point out its economic falsity, its glaring immorality, but he'll not listen. He told me, this morning, that I was a sucker for every parasite in New York. Yes, sir; he said 'sucker.' If you knew father, you'd realize the extent of his wrath. And when I told him that so highly esteemed a character as the late 'Diamond Jim' Brady had said that there was a lot of fun in being a sucker if you could afford it, father told me that I could no longer afford it." His countenance took on a look of mock horror. "I trust, old top, that you can pay for this sumptuous repast?"

"If you can eat it," Baird grimaced.

A waiter removed Jimmy's fruit. Upon a hot plate he placed buckwheat cakes and sausages. Generously he applied golden sirup to the dish. Baird shook his head.

"Yours is a point of view that could only gain ground in this town, Jimmy."

"Well, New York demands the best, the most up-to-date," chuckled Ladd. "Give the old burg time, and it will spread its philosophy all over the nation. 'Cause why? Because we're the happiest folk in the country."

"You think so?"

"I know it," said Ladd emphatically. "This town is full of folks born and raised somewhere else. But show me the town that has many New Yorkers! There ain't no such place. And if there is," he went on, blissfully unconscious of contradictory utterance, "those New Yorkers are all looking forward to the day when they'll have enough money to come back to the big town. And people don't care about a place where they aren't happy."

Baird poured a second cup of coffee.

"Sorry I don't see it your way, Jimmy. But, to me, the town is simply the home of the bluffer, the would-be, the imitator, the social climber."

"You have a grouch," declared Jimmy. "Therefore you quote the envious. Let me tell you something, man: The bluffer and the imitator have a decidedly legitimate ambition. They aren't clams. They know that some one else has more on the ball than they have; so they ape him. By and by, if they imitate and bluff long enough, they'll be the real thing. Take a prize-fighter beginning his career. Do any sneer at him because he hopes to be champion? And because, at the outset, he avoids the best men, admitting that, at present, they are superior to him, is he a joke? Not by a long shot! He's a wise Patsy. But he studies the champion's tactics, his methods—imitates him in every way. Sensible boy!"

"No argument," said Baird. "He has a more or less legitimate ambition. But your woman, for instance, who sends her husband to the grindstone, presses his nose against it, so that he may make more



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money in order that she may have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Vanderbilt—She is a fool, and her husband is a greater fool."

Jimmy nodded to the waiter. The dishes were removed. Carefully, with fingers that shook not at all, Baird noticed, he selected and lighted a cigarette.

Baird's own fingers trembled. Though he followed every word of Jimmy's talk, the canvas trunk up-stairs loomed large in the background of his mind. Whose was it? Had its owner missed it? Was a search already being instituted?

Luxuriously, Ladd inhaled cigarette smoke.

"Calling names doesn't prove anything," he said. "We hear a lot about expensive wives. Let me tell you something, boy: Ambition is a funny thing. A man would be content with ten thousand a year, say. His wife wants fifty. She makes him hustle. He gets the fifty. His nose is at the grindstone, as you say. But it sharpens his nose. It makes him smell opportunity, and—he doesn't sag, physically or mentally. Show me an extravagant wife and, nine times out of ten, I'll show you a successful husband."

"Yes," jeered Baird; "and a man who's killing himself for nothing, so that his wife may visit on the Avenue."

"Well, the Avenue's a nice place, Rod; you must admit that," chuckled Ladd. "And why shouldn't she want to know the people who live there?"

"Because she doesn't belong with them," snapped Baird.

Ladd laughed.

"There's a fine democratic doctrine! Why doesn't she belong there if she's an attractive person socially and her husband has money enough?"

"Why isn't she content with her old friends?" Baird avoided a direct reply.

"Are you? Is anyone? What's life but movement, change? You've had five thousand a year, say. You make ten thousand a year. Do you run round with the same people? You bet your life you don't—either here or in your home town of Donchester! Or in Peking, China, or Valparaiso, or Evanston, Illinois. And I'll tell you why. A motor trip is proposed. Two couples. The ten-thousand-dollar couple wants to stay at a hotel a little more expensive than the five-thousand-dollar people can afford. So they travel with another ten-thousand-dollar couple. And I'll tell you something else: The rich don't forsake their poor acquaintances so much as the poor forsake them. The five-thousand-dollar women call on the ten-thousand-dollar women. They resent her new rugs, her silver. They quit calling."

"Where did you learn all this, Jimmy?" chaffed Baird.

"Oh, I picked it up in various places," grinned Ladd. "Believe me, Rod, I know a lot about money and what it does to people."

"You never made any," said Baird sardonically.

"But I've spent a bunch," chuckled Jimmy. "You can learn as much watching the parade go as watching it come."

"Well, you're all wrong, anyway," said Baird.

"That's what you say—now. Wait till you've been in this town a while longer."

"Afraid I'll never change, then. I must get away to-day," said Baird.

"Oh, but you'll come back. Of course, now that father is on the outs with his angel child— But he'll get over it in a week at the outside. And then I want you to meet him. There's lots of opportunity in his office, and I want you there, Roddy me buck."

Baird's heart leaped. Strangely, he, who had had nothing, had attracted the friendship of this youth who had had everything. Carefully cultivated, Jimmy Ladd's regard might lead to— He was ashamed of himself for cold-bloodedly thinking to profit by another's generosity.

"It's awfully decent of you, Jimmy, but —"

"But, gosh—I don't often meet anyone that isn't after something, that isn't always remembering who father is. And you're a nice little man, Rod; I'm for you. That's settled. I'll wire you when to come on. And I'll only introduce you to some regular folks. Of course, I'll only introduce you to girls that have already refused to marry me, like Eileen, because you're a handsome blade, Rod, and —"

"Miss Elsing refused to marry you?" asked Baird.

"Surest thing you know! But I'm in darned good company. We're going to form a club—Rejected Suitors of Eileen. I know at least seven other members. And that reminds me—just after I rang you up this afternoon, she phoned. Told me to remind you that you had a pin of hers. Asked me to bring you along to tea. She's going to be with Blackmar at the Amsterdam. You can wait over for a late train, eh?"

"Why—er—yes; I—must see Miss Elsing," stammered Baird. "I—you see, Jimmy, I lost that pin of hers."

Jimmy pursed his lips.

"Better bring along enough cash to buy her another, then. Eileen is strictly business. And I think Blackmar gave her the pin. He's a fussy old bird, Blackmar. Myself, I think that maybe Eileen is making a mistake, but eight millions make loud music."

"Wouldn't you have that sometime?" hinted Baird.

"Father is quite hale and hearty, thank you," grinned Jimmy. "And Blackmar has his."

"And she'd marry a man for his money?" asked Baird.

Jimmy shrugged.

"Where does a lawyer take his talent? To the highest bidder, eh? And a doctor, and an author—anyone at all? Why shouldn't Eileen?"

"But—but it comes down to—selling herself," protested Baird.

"Does it? All right. Would you have her sell herself for a pretty speech or a pleasant smile or a good-looking face? It's a queer thing the way people look at marriage. A girl throws herself away on a good-looking poor young blackguard, and people call her a fool. She throws herself away on a rich young blackguard, and people say that she's made a good match."

"They say that in New York, perhaps," argued Baird.

"They say it anywhere," retorted Ladd. "But if she happens to marry a man twenty years older than herself, she has to prove, absolutely, that she loves the man before people will believe her. Why?"

"Because people suspect that money has entered into the affair."



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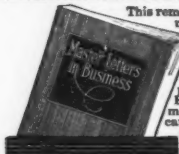
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"If they're both young, that doesn't matter," said Ladd. "People have the wrong idea, absolutely, about marriage. It's the man's fault, too. A man forty-five offers himself to a young girl. He's grown a bit bald, a bit paunchy; his youthful good looks are gone. But to offset that, he has a record of successful achievement. But does he want the lady to marry him because of his undoubted assets? Not by a jugful! He wants to be married for something that he hasn't got. Gosh, when some girl accepts me, I hope she doesn't do it because I can dance the shimmy! I'm willing to be married because I have brains, because I've made some use of them." He colored slightly. "Of course," he went on, more constrained in manner, "I'll never amount to a damn, anyway. But just supposing— People seem to think that love is a matter of sex-attraction. It sure is; but marriage is something else again, Mawruss. Of course, I think it's better all round if the girl loves the man, but if she respects him, and he has undoubted material assets— I'm not blaming Eileen a bit."

"I guess I look at it differently," said Baird. He had the faintest sneer in his voice.

"You don't look at it sensibly," said Ladd. "Take Eileen. You know what a little sister of the rich is? Well, Eileen is one of them. Father died ten years ago. Her uncle brought her on here. Uncle has two daughters older than Eileen. They'll never win prizes in beauty contests. Chance for jealousy, eh? You said it. Eileen always in the background—cast-off gowns, all that. And would they let her fit herself for a job? Not so's you'd notice it. An old-maid aunt might come in handy when the cousins got married—keep house, all that sort of thing."

"But you can't keep a wise girl down. And Eileen is wise. She's got used to certain things—things that cost money. Does she want to give them up? Does anyone? Well, she's normal. First thing her uncle knew, Eileen, in her cast-off gowns and made-over suits, was a belle. The cousins could leave her out of parties, but other people wouldn't. When half a dozen men in a certain set want to marry a girl, they manage to see that she's invited around. Eileen isn't a one-punch person, Rod. She gets 'em, but she holds 'em, too. There's an Eileen that one doesn't meet at first—an Eileen who's gentle, sweet. She has more than beauty, than brains, than charm. She has all those, the Lord knows, but she sticks to a friend the way a man does. She—oh, gosh, you'll find out."

"Well, there you have it. Where her cousins tossed away a thousand, Eileen counted a penny twice. Then another uncle died. He left her four thousand a year. And Eileen ups and moves. Little apartment all her own on Fifty-ninth, opposite the park. Cousins sighed with relief; Eileen was out of the market, would render herself *déclassée*. But not Eileen. Dug up a chaperon and is invited around— It hasn't been any too easy for her, I'll tell the world. She's been trained with a million-dollar crowd—and likes it. She's had to count pennies—has to count 'em still, for that matter. Four thousand a year doesn't buy any yachts, you know. Every little jewel, every trinket—"

"I notice that she accepts them from

a man to whom she's not married," said Baird.

"That pin, you mean?" Ladd shrugged. "I'm not saying that Eileen is perfect. I'm saying this: She found out early in the game that money makes this world go round. She found out that men can afford to be generous, but that women ought to run a cash business. That's why she won't hesitate a minute to let you pay for that pin. And you'll respect her more for it."

"Will I?" Baird's sneer was patent now. "Sure you will! That's the masculine of it. If I lose your watch, you laugh it off. You won't hear to my getting another. That's because you are able to earn money to buy another one. But a woman—practically all that any of them have got they got as gifts from men. They only have a few years—most of them, poor things!—in which to collect their gifts. So they're jealous of those they have. It's plain business. You like it in a man; why not respect it in a woman, even though it's a bit different?" His face grew suddenly anxious. "Say—it won't break you, will it? That pin must be worth seven or eight hundred— If you don't want to see her, I'll frame up some excuse, and—"

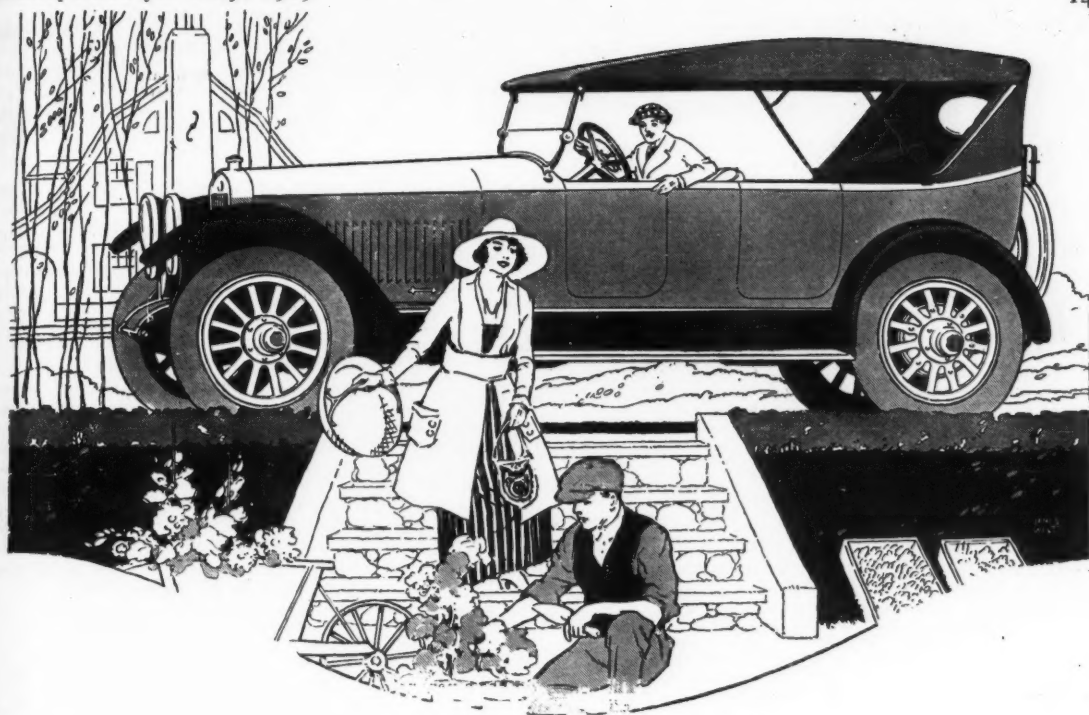
Here was Baird's chance. Jimmy Ladd was his friend. Friends forgive mistakes; they do not judge too harshly. It was a very simple thing to explain to Ladd that he was under a misapprehension, that Baird had permitted a wrong conception to arise in Ladd's mind. Ladd knew that Baird was in moderate circumstances. Why not tell him that he was in practically no circumstances at all, that he was dependent on the job waiting for him?

But pride assailed him—false pride. He had not destroyed certain assumptions that had grown up in Jimmy's mind. Last night, he had borrowed a hundred with an air of casualness that amounted, if one were strictly ethical, to deceit. To ask Miss Elsing to wait a day for payment of the value of her pin meant that Jimmy Ladd would know that Baird had not that much in the bank. Otherwise, he would naturally write a check.

Jimmy Ladd's friendship might prove a great asset. A position in the firm of Jimmy's father might lead to undreamed-of fortune. There was no future with Robbins & Robbins. There was a future with Jimmy Ladd in New York.

But that future was based on friendship; friendship is easily jeopardized. Jimmy Ladd, he knew, trusted him implicitly. But if Jimmy Ladd discovered that Baird had deceived him as to his financial standing— Jimmy had expressed great tolerance for the bluffer. But men often say things that they do not mean.

But it wasn't Jimmy that he was considering at all. He might as well be honest with himself. He was thinking of Eileen Elsing. She was not at all the sort of girl that interested him. He had his own ideas about the sort of girl that he liked. How could a man care for a woman who stood for all the things to which he was opposed? Ridiculous! He did not realize that he was whistling to keep his courage up, that nature works her plan without consulting us. If love were a mathematical formula, there would be no unhappy marriages. She was not at all the kind of girl that he had vaguely conceived might.



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some day, win his love. That was enough for him! A girl who would deliberately exchange herself for money, even though a marriage ceremony absolved her from open shame—He certainly was not going to submit himself to humiliation at her hands. And it would be humiliation to confess to her—though the confession went through Jimmy Ladd—that he had not cash enough in the bank to meet his obligation to her.

"Break me?" He laughed. He signed the check that the waiter had placed face downward on the table without glancing at it. He gave the man a dollar. "Not at all. And I owe you a hundred, Jimmy."

"No hurry at all, old chap!" protested Jimmy.

"Why not? I borrowed it in a hurry. Might as well pay it back the same way. And I'll have just time to drink a cup of tea with Miss Elsing before I catch my train."

"And you'll be ready to return soon?"

"Why—er—" Baird was thinking fast. "Maybe I'll return at once. I'd hardly like to go to work at my old place and leave them in a hurry. Just attend to my affairs there, and come back."

"Good boy!" exclaimed Jimmy. "This is Wednesday. By Saturday, father will be missing his erring son. We'll have Sunday dinner together—you, too—and Monday James McPherson Ladd has a new potential partner."

"You think there's a place for me?"

"I don't think it, Rod; I know it."

They were in the lobby now.

"Wait for me a minute or so, Jimmy," said Baird.

Ladd nodded assent, and Baird entered the elevator. In his room he stood still for two minutes. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

It certainly was not theft that he contemplated. Supposing that he'd had a thousand dollars in the bank? Would it be morally wrong for him to take a thousand from the canvas trunk, placing his own perfectly good check therein? He didn't think it would be.

Well, his corner lot in Linestram was the same as money in the bank. He'd return to-morrow afternoon, replace the money that he was going to take now. It was almost four o'clock. No one had

come to claim the trunk and its contents. If, by any possible chance, they did come, how would they prove that he had taken anything from the contents? Prove it? But, pshaw!—no one would claim it. When he returned, he would notify the hotel authorities of finding the trunk, first replacing the money that he had taken. He was not going to make any confession that would humiliate him in the eyes of Eileen Elsing. He would pay her for her pin.

He opened his trunk, and from the canvas box inside took a thousand dollars. This time he was not dizzy when he walked to the elevator, but his color was high.

Twenty-four hours ago, he had looked forward to his return to Donchester, to the taking-up, where he had left off, of what had seemed to be a satisfactory career. In so far as youth ever looks ahead, he had forecast his future as one of not too arduous labor rewarded with modest pay. Some day, he had always dreamed, he might possibly achieve a minor interest in the firm of Robbins & Robbins, might go home each night to find dinner upon the table, presided over by a nice, comfortable girl—pretty, of course—who would hang breathlessly upon his speech.

Last night, he had met a different sort of girl. He had met a girl who, when she married, would leave the preparation of dinner to a competent chef and a capable butler. He had met a girl who would not look upon home as the end-all and be-all of existence, but who would treat home as man treats it—a place to go when the important things of the day had been attended to. A girl, in short, who possessed as much individuality as any man, and who would not permit that individuality to be submerged beneath marriage.

He had had, last night, his first glimpse of a life whose participants were not hampered by such petty matters as the price-list on the menu. He had met, on terms of equality, persons to whom wealth, because they had it, was a casual thing. And the very casualness with which it was treated enhanced its value in his eyes.

Donchester, while he had been in the army, had seemed some earthly paradise to which, if God were kind, he might be some day permitted to return. But now Donchester seemed the tomb of ambition, the burial-ground of hope.

In the next instalment of Mr. Roche's novel, Baird returns to New York after his trip to Donchester, sees Eileen Elsing, opens the money-magic trunk, and—things begin to happen. Read a out in **August Cosmopolitan**, on sale July 10th.

The Battle of the Packs

(Continued from page 44)

in his brain, nor was his action an expression of unusual individual strategy or quick wit. Just as his animal intelligence told him to call the pack when he struck the trail of a big caribou herd, so now that same intelligence urged him to bring in the killers as quickly as he could. Running a hundred yards out into the finger of barren, he began to howl. He howled as he had never howled before, and Mistik, whose quick perception gripped the importance of his comrade's maneuver, continued to snap and feint at the musk-oxen. Even when Swift Lightning had gone so far that his howl came back faintly, Mistik untiringly stood his guard. As long as the

big lone wolf made his circles, Yapao had no thought of breaking his battle-front.

Three-quarters of a mile to the westward, the finger of plain that ran through the upheaved tundra opened into the big barren, and straight out into this barren Swift Lightning went, pausing every few hundred yards to give his howl. It had been a long time since the meat-cry of the wolves had swept under the skies, and, still another mile farther on, a white form, questing hungrily under the stars, suddenly stopped and faced its direction. At a far distance, a second wolf caught up the signal, and then a third, and as far as there were ears to hear and voices to respond, the cry

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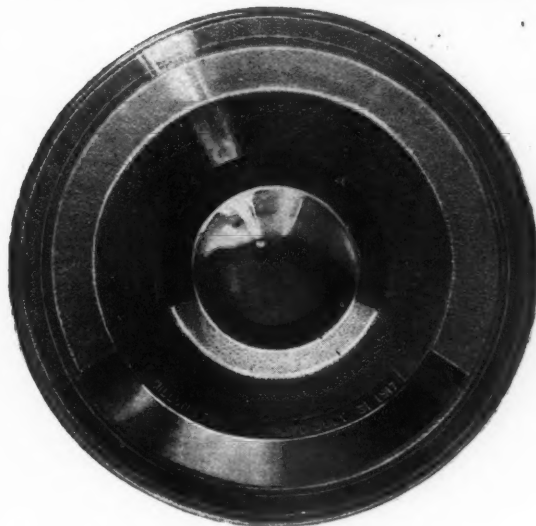
Would just as soon have broken a connecting rod, because I am at a loss without it, and cannot replace the Dillon with any other type of lens with the same satisfaction."

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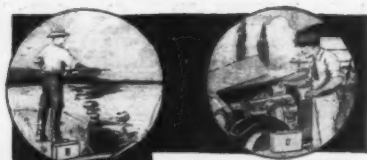
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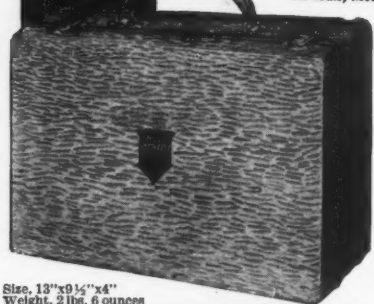
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traveled through the night. In times of the caribou, it would have gathered a hundred wolves; to-night, running in one by one, thin, red-eyed, starved, only twelve came to join Swift Lightning. With them he turned back into the curving flat finger of the tundra, and in this ribbon of plain the wolves caught their first scent of the musk-oxen. Mistik was still at his work, and Yapao and his herd were waiting stoically when the pack rushed up out of the gloom.

Now was there real battle under the glow of the stars. Outnumbered by two, the heads of Yapao and his crew were no longer motionless, awaiting their turns of assault. Fourteen slashing, swift-leaping, hunger-maddened beasts were at them—and fiercest of all were Swift Lightning and Mistik. Again and again they beat against the head-shields of the musk-oxen. Then came the first snarling howl of animal pain, as one of the white killers transfixed himself on the curving, bayonetlike horn of Yapao himself. But there was not an instant's halt in the attack. Before Yapao could clear his horn of the wolf, a second had buried his fangs in his nose, and in this same moment developed one of those swift and unforeseen happenings which, at times, change the tide of battle. A second wolf, leaping clean over Yapao's bowed neck, was caught on the upswung horn of the ox next to Yapao, and, in that space, both Yapao and his neighbor, burdened under the weight of their stabbed enemies, were unable to protect their part of the defensive ring. Seizing their advantage with the quickness of the deadliest hunters in the world, half a dozen wolves were at the breach. In a mighty leap, one of them shot over the heads to the center of the herd. A second followed him, and the sphinxlike immobility of the herd was gone. The center of it became a trampling and churning mass of destructive hoofs and great bodies. In perhaps the space of two minutes, the life was crushed out of the two wolves. But their sacrifice had broken the herd-formation, and to the heart of it, lunging at throats and noses, the pack swept in. Like sheep, the oxen broke now. Yapao himself was on his knees, with the big white wolf at his nose and Mistik at his throat. Swift Lightning and two others were pulling down a second. In the big beasts there was no fight when scattered. Hardest of all prey to kill when in their defensive formation, they were most helpless when each was dependent upon himself. Their flight was cumbrous, and the terror that possessed them was the terror of sheep. Yet were they slow to kill because of their long hair and thick wool, and it was half an hour later before Yapao and two others of the herd were dead. Of Swift Lightning's pack, five out of the fourteen were killed in the breaking of the ring, and the nine that were left settled down to a feast that would have gorged the empty stomachs of fifty.

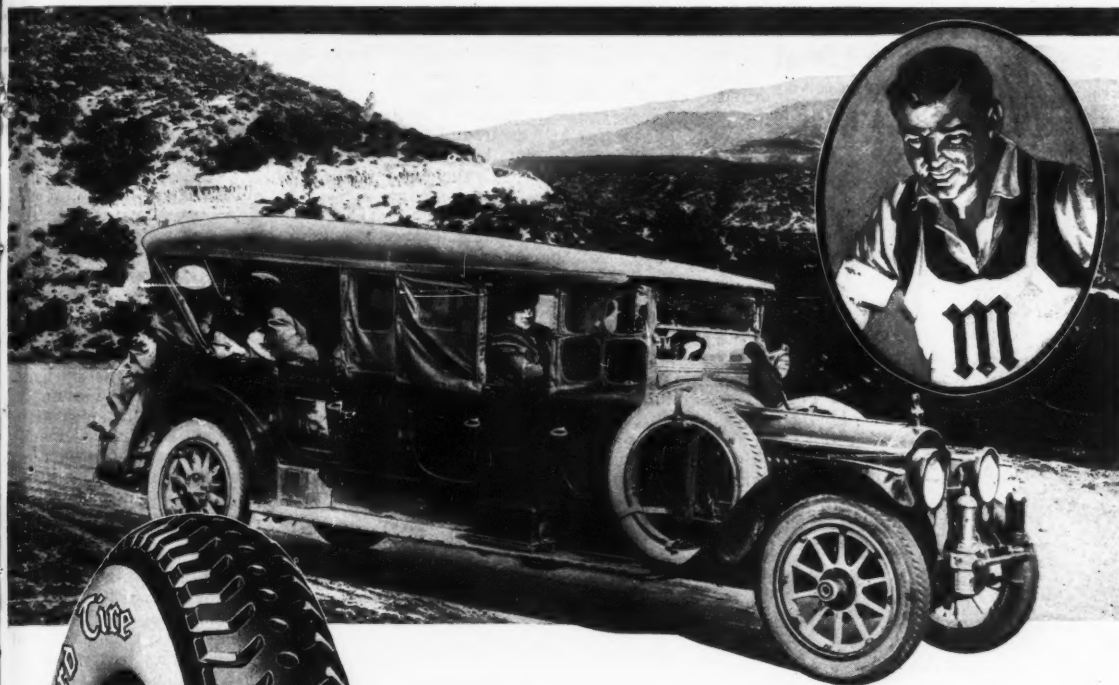
The silent and mysterious code of intelligences which spreads over wide areas the news of a "kill" to winged and clawed things that feed on flesh was already at work. Hunters—and hunters are those experienced in the matter—have found themselves baffled in the explanation of the swiftness and accuracy of its operation. Where Swift Lightning and Mistik had, an hour before, found no life in the white and frozen world about them, there was

now, here and there, manifestation of life. At first, it was only a cautious and starving fox, peering with his bright little eyes from the edge of the broken tundra; then an owl floating silently overhead—from nowhere—disappearing, and then a second fox and a third—and from dead out of the wind a bloodthirsty and fearless little ermine doubling himself up like a spring at every leap. Within the circle of these few, the scent of warm flesh might have carried. But the news traveled beyond. Living things, striking the trails of the fleeing oxen received the instinctive thrill that they were fleeing from death; and winged creatures seeing the fight, knew, by that same instinct, that death lay behind. All the hungry creatures of the barrens evaded the wolf because he was a killer, and yet they followed in his trail, because he was the mightiest hunter of them all, and in following him there was hope of the remnants of his feast. And the fox and the ermine and even the owl knew when the wolf was taking his hunting-leaps, and they knew when slaughter was in his cry, just as instinct tells the scavenger crow of the forests to circle above the timber of the swamp out of which has come the shot of a hunter's gun. And to-night there were the trails of twelve wolves that had gathered and the trails of nine oxen that had fled, and there was also the scent of warm flesh and blood that carried far in the wind.

And where there had been no life, there was now life. Here and there came a husky, yapping bark, and in the sheltering upheavals of the tundra, wide-eyed owls, who had heard the yapping, rose and floated between the earth and the stars to investigate—and these owls, gritting their beaks with a snapping sound that could be heard a hundred yards away, roused famishing little red-eyed ermines to new and excited questing of earth and air, so that, from all sides and not from one, swiftly and hungrily foregathered the creatures of the barren to feast on the leavings of the wolves.

But to-night there were to be no leavings. As extreme hunger will drive a man to fight for his own flesh and blood, even at the sacrifice of others of his kind, so this long-impending menace of death by starvation had dulled and frozen the brotherhood instincts of the nine wolves, and they were ready and watchful to give battle to any creature, either winged or footed, that might descend upon their meat—and this included their own breed. Chance had made partners of the nine, and each recognized the equal rights of the others, but any other wolf that might have appeared would, in this present hour, have been set upon and killed. Glutted for the first time in weeks with red meat, they did not scatter when they had finished eating, but made themselves burrows in the snow close to the meat on the edge of the near tundra. The first owl that descended on one of the carcasses was met by a ferocious white streak that tore it into pieces before its beak had driven into the flesh, and snarling warnings and mad rushes greeted the foxes who came too near.

If there was an exception, it was Mistik. He, too, was ready to fight for their meat; but over that inclination rode a stronger one—the thing that had been growing steadily in him since his comradeship with Swift Lightning—his desire to "go home." And "home," for Mistik, meant the big forests and the deep swamps of the country



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far south. And he wanted Swift Lightning to go with him. Many times he had tried to lure him to it. To-night had been his greatest success, for they were heading south—south as straight as Mistik could go—when they struck meat. And now that his hunger was gone and red life ran strong in him again, he wanted to go on. He whined at Swift Lightning's shoulder, and a dozen times he trotted across the finger of plain and waited for him to follow, until, at last, Swift Lightning left the watchful ring of his fellows and joined him. Together, they headed south.

It was Mistik who led. He trotted fast; his ears were aslant; he was no longer listening or smelling for game. And at last, on the far edge of the broken tundra, with the great barren sweeping ahead of them again, understanding came to Swift Lightning. He stopped and whined, half turning in the direction from which they had come; and Mistik, close at his side, answered that whine—with his face to the south. Off there lay the strange force that was pulling him; behind them the force that was holding Swift Lightning back; and even as Mistik urged for the forests and the swamps and the trap-lines of men, there grew in Swift Lightning again that ghostly yearning of Skagen, the great Dane, the call that had turned him more than once to the white men's cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash. Once more he followed Mistik, but with a slowness and indecision that made their progress slow, and at the end of an hour they were not more than three miles from the finger of plain in which they had killed the musk-oxen. But the intervals of his indecision were becoming shorter and less frequent. Another hour, and the call of countless dog-generations that had preceded the Skagen of twenty years ago would have won. He would have gone to the forests, to the country where there was always a sun and a moon, to the land of long summer, of trees and grass and flowers, of warm lakes and shining rivers. Then it was that the spirit which rode under the white stars of the polar night put its hand upon him, and across the great plain came its voice—stopping him, calling to him, demanding of him.

Facing north again, both Swift Lightning and Mistik listened to that voice. It was the cry of a wolf-pack—the old hunt-cry, the old slaughter-cry, the cry of long white fang inviting to carnival of feasting and death. It came to them faintly from the north and west.

And it was not the cry of the seven wolves that guarded the meat in the slit of plain that ran between the broken tundra.

In that finger of plain, the seven wolves had heard the approaching cry before it reached to Swift Lightning and Mistik. And in the cry they no longer recognized the voice of pack-brethren. The near-death of great hunger, preceded by weeks of fasting and famine, had wiped out the instinct of brute socialism which was a part of their living code in times of plenty. They were, for the time being, no longer creatures of community interest but individuals with private property, and in the defense of that property they were ready to fight against all comers, including those who, only a short time before, had been comrades. In a scattered group they

gathered round the torn carcasses of the three musk-oxen, their fangs gleaming, snarls in their throats, and eyes blazing with the fire of battle as the oncoming pack swept down the slim finger of the plain. It was a small pack, and yet it outnumbered them two to one—an advantage discounted somewhat by the full stomachs of the seven.

Swift Lightning's guard did not move. They waited. A hundred yards away, the newcomers halted, and, scattering out, they advanced slowly, whining hungrily, their jaws clicking in anticipation. They were ready to accept of hospitality, and yet, if hospitality were not offered, they were prepared to murder. The seven gave no sign or sound of welcome. They stood like white carved things in the starlight, and they took no account of number. Had their enemies been fifty instead of fourteen, they would still have defended their meat. Their warning carried itself swiftly to the understanding of the invading wolves. At their head was Ooyoo, the Howler. It was Ooyoo's howl, first of all, that had reached to Swift Lightning and Mistik, and it was he who circled nearer than any other of the fourteen, and at last darted in toward one of the musk-ox carcasses. The nearest of the seven was at him quick as a flash, and hardly had their bodies met when the thirteen rushed in like white shadows driven by a storm.

The six that were left of Swift Lightning's guard met them fang to fang. Meat was forgotten in the rage and blood of battle. In the bodies of starving creatures a deadly animosity took the place of hunger. Life-and-death struggles were fought over the stiffened bodies of the musk-oxen. Ooyoo, who had leaped in first, died with a torn jugular, so that his blood flooded the glazed eyes of Yapao, the slain king of the herd. In the first fang-slitting rush of battle, the seven—well-fed and stronger than their famine-stricken enemies—made a bloody account for themselves. Wolf to wolf, and one at a time, they were more than a match for their attackers. But swiftly the weight of numbers began to press upon them. While their own fangs were at foe-throats, other fangs slashed and tipped them. Two of the seven and four of their enemies died so closely about Yapao that their bodies formed a white shroud for him. Six of Ooyoo's pack were dead, and three of Swift Lightning's, when the terrific defense turned inevitably to defeat. Gashed and bleeding—four to eight—the defenders slowly gave way, fighting and slashing with every foot they retreated. Could the ghost of Yapao have come back then, it must have looked on with the triumph of one who has received the full measure of vengeance, for, under the brilliant light of the stars, the battle-field was red with blood and close-strewn with dead.

It was in this final bloody moment of the loss of what they themselves had stalked and killed that Swift Lightning and Mistik raced into the edge of the narrow plain. From the instant they had first heard the distant howling of the pack, they had scented battle, and now they leaped to the final act of the tragedy—twin demons, shooting straight and swift as bullets through the starlight. The twelve wolves were in a twisting, slashing, choking mass, and into that mass the two gray giants

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launched themselves with the force of thunderbolts. With a single crunch of his jaws, Swift Lightning broke the neck of a lean white beast whose fangs were buried in another's flesh. Mistik, using his fangs like knives, slashed the throat of a second. Sixty seconds sooner, and they would have saved the lives of the valiant four who had fought to the last. As it was, two of the four were dead under the mass of Ooyoo's horde, and from the throat of a third, even as he fought, ran a stream of blood. But the invaders had paid the price. Only five were left when Swift Lightning found himself battling against two. His own fangs were at the throat of one when the second sprang upon him. Together, gripped in a life-and-death duel, the three rolled and twisted in the snow. Mistik had made his second kill, and, with the last survivor of the seven, was in close and deadly combat with the remaining two of Ooyoo's pack.

Swift Lightning, torn and half winded, found himself, for the first time, out-matched. His own blood was streaming in the snow. As he held to the throat of his enemy, the second wolf slashed his sides and rumps, and finally secured a hold at the back of his neck. It was not a choking or jugular-cutting hold. It was the *weyitip*—and twice as deadly when the fangs got their grip. A sudden terrific agony seized him. The blade of a knife seemed to shoot into his brain, and paralysis, like a stabbing barb of hot iron, closed his eyes and relaxed his jaws. The under wolf, feeling the death-grip at his throat give way, slashed upward quickly and closed on Swift Lightning's under jaw. Then did Swift Lightning put all his remaining strength into a final tremendous effort to free himself. He rolled and twisted his great body, clawing and beating the air, but his jaws were helpless, and strength ebbed from him as his brain grew black. Grimly the two wolves hung on. Deeper sank the fangs in Swift Lightning's neck, and death itself was only a moment away when to his dying ears came a snarling roar, the impact of a giant body—and the paralyzing grip at the base of his brain was gone. Air filled his lungs again; vision returned to his eyes; strength came to his jaws, sound to his ears—and he heard the snarling, terrible triumph of Mistik as the huge timber-wolf slaughtered the foe he had torn from Swift Lightning's neck. In that moment, it was Mistik, the wandering wolf from the big timber, who rose above all other wolves that had ever fought on the white barrens. He did not wait for the last dying gasp of his enemy, but was back again, and his blood-reddened fangs sank deep into the body of the wolf that held Swift Lightning's jaw.

And when, a few moments later, Swift Lightning staggered to his feet, Mistik and the last survivor of the seven were all that were left to keep him company. Vengeance had come to Yapao, king of the musk-ox herd, for, of the pack of fourteen and the pack of nine, all but these three were dead. And Mistik, standing at Swift Lightning's shoulder, whined softly, and, in that arena of the slain, their muzzles touched again, and the mysterious spirit that rode under the stars gave to the intelligence of beasts an understanding of what comradeship had at last meant to them.

The next *Swift Lightning* story will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.

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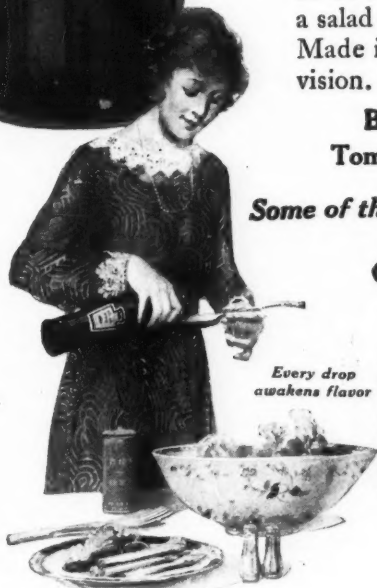
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The Passionate Pilgrim

(Continued from page 83)

to a man has a right to be proud of him—hasn't she?"

What was Calverly doing, these late days, to make that girl proud of him? For she was a princess of the blood. So ran the romantic thoughts of fifty-eight.

Mr. Hitt, clearly, was excited. He turned up the side street under the wide-arching maples. The early autumn twilight was settling over the street, but he could see the big square boarding-house with its old-fashioned square cupola outlined against a dimly glowing sky. He took the path that cut diagonally across the lawn to the steps.

A man sat there—a dim figure, smoking a cigarette. Pausing at the bottom step, peering up at him, Mr. Hitt saw long, well-clad legs, a light overcoat thrown open with what appeared to be a roll of manuscript bulging out one side pocket, a long face under a tipped-back hat.

The natural thing would have been to accept this youngish man as one of the boarders and pass him by without a thought.

But he was clearly not a boarder. There was still a little light in the sky, and another, yellow, light came from the window. The man looked up, for one thing, with a faint but, to the trained sensitive gaze of old Hittie, perceptible curiosity. And, for another thing, his clothes, indistinct as they were, were of a smarter cut than was commonly seen about town. Hittie, after a second's thought, placed them at New York. And that wad of loosely rolled paper in the overcoat pocket! He wasn't a reporter, of course.

Whatever he was, Hittie waited, one foot on the bottom step.

"I believe Mr. Calverly lives here," said Hittie, with something of the sensations of one who utters a momentous falsehood, yet is moved uncontrollably to make talk.

The long head bowed. Then, "What do you want of him?" asked the stranger.

The remark was not so brusque in sound as the bare words might appear. Indeed, they warmed Hittie's heart, for they established a relationship—possibly, probably, an intimate relationship.

"Merely to visit with him," he replied.

"He's at home," remarked the man from New York rather dryly. "But he's pretty busy."

"Busy? Not—not writing?"

The man bowed again.

"I'm glad of that. It is the one thing he needed—the thrill of creative work. I'm so glad."

There was a silence. Mr. Hitt felt a pair of quick, quizzical brown eyes taking him swiftly and surely in. Then the man asked rather abruptly,

"Are you Mr. Hitt of the News?" Hittie bowed. "I thought likely. Henry spoke of his talk with you. It seems to have been one of the things that stirred him up." Another silence. "If you don't mind," said the man from New York finally, "let's not disturb him. I've got a lot of the stuff here."

He rested a hand on the bulging pocket. "Thought I'd wander off to a café and look it over. He talked six things at once. I ran away. Do you mind joining me? My name's Weaver."

"You don't think we ought to drag the boy out?"

"No; let nature take its course. I've been through all this before with Henry. He wrote 'Satraps of the Simple' all over my living-room."

Hittie gazed at him in something near awe. As if, almost, a man had said, "Keats borrowed my pencil to write 'A Grecian Urn.'" They moved down the path.

Over a table in a little café they looked through the manuscript. They were two or three hours at this.

"What do you make of it?" asked Weaver.

"It's extraordinary. It's really a picture of the West as it was just when Jim Cantey was about to appear on the scene. Setting the stage for him."

Weaver, pulling at an imported cigar, long legs stretched out under the table, considered this. At length, he said:

"You're a literary man, Mr. Hitt. How good do you think it is?"

"I'd want to read it over slowly."

"But it is good?"

"Unquestionably."

"You think he has come back?"

"I don't think he's ever been very far away. He couldn't fight the world alone."

"No—of course."

"My impression is that he has stepped out far ahead of any earlier work."

"That's saying a lot."

"I know that. But look—" He turned the pages, read a sentence here and there, quite at random—"just get the sound of those. The freshness of it. The sure, light hand. And an extraordinary sense of personality back of the words—of a rich, warm, keen mind."

Weaver nodded.

"Yes; I feel all that. But I don't trust my judgment where Hen is concerned. I've worried so over him."

"What I'd like to know," remarked Hittie musingly, "is how on earth he can write so fast all of a sudden."

"It's uncanny. He said, when he was writing the other stories, that it was like taking dictation."

"What gets me, too, is his amazing knowledge of the old West."

"Oh, he's roamed around out there some. And he must have read a lot, at odd times. And he was at the public library last night until they turned him out. But most of it comes through his pores. That's Hen. You have to allow for that in figuring him out. I can't tell you what this means. They'll never get him now. He's stepping out on the high-road. If you've never seen him when he was stepping high—"

"I never have," Hittie broke in eagerly. "Then there's some amusement ahead of you."

"He's been a rather dismal figure here."

"Naturally. He's had a devil of a time for years." Weaver chuckled. "Just wait," he said. "I'm taking the midnight to New York. You keep the manuscript until I can get back here. I'll tell Hen you have it. And slip in, now and then, if you can, and gather it up. Don't trust him with it. And he wants a lot of data."

Particularly about railroads and business combines and the operations of big financial men. I can help some when I get back."

Hittie walked slowly to his own rooms. Slowly, because depression was settling on his spirit.

He returned to the Cantey house, later in the evening, and shut himself in the library. Calverly's manuscript never left his hand. He read it through, sitting at Jim Cantey's desk.

He had already written a few tentative chapters of his own more formal biography. He got these out now and read them. Next he skimmed through the notes he had made bearing on later chapters. Then he laid his little heap of script on the desk beside Calverly's, and for a long time sat staring at the two. Finally, tired, more than ever depressed, he tiptoed down-stairs, let himself out, and wandered, roundabout, to his rooms.

The next day was Sunday. Miriam Cantey breakfasted in her room. The morning paper—the *News*—came up with her tray.

She turned the pages idly as she sipped her coffee. Then, moved by a half-memory, incredulous, her pulse accelerating a little, she turned back to page one.

It was odd; her eyes had passed over a certain black heading.

It was Margie and Holmes Hitt's widely syndicated story of Henry Calverly's renunciation of a fortune. She read, breathless—followed the narrative to an inside page. There Henry's picture appeared. She gazed long at it. And as she read on, she paused at short intervals to look up at the features that were familiar yet strange. For the first time, she learned the circumstances attending Henry's trouble with the court. For the first time, she pictured him with that lovely young wife—confused, tortured, led by his feelings into technical fault. She read resolutely on through a mist of tears that frequently hid the print.

Over and over, Miriam struggled through the story. The thing was a nervous shock. She couldn't visualize Henry. She couldn't reconstruct a coherent memory of their first meeting or their second or third. Just how had it come about that he had carried her into the study that first day? And what was it they had been talking about just before he declared his love and—kissed her?

He had refused to accept the money. A part of it had already gone, it appeared, to the new public baths. All the rest was to go to a fund to help unfortunate first offenders on their release from prison.

The pain about her eyes and the throbbing in the back of her head alarmed her a little. But more alarming still was the chaotic state of her thoughts. She tried lying down, but after a moment was on her elbow, reading it again. With the same difficulty, however; she could see bits of the picture, but not all of it at once. It was as if there were rays of memory and understanding that came to a focus at a point somewhere past and behind her brain. The story was personally close to her. The man, too, was close. She read his notes again. She dipped into "Satraps of the Simple." It was like a fever, as it had been during their day of happiness in each other, but more pressing, more poignant. She wondered how she was

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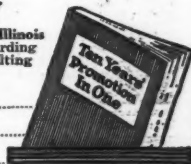
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going to endure through it. It would pass, doubtless. At least, the passion in it would die down.

A thought that took form an hour or so later seemed curiously to derive from it, or to bear on it.

Since her father's death, and during her invalidism, she had literally not given a thought to the fact that she, a young woman, was living alone in the big house, with none but paid servants about her. She had early come to like the arrangement. But now, during these few days since her return from California, a slightly unpleasant self-consciousness had proved disturbing. She was not yet strong, but she used a cane now only during her short walks in the street, moving about the house without such aid. In a word, she was on the reasonably rapid road to becoming an attractive and desirable young woman. And attractive and desirable young women did not make it a practise, in 1903, to keep house alone. It was puzzling. She put it a little differently to herself, but that was about what it came down to. Esther, in a last attempt to make up their quarrel, had dwelt on the point. Had driven it home, in fact.

Late in the morning, the black-haired maid brought a message from the gentleman who was working in the study. He would like a few words with Miss Cantey. Where was he? Why, there, in the study.

Miriam said she would join him there.

He rose and stood gravely behind the desk as she came in and seated herself in the big chair by the sofa. He had two little heaps of manuscript before him on the desk that he fingered rather nervously after he sat down.

"Miss Cantey," he began, then bit his lip and looked thoughtfully at the two manuscripts. She wondered, rather wildly, if he was going to make a speech. It seemed that he must surely hear her heart beat.

He started again.

"I feel that I must speak with you about this before I—take any other steps. As you know, I've been trying to—well, write a biography of your father. I find that I—can't go on with it."

She sat motionless, looked at him out of wide blue eyes. What was coming next? He, too—this older man—was stirred by some strong emotion.

"I have been sitting here this morning"—so he continued—"trying to think out the right course. I haven't exactly succeeded in that." He smiled faintly, rather wistfully. "But right or not, I find I must tell you of my difficulty. This"—he laid a hand on one pile of script—"is the work I have been doing here. It is a conventional beginning of a conventional biography. This"—his hand moved over to the other script, and played about, turning up the pages at one corner—"is the beginning of what will be classified, I suppose, as a work of fiction. What it really is is the biography I'm supposed to be writing."

Miriam leaned a little forward. She was pale. Her eyes were fixed, as if fascinated, on the script.

"It was written—it is being written now, day and night—by my—my predecessor here, Mr. Henry Calverly."

He was embarrassed about this, rather stilted.

For a curious moment, their eyes met.

"He isn't using actual names, of course, but the thing he is doing takes the ground from under my feet."

Miriam here made her first remark. She felt inadequate.

"Is there?"—her voice failed her; she had to begin again—"is there any reason why both can't go on?"

"None whatever. Except in so far as I myself am a reason. Miss Cantey, we've talked over this biography problem, he and I. We see it alike. But I'm getting to be an old man. When all's said and done"—his voice was none too steady—"I am a literary hack. But he's a genius—a great genius, I think. This"—he tapped the script—"is the finest thing I know of so far in American literature. As a picture, that is, of a people and a time." A hush crept into his voice. "To me, it is a miracle. That boy, without half the data he needs, with nothing but the fire that is in his soul, borrowing the money to keep himself barely alive in that boarding-house—" His voice died out.

It was just as well. He knew that he had lost control of it. He sat gazing ruefully down at his desk. There was a rustle. He started and looked up.

Miss Cantey was on her feet. She looked as if she were about to speak, even threw out one hand as if for emphasis, but turned away and actually hurried out. She did say something; it sounded like, "You'll excuse me, I'm sure." Hardly more than that.

An hour later, she asked the new maid if Mr. Hitt was still in the study. It appeared that he had gone out.

Miriam waited until the maid had got down-stairs, then went back through her own den to the narrow door, stood listening, opened the door, then stepped into the larger room. It was the second time she had walked through that little door. The first time had been to—him.

The desk was not quite in order. Mr. Hitt would be back, surely, in the afternoon. If not—well, she could call a messenger-boy. She could do something.

She knelt by the safe and worked out the combination.

She took out an armful of note-books and papers, and carried them, with some effort, to her own room. The tin box she got from her trunk.

She rang then, and curtly (for her) asked the maid to bring twine and paper. She made a large parcel, tying it securely and sealing all the knots with wax stamped with her own seal. She addressed it to Henry in Mr. Hitt's care. It occurred to her, with a twinge of new pain, that she didn't know his address.

She wrote a few lines, asking Mr. Hitt if he would be so kind as to see that the parcel was placed safely in Mr. Calverly's hands.

It was risky business, but she found she didn't care. Nothing mattered.

She had it placed, with the note on top, on the desk in the study.

She went to bed later, more than a little frightened by the state she was in, but not before satisfying herself that Mr. Hitt had come again and gone with the parcel.

Harvest

(Continued from page 77)

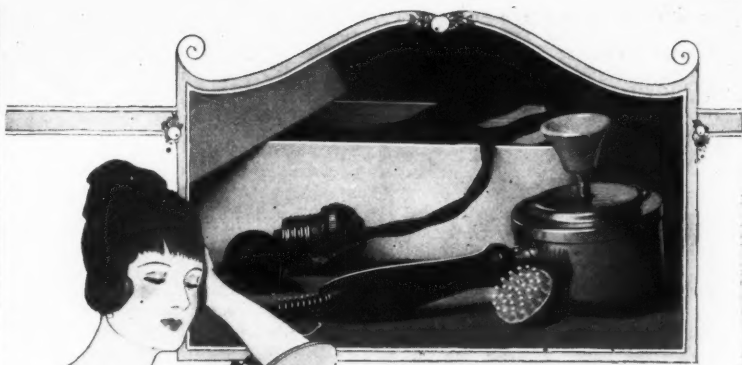
the beds, asking did we make our wills in time."

Often and often there was no room for boys to sit; they had to stand till they could be evacuated. For five hundred came down. All night long they sifted in and out. Inside, the slow shuffle of feet, a fitful hum of conversation, the occasional crisp voice of a doctor: "What have you got?" "What is your name?" "Where's that record-sheet?" "Get some more candles." Outside, the whirl and grind of the motors, the voices of the wagoners, the far-off booming of a barrage, the sound of an air-plane. But I had no time to look out. There were these men—

And in every one of these lads suffering the crude, raw shock of unspeakable horrors, I saw my little godson, Martin, my tender little fair-haired baby, grown tall and strong, and thrust, still innocent, still a child, into these atrocities; or my dark-eyed, lustrous, smiling John, who cries at a sharp word, and says, "That hurts my feelings"—baby John, encountering these incredible murderous assaults. I used to dread for them the first realization of human malice directed toward them, the first anger, the first blow. I felt now what dislocation of soul there must be for each soldier as he realized, "Unseen men out there are trying, with all their diabolical ingenuity, to harm, to shatter, to kill—me!" What sudden transition, wider than the bounds of space, from love and kindness, common human friendliness, to this inferno of hate and death! Oh, little boys, it is too much to bear! Never again must other women's sons die in war.

But this wounding, I told myself, was inevitable, inherent in the very nature of war. More intolerable was suffering that seemed to be preventable. I knew that all along the route from the front men were dying in ambulances, for no other reason than that they had to go too far to a hospital, that other men were sitting up in ambulances who would have been better lying down, and that men in pain, lightly wounded, indeed, but still suffering, were standing up in trucks to journey long miles because there were no ambulances for them to ride in. The exigencies of war!

There are those who will tell you that it was good tactics to send out regiments of men in the early part of that drive without a barrage, though the artillery was ready and waiting. There are those that will tell you that mess-kitchens are always on the job, and if not (for, of course, there are limits to the endurance of mess-kitchens), then his iron rations ought to keep a soldier going, and it's his own fault if he eats them all up in one meal, as if any man ever had judgment about parceling out food over lean days! There are those who will tell you that the evacuation hospitals and the field hospitals were as far up as they could be put, that as many ambulances were used as could be used (whatever that means), and that all failures are due to exigencies of war. Suppose that's all true; then a woman's answer is that the exigencies of war are always going to occur in war, that no forethought is going to provide for all emergencies, and that for all failures,



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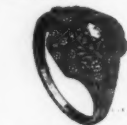


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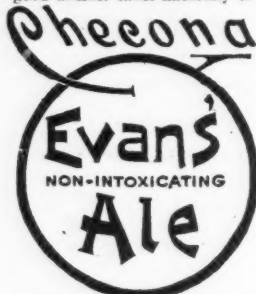


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inevitable or not, the cost of human blood is too high. Let us pay, in the future, in some other kind.

A night of horror, of anguish, that—the more dreadful because, up above, those other men were being struck down, and would presently take the place of these who were sitting by, sitting by, as through some ghastly hopper of stress and pain and wounds. That night not only sickened me of war as an arbiter of questions, but it also taught me that, so long as we must have war, a woman's hands should be as close to the front as she can get them. We are needed right at the trenches. I spent only one day more at canteen work. Rather, I drove up to the reserve lines with supplies for the men who were that night to march up to the front. On the way, I met Lieutenant Jenkinson, whom I had known in Alsace.

"Turn to the left!" he called joyously. "We're all here, right in these woods. Going over the top in the morning."

I did not turn to the left. I had not the courage to go and see those lads whom I had known when we were all learning soldiering in Alsace. I could not have borne the look upon those eager, willing faces, knowing so well that they would presently be sifting through the terrible hopper. I had had no real training as nurse, yet, seeing how much needed to be done, how few there were to do it, I went back that afternoon to Château-Thierry and applied for work in a hospital just being established. They were very short-staffed, and the head nurse, Miss Georgia Grant, a wonderful, competent Canadian girl, all fire and energy, received me with open arms and assigned me to night duty.

The hospital had recently been used by the Germans. It was a large structure, built about three sides of a court. Just opposite it was a space on which was being set up the tents of a field hospital.

My sleeping-room in the hospital was a little closet of a place about eight feet by five. It gave on a small, malodorous court. To get to my room, I had to go through another apartment heaped with putrid bandages from the wounds of German soldiers. In those first days of strenuous work, no one had time to clear anything away. At about eight, I went on duty, passing down into the main courtyard; at the gate, the stretcher-bearers were unloading a series of bloody bundles that had been men and might be men again. I averted my eyes; I stepped among half a dozen stretchers, sodden, stained, clotted with fat, blood-fed flies. I climbed a flight of dark stairs and, led by calls of: "Nurse! Nurse!" I made my way to a long, long corridor, where, in four rows of beds, lay our wounded men. Here was no effect of neat white coats, tiled floors, shining white cooking-utensils. The Germans had taken almost everything portable away; they had carried off the linen and the pillows. The soldiers lay on brown army-blankets, and for pillows they had whatever we could find. A somber place. The men were what we called "post-operation cases," in various stages of danger. Some of them had been wounded only that morning; some had just been carried in from the operating-room and were still under the influence of ether. The nurse whose assistant I was to be had just come on duty and was walking up and down the ward with the

day nurse, getting the history of each case. Not the history as written on the record-sheet; rather the character-history, so to speak, in such remarks as these:

"This man never asks for anything till the very last minute; he's a brick." "That one is a bad boy; he oughtn't to smoke, and he does, and then he can't breathe easily, and he raises the roof. Better not let him have any cigarettes to-night." "This fellow will ask you every five minutes to shoot a hypodermic into him, but I think he can get on without it." "That Southerner never complains, but he suffers a lot; if you can think of ways to ease him—" "If you can, get the address of that boy's mother, for I'm afraid—" "That poor chap in the corner goes off his head every little while; if you talk to him soothingly, it helps."

I followed them about, picking up what crumbs I could and trying to learn the face of each patient. After we had gone up and down the ward four times, the other nurse went away, and the night nurse and I took stock of each other. If you can think of one of Fra Angelico's saints, with strength and efficiency put into her face and all the sweetness and harmony left there, you have a picture of beautiful Margaret Stevenson. Tall and dark in her blue uniform and white head-dress, she was just the serene presence to give courage and patience to wounded men, just the sort to get the best service from orderlies (unless they were rooted in idleness), just the sort to inspire devotion in a voluntary aid like me. During the time I was with her, it took all my ingenuity to keep her from doing more than half the work.

Down-stairs, the surgeons were operating continuously, tirelessly—one doctor during thirty-six hours was hardly absent fifteen minutes from the operating-table. Up-stairs, we examined our resources. The food we had for the men consisted of soup, dry bread, and coffee; there were some who could well enough have eaten beefsteak and potatoes. We had only two hot-water bags, just a little morphine, and no way of heating water except over a little sterno stove.

"They tell me there are no more candles, and we've only got these stubs left," said Margaret Stevenson, "and that there's no alcohol. Could you try to find me some? I don't care where you get it."

"If only we could make them some lemonade!" I suggested.

"Good! Get anything you can," she agreed.

I groped my way down-stairs and felt along the wet, pitch-black court about which the hospital was built, and came at last to the mess-kitchen belonging to the hospital staff. The mess-sergeant was there—a big-hearted boy; I could tell that merely by looking at his kind eyes. I knew it, further, when he said how badly he felt every time he saw a man carried into the operating-room. So when he told me he had no candles and no lemons, I knew he spoke the truth, and I went on to the officers' kitchen. The sergeant in charge was absent for the moment. Instinctively I let my eyes flicker over his stock. I saw a basket of lemons in the corner, a box of candles on a shelf, and various other supplies. But that sergeant had the officers' welfare very much at heart, for when I asked him for candles, he said he had only

two or three and no lemons, but he could let me have some sugar.

"Well, perhaps I'll come back later for the sugar if I can find the other things somewhere else," I promised.

We chatted away, I lingering in the hope that he would be called into the dining-room, where some of the doctors were having a late supper. Ten minutes passed, and I almost gave up the quest, and, besides, I had Margaret Stevenson on my conscience, all alone with scores of men to care for. But at last some one shouted for him; he shot out of the door, and I shot over to the shelf and stole six candles, and then over to the lemon-basket and stole fifteen lemons. I was carrying a good-sized hand-bag and my apron and coat had huge pockets, so I presented an innocent-enough appearance when the mess-sergeant returned. We exchanged a few more words, and I told him what a refreshment it had been to come into the kitchen, and I thought I'd return for that sugar. Then I fled up-stairs with my booty.

There certainly is an exhilaration in being a thief. I can see how a criminal who has tasted first blood may be lured back to it. I have stolen a good deal for the soldiers in all three drives, and I glory in my shame. In this first instance, I positively enjoyed returning to the scene of my crime and asking for the sugar. I am afraid the mess-sergeant was of a suspicious nature, for when I went back the lemons were out of sight and the candles were on the highest shelf.

"Help yourself to the sugar," he said bitterly. "I bet you can!"

I took twice as much sugar as I needed in case I could ever get at the lemons again, and then I asked him for a pitcher. He shook his head helplessly, muttered something under his breath about "nerve," and offered me a pan instead. I tried to eradicate his suspicions by sympathizing with him about his hard work and by telling him some of the nice things I had heard an officer saying about the mess. Then he gave me a sugar-bowl. From the medical-supply office I got an orderly to steal me some camphor, and from another ward, when the nurse was busy over a soldier, I abstracted half a bottle of alcohol, leaving her a bottle and a half, which was generous of me, since she had only twenty-odd men. How Margaret Stevenson's saintly face beamed when I showed her the booty! The only flaw in my content was when I went to the corner of the cupboard where I stored my luxuries, and found that some one, an orderly, I fear, had stolen some of the chocolate bars and fruit I had cached for the wounded. I raged to Margaret Stevenson about thieves and robbers for about a minute before my sense of humor awoke. Next morning, when I'd forgotten all about my crimes and was going off duty, Margaret Stevenson conveyed to me that I had suited, and her first words of praise were:

"Oh, Mrs. Warren, you're such a comfort to me; you're such a wonderful thief!"

But there was a long night to wear through. By eleven o'clock, all the soldiers were suffering or restless. There were so many faces tense with pain, lips that bit back moans, or cries for opiates; other men could not keep from asking for help. From all over the ward came calls of "Nurse! Nurse!" "Can't you do some-

thing for my back?" "I want a drink." "Give me a shot of that morphine." We had to heat water to give the hypodermics, and then the flickering candles we carried flashed into the faces of sleeping patients and woke them. Oh, the misery of their return to consciousness, the anguish we felt for them, for we knew the value of each minute spent in forgetfulness! Now and then something funny happened to make our work bearable. On one bed I saw, as I passed up and down, carrying lemonade or rubbing weary backs with alcohol, a large, recumbent figure covered with an overcoat from beneath which protruded a pair of stout boots. I asked Margaret Stevenson why that patient had not been undressed.

"That's not a patient; it's the doctor," she said.

At something after midnight, we heard a voice below in the courtyard crying: "Lights out! All lights out!" Followed the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun. We jumped to blow out the candles. The Germans were coming over in air-planes!

"We're all right; hear our machine guns?" murmured an orderly.

I could have told him better than that. Two or three nights before, I had made the same mistake, had thought that "rat-tat-tat" was our own machine guns when they were German guns roweling the street from German planes in the hope of killing some of our men in the forward-moving camions.

All over the ward the flutterings and sighings and moanings ceased. The silence was almost profound. Suddenly we heard three stupendous explosions; the floors of the buildings quivered; the very walls seemed to rock, and glass fell out of the windows.

"D-don't be frightened, boys; it's all right," said an orderly, his voice shaking a bit.

The boy meant well; doubtless he had heard that wounded soldiers are afraid of bombs and shells. But evidently these men were not, and their sense of humor had survived in spite of pain, for all over the ward rose suppressed snorts and giggles. There was not a wounded man in the room who had not been through more strain and danger than was involved in waiting for an attack from German bombs. And, still, it was none too funny to contemplate what might happen immediately. We could tell, by the fierce rhythmic humming, that several German planes had come over. We had good planes to fight them off—and still, driven off though they might be, they would have plenty of time in which to drop their bombs. Not one of us but had seen the fearful, deep-pointed pit a dropped bomb makes.

A roar; crashes; more glass falling, and we were still safe! By now our anti-aircraft guns were speaking, but above them we could still hear that murderous "rat-tat-tat." Margaret Stevenson and I walked up and down on each side of the ward, asking: "Does any one want a drink of lemonade?" "Does any boy want his back rubbed?" I do not think the soldiers were worried, but I will say they were very silent and attentive, and they had quite forgotten their pain. I recommend the expectation of bombs as a cure-all. Between spells of listening, they told one another stories of other experiences of bombing.



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"Where's the doctor?" asked Margaret Stevenson. "I don't see his feet on the bed."

"It would take more than two sets of explosions to wake that one," I said.

"I'd just as soon he'd sleep. He's no use to me. Did you notice that he never even helps with the hypodermics? I don't know what he's good for here."

At that moment, a dark bulk standing at the foot of a bed opposite us melted away into the deeper darkness at the front of the room. It was the doctor. Margaret Stevenson and I agreed that on those occasions when we forgot to be tolerant and said something sharp about a person, either he himself was in ear-shot or some relative or close friend. She cudgelled her brains to remember what she had said of him, but I, being only a ship that passed in the night, so far as this hospital was concerned, felt no regrets. I sat or paced up and down, waiting for more bombs, smiling a little at the intense quiet of the ward. Time after time the Germans were driven off, and time after time they came back. More bombs were dropped and more machine guns sprayed down lead on the roads. We feared that somewhere they must have found a target. It was three o'clock before they were all scared away, and by that time our patients were asleep.

Just a few hours, and already there had been crowded in them as much drama, as much strong emotion, as much pain as some people feel in a whole lifetime. Near me, two orderlies were discussing, in ordinary conversational tones, the last ball game they had seen in the United States. For a moment, I felt a flame of resentment against them. How could they be so indifferent, how could they be the same after this blasting night? But perhaps they were not; nobody could tell from looking at Margaret Stevenson or me what revolutions of emotion or of thinking might be going on inside us.

"Do you believe," I asked her, "that people can suffer these experiences and have them make just the ordinary scars of an ordinary bitter experience?"

"Not if it has penetrated," she said; not if they really see and feel and understand."

We spoke, for a moment, of self-protection, of how far a person had the right to shelter himself against those horrors. And we decided that only so much hardening should be permitted as would enable us to do our work, but never enough to keep us from entering with full sympathy into the pain of each man who came under our hands. I have little tolerance for an orderly with whom I worked, who was putting the anti-tetanus serum into the shrinking flesh of a suffering soldier. The syringe is large and the pain it usually induces keen enough—and the orderly was none too skilful. Yet when the soldier protested a little and winced, the orderly said—he, comparatively safe, who would never have to go over the top, never have to meet rifle or machine-gun fire,

"You'll be lucky if you never have any worse pain than this."

What shifting dramas, what tragedies in that ward! Through the angelic patience of Margaret Stevenson, through her gentle poise flamed a moral indignation that made her hands the tenderer, her voice the sweeter. We had little time to discuss the agonies in which we shared,

but every story in those beds only fastened in us more fiercely the protest against war's way of wasting men. There was the beautiful-faced young officer with one hand and one eye gone; there was the widow's only son who took all night long to die, and from whom we had to get with infinite finesse his mother's address; there was the man who always went light-headed at midnight and accused us of unfairness; there was the soldier from Alabama who wanted fruit so badly and who had to die without it. There was Captain Martin; the last time I had seen him had been in Alsace, when I had had supper with a group of officers in his dugout, about a mile from the German lines—twenty minutes from Mulhouse, we used to call it. I can see that scene now—a dugout, which was *de luxe*, since it boasted a window; Captain Martin, two other officers, and I sitting over a supper of fried steak, fried potatoes, bread, and coffee, the orderly that waited on the table, hovering attentively over the lady guest. The daylight faded, and the orderly lighted candles. Then Captain Martin flitted his wrist to look at his watch, and remarked that he was sorry to leave, but it was time for his party—he had to lead a raid of forty men into No Man's Land. He rose nonchalantly and stood under the window, straight and handsome. He put his gas-mask at alert, reached for his helmet, leaned over to a shelf and took from it three or four flares, which he put in his pockets, examined the priming of his pistol, his strong young figure turning this way and that, every muscle speaking of power, of life. I had felt glad then that the woman who loved him most was not there to see him as I saw him. And now, in this hospital ward, I stood looking down upon his unconscious face; I had found him too late to take any last message for that woman.

Day by day there were changes in the beds, but no changes in the pain, in the sense of strain, in our deep resentment against the red wrath that was reaping these men and their like. A great deal of life, the fringes of which I touched, went on outside our ward. There were the meals beginning at midnight, at seven, at noon, and at six again, while I saw this, that, and the other doctor or nurse, heard details of this, that, and the other operation, and where the mess-sergeant whose supplies I had looted gazed down upon me with a sort of resigned severity. Some of the doctors during the four-day rush worked twenty-four hours on end. Miss Grant, the head nurse, I almost think, never slept. There was the ward where the men stayed who were not yet operated on, the "shock" ward, the gassed patients' ward. There was the operating-room, from which I always turned my head as I passed. There was the constant coming and going of ambulances. There was the foraging for supplies. There was the fitful sleep in the daytime, with fat, war-fed flies buzzing as loud as German planes. I remember one afternoon when I woke about two and was hungry. It was not meal-time, and naturally I knew better than to ask the sergeant of the officer's mess to take any trouble for me. So I went to the orderlies' mess-sergeant and found the big sympathetic boy who would have given me the lemons and candles if he had had them.

"Food? You bet you, Nurse!" he said.

He had on a very dirty apron, and his hands were literally black and very greasy. He opened a can of sardines for me and lifted out the sardines with his fingers. He hugged a loaf to his apron and cut me a slice of bread an inch thick. He spread it with jam, and the jam flipped over his hands as he spread.

"Now, you eat it right here where I can see you enjoy it," he said. I did. I've always shuddered away from that peck of dirt we are each supposed to eat during a lifetime, and I certainly never counted on getting the most of my peck at once. But I'd have strangled rather than disappoint that big-hearted comrade.

Presently they took me away from this ward and gave me one of my own. I did not want to leave Margaret Stevenson, and yet, when I entered that corner room down-stairs, I felt a fierce and tender sense of possession. All those twenty men needed a woman. That little kingdom of pain was mine. It was not just a quiet kingdom as I entered. Of the twenty patients, three leaped at once into the foreground of my attention. Two were Germans—a middle-aged man in fierce pain, who kept crying: "Oh, why is the war, why is the war? Oh, why is the war?" and a boy of eighteen, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as he could, acting as if he wanted to fade into nothingness, for he did not trust Americans. The third, and he was the most vivid person in the room, was a young Irish-American. He was angry at having the Germans in the ward, and was all for killing them.

And what at once happened there illustrated the duality of all my war-experience. I was two persons in one—the civilian, experiencing, feeling, awake to the horrors, protesting that these things could not be; and the other, the practical, active self, forced, rushed by events to take some line of action, no matter how inadequate to the situation; and then again the feeling self, protesting, crying out at the puerile inadequacy of any and every line of action possible in the circumstances. Well, as I was saying, these patients demanded my immediate attention—the two Germans and the Irish-American who wanted to kill them. I was all for killing Germans while the war was on; I never had been a pacifist, but here in the hospital my civilian self remonstrated. The Irish-American lad sat up in bed; his thin nostrils belloyed out and in as he spoke, and his hands clutched and darted.

"Wait till I tell you what they've done to me," he said, "what I've been through! I was shot three days ago, and, mind you, when I came to I was not in No Man's Land but in the German lines. Well, I had the good sense to play dead, but some of our fellows were too badly wounded for that. There were three or four near me that kept calling for water. Those accursed Germans would creep up to them and say, "*Wasser, ja!*" and then they would put their pistols in the mouths of our poor boys and shoot them. I tell you I saw it again and again. Another thing they did was to take a trench-tool and beat our boys on the temples. It would not kill them at once, mind you; it took them about two hours to die. The blood ran out of their mouths and noses and ears and (Continued on page 159)

Corinne Griffith Says:

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INSIGNIA FOR IDENTIFICATION OF ARMY UNITS

DIVISIONS



Regular 1st Division. Crimson numeral, khaki background. First division in France.



Regular 3rd Division. White star, blue background, Indian head, blue and brown.



Regular 3rd Div. - Blue field. Three white stripes, symbolizing three great battles - Marne, St. Mihiel and Argonne-Meuse.



Regular 4th Division - Four green leaves of ivy.



Regular 6th Division - Blue numeral, white & pointed ears, red outline.



16th or Yachon Div. - National Guard, New England States. Dark blue "V D" monogram.



18th or Keystone Division - National Guard, Pennsylvania. Red keystone.



20th Division - Nat. Guard, Carolina, Tenn., Dist. Columbia. Blue monogram, maroon background.



22nd Division, National Guard, Mich. and Wis. Red arrow.



24th Division, National Guard, Iowa, Neb., So. Dak. and Minn. Black oval, red bovine skull.



First Army. Black "A", khaki background.



Second Army - Upper part of numeral red, lower part white, khaki background.



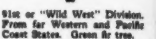
Army of Occupation - White "A" on inner blue circle. Middle circle red, outer blue. Circles superimposed on khaki square.



32nd Div. Negro Troops. Red hand or blue helmet, blue circle.



52nd Division. Negro Troops. Black bison on brown background, black outer circle. Various other colors used.



51st or "Wild West" Division. Green fir tree. From far Western and Pacific Coast States.

ARMIES



3rd and 4th Corps. Color blue.



5th and 6th Corps. Pentagon khaki, divided into five triangles. Divisional lines and border, white. Red outline.



7th Corps. White numeral, blue background, all in red outline.



8th Corps. White numeral, blue background.



9th Corps. Blue inner circle. Roman numeral "IX" design, superimposed on red circle.

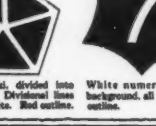
CORPS



1st and 2nd Corps. Khaki circle with white border, red outline.



3rd and 4th Corps. Color blue.



5th and 6th Corps. Pentagon khaki, divided into five triangles. Divisional lines and border, white. Red outline.



7th Corps. White numeral, blue background, all in red outline.



8th Corps. White numeral, blue background.



9th Corps. Blue inner circle. Roman numeral "IX" design, superimposed on red circle.

WHO'S who? These markings tell civilians and help the boys identify each other. With the men in uniform the Parker was the "Who's Who" of fountain pens—the most popular pen in all branches of the Army and Navy. And now that the men are re-entering business life they will continue their comradeship with their Parkers which served them so faithfully.

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The Parker Fountain Pen is Safety-Sealed

No holes or projections in the barrel—ink can't leak out. The New Parker Clip holds top of pen level with top of pocket.

PARKER
SAFETY-SEALED
FOUNTAIN PEN



36th or "Pioneer" Division, National Guard of Tex., Okla. Blue arrowhead, khaki-colored "T" and background.



38th or "Cyclone" Division, National Guard, Indiana, Ky., W. Va. Letters "CY" white, left half shield blue, right half, red.



40th and 41st or "Sunset" Div. 1st "Sunset" Div. Calif., Nev., Utah, Ariz. 2nd "Sunset" Div. Wash., Ore., Mont., Wyo., Idaho. Golden sun, field blue.



79th or "Liberty" Div. From Northeast Pa. Md., Dist. of Columbia. Cross of bell superimposed on blue shield.



78th or "Lightning" Division. From New York, New Jersey, Delaware. Golden forked lightning on field of red.



27th or "Buckeye" Division, National Guard, Ohio. Red circle, white border.



39th Division. La., Minn., Ark. Outer circle, black; inner, red.



42nd or "Rainbow" Div. National Guard 26 States and Dist. Columbia. Red, yellow, blue.

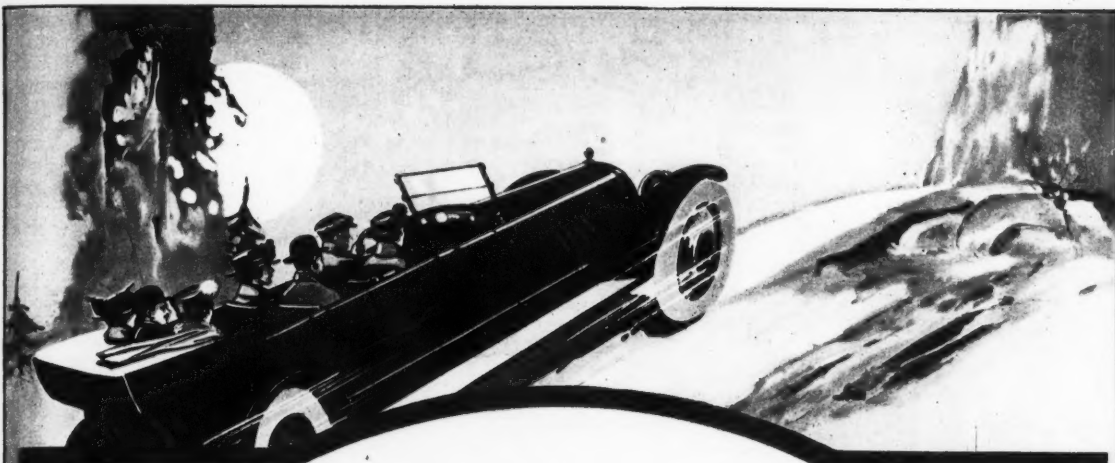


76th or "Liberty Bell" Division. New England troops. Blue bell, red field.



77th Div. Nat. Guard N. Y. Civ. Golden free-state Statue of Liberty, blue background.

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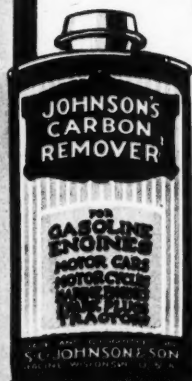
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You can't drink Coca-Cola without being delighted and refreshed.

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THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

ATLANTA, GA.

even their eyes. One of my friends like that begged me to kill him, but I couldn't. And then they put Germans in this ward! The Huns robbed us, too. A fellow came out at twilight to rob me, but I got him all right—stabbed him with my trench-knife. I wonder whether the other Huns didn't get onto it. I thought sure they would, but I was ready to die by that time, anyhow. I'd crawled away twice, trying to get to our lines, and had pretty near run into a German patrol both times. When I made one more attempt and got into our lines with my wounded leg dragging after me, here I find good beds given up to Huns. If you'd seen half what I have, you wouldn't want a Hun left in the world!"

How did I feel as I heard this awful tale, saw his anguish of hatred? I thought, in a flash, of Caponsacchi, tortured that he had not killed that viper, Guido. But there was no time to feel. My acting self went on according to old-established rules. We must keep our wounded boy in bed.

And then the German boy began to cry. My gorge rose, but I went over to him and said, in my imperfect German,

"Do not be afraid, *mein Kind*; no one will hurt you."

"I hear you calling him 'my child,'" said the Irish-American sulkily, "and I don't see, my God, why he has to be babied!"

"Soldier boy," I said, "I believe I know how you feel. I am sure if I had seen what you have seen I'd be as enraged as you are. I'm enraged now when I hear of these machine-gunners that want to surrender after they have fired every last belt of their ammunition. I'm for killing them. But don't you see that we civilians must help bring the world back some day to the normal? When you and these Germans are in the hospital, the war, so far as you are concerned, is temporarily suspended. We can't let you go on killing each other until you are in the field again. Then, killing is our business, and you must do all you can of it. Our business now is to treat you both as sick men. I assure you that, in this hospital, the Germans are operated on last, and, in this ward, those two prisoners will be served last. That's only sensible; we have to be just before we are generous. But we can't have the Germans abused."

"That's all very well, Nurse," he said sulkily, "but the Germans wouldn't respect that gentle-Jesus-meek-and-mild point of view. They'd think you were soft, and they'd despise you."

"But, soldier boy, I don't care a straw what the Germans think of me. It's what we think of ourselves that ought to matter to us."

The young firebrand would not agree to this, but I finally placated him by telling him of a very clever operation a doctor had performed on a German, finishing with the remark: "There, curse you, I've done all that science can do for you, and now I hope you'll bump off just the same!"

The same bleak nightly drama in this ward! The calls for morphine, for water, for something to stop the pain, and the difficult hours of the night began. There was a handsome boy of twenty who had been shot through the knee and the shoulder, and who needed a great deal of rubbing. How his mother would have yearned over that beautiful body! Time

An Advertisement Directed to a Certain Young Man

HE is anywhere from seventeen to thirty years old. He may be a few years older, but his spirit is young and he is chock full of strength, ambition and serious purpose.

He may be working now at some uncongenial occupation; but he knows that he has in him the seed of success. And he knows that the big rewards in this life go to *the man who sells*, for he hears and knows of men who are earning from \$5,000 to \$10,000 or more a year selling. *And he wants to become a salesman.*

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We want to give him that chance.

We want to start him on his way toward becoming a real salesman. We want to place at his disposal all the facilities of the greatest publishing house in the world for helping him to reach his goal. For we have a product that he can sell—that millions of people buy month after month—

the best product of its kind ever made.

We want him to represent us in your city—to get new subscriptions and secure renewals for six great magazines, among which COSMOPOLITAN is one.

Are you that young man? Or do you know of such a man?

Slaggards, seekers after easy money, dullards do not interest us.

Clean-cut, clear-eyed, ambitious young men interest us a great deal. For such men we will go far, and we will help them to be what they long to be, and what they can be—and we will pay them while they are learning.

If you are that man

or if you know that man, write to us. We have a proposition to make that may be the means of determining yours or his whole future.

But write now—before you forget it—and remember, we are just as anxious to hear from you as you can possibly be to connect yourself or your friend with this great organization.

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY

Dept. C

119 West 40th Street

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after time I had to tell him that, of course, he would not be lame, of course his knee would not be stiff. There was another handsome boy, a spoiled lad he was, gassed and forbidden much to drink. I think he called me every five minutes to ask if it wasn't time for water. There was a splendid young sergeant who would never let me wait on him until everyone else had been served, and who would hardly be prevailed upon to take cigarettes and chocolate, because, he said, he was so much better off than the others. Every man that night revealed himself for what he was, and almost every one of them was a hero. I felt in them only what was child-like and what was brave. I suppose it can hardly be argued that a man should be forgiven all his sins because he has borne magnificently some terrible days, and yet I feel as if, after this war, I can forgive almost any sin to a soldier who has really fought.

Strange, hard, bruising nights! Perhaps I felt their poignancy more keenly because I came to them without preparation. Doctors and nurses have the conventions of their profession, *esprit de corps*; and in their years of training they must dimly have envisaged the experiences before them, have laid up in thought the strength, the solid endurance with which to put through such nights and days. But I had entered the house of pain as you open a door and pass from one room to another, going from ordinary, humdrum civil life to this inferno of suffering and death as swiftly as so many of our boys have passed, with the ping of a rifle-bullet, from this world to the next.

And what was the residuum of this awful jolt? A feeling of nightmare, unreality, and of infinite helplessness. I knew, in my inmost heart, that such things ought not to be, that war is the final blasphemy against the race. And over and over I said to myself, "If I were God, I would have pity on the human heart." And again I said, "Only one pair of hands; waste—inadequacy; waste—inadequacy!"

But I was to feel yet one more turn of the screw. It was toward three in the morning. My ward was quiet, and I was weary, body and soul. I asked the doctor if I might go out for a breath of air. He consented, and I went through the court and past the row of ambulances, still unloading the red harvest, and over to the ward to which Margaret Stevenson had been transferred—the ward of men about to die. Margaret Stevenson was busy at the far end of the room. The wounded man nearest the door sat up suddenly, stretched out his arms to me, and said,

"Why; there's my sweetheart!"

"Yes, I've come," I said.

With a little half-sob, he put his arms about my neck and pressed my head close to his stained bandage. And so he held me, murmuring incoherent, joyous, foolish words, until gradually his clasp relaxed, his hands fell loose, he slipped into unconsciousness, and I knew that he would never again open his eyes upon any face in this world.

I went back hurriedly to my own ward, and it seemed as if I must have carried some false dawn with me, for the soldier in the third bed on the opposite side, the poor wan man suffering from gangrene, said to me, in a high, eager voice:

"It's my wife! You've never failed me."

I took the poor yellow hands in mine. "No," I told him; "we've never failed each other."

He spoke to me, rapidly, ceaselessly, as if he had many arrears to make up. He said such intimate, sacred things. And my heart ached for that woman whose place I was taking. Though I knew I was doing what she would have wished, I felt a traitor to her to hear the words meant for just her, words he would have said to her if he had ever got home. He was home in fancy now, saying things she never would hear. He told of a stupid order which had to be obeyed, and which took, needlessly, the lives of men. Perhaps he was raving. Perhaps not. Perhaps the officer who gave the order had died, or perhaps, in his soul, he was suffering worse than death. I did not judge him. I judged only war. Death grew in the face of the man whose hands I held. And what he said and what I felt as I heard, I could tell to no living soul.

The last whisper stilled, and I went out of the ward into the courtyard. And as I passed the officers' kitchen, my acting self mechanically "salvaged" a pile of cooked cold bacon for my wounded soldiers. I left the courtyard and climbed a hill opposite the hospital. For the moment, the whole world was silent. A golden, mellow light was rising above the deep blue and faint pink of dawn; somewhere a bird was cheeping, and little ground-creatures were making their small sounds in the grass. I felt a slow peace; and from the inanimate things God made, from his innocent creatures, unscathed by suffering, I drew the breath of healing. I had felt too much. Life paused to rest, as if all inner movement had ceased, and even my heart had ceased beating. And from that pause of calm there came a curious sense of something underlying and sustaining, wholesome and enduring beneath the swift flux that is life. Something like what I fancy that old shepherd felt when he said, "And underneath are the everlasting arms."

Then my alert, perceptive sense came awake again. I went down the heights and crossed the road amid the ambulances full of still recumbent figures or of men sitting with bandaged limbs and bound heads. The court was much darker than the hill; full dawn had not yet penetrated here. I crossed over to Margaret Stevenson's ward. We had never had time to exchange more than a few words, but we were deep friends. We had cut through wasteful conventions and had found each other. We stood together in the doorway, looking out upon the court. Behind us was the heavy breathing of a man she had worked all night to save but would lose. I do not quite know what she was feeling, and I felt that I wanted for the rest of my life only realities, nothing false, nothing cruel, nothing petty or futile or meaningless; no waste—oh, no waste! I was not yet wholly certain what were the important things of life and what the unimportant. I was too close to this Gethsemane—but I knew that, in the future, I could test them by remembering these hours of red harvest. I felt a sense of amplitude, of coming serenity. Somewhere waiting for me was a noble resignation, a promise that the world would not, after all, spin back upon itself, that all the sorrow and pain dealt out to the world

by this war would somehow be translated into wisdom and good for all the races.

And yet I should not complete the story of my war-change if I were to stop on the note of heroic pathos and divine assurance. For, with a sense of the loftiest reaches of the human heart, I brought away also a sense of the fine and manly surfaces. This creature man, whose days are as the grass, came out of his inferno staunchly smiling, slyly grinning, jaunty, swagger, cozy, and commonplace. Thus: one day, the hospital was evacuated and my work in it ended. Late that afternoon, I crossed the street to the tent hospital to see if there was anything for me to do in that place. I pushed aside the flap of the nearest tent and entered. At first, all I could see in the brown gloom were two long rows of brown stretchers topped by close-shaven heads. Then a voice said weakly,

"Hello, Corporal!"

And another,

"Lady, may I have the first dance?"

And there lay the soldiers with whom I had worked in Alsace, the boys of the Thirty-second Division. And they had come up smiling! It was the wholesome salt of human nature, reestablishing decency and seamliness and happiness upon the very skirts of obscene horrors—Reaction—that beneficent law of life! How happy we were to be alive! What joy it was to tell them that a mail had just come and to see them with their letters! Between my various jobs, I made lemonade. I don't know that the soldiers particularly needed it, as there was plenty of coffee going, but it was like a touch of home for them to have it. It was our form of celebration. As late as half-past eleven o'clock, some of them were still keeping awake to drink it.

"Do you want a magazine to-night? John?" I asked John McG—, the indefatigable reader.

"McG— hasn't got brains enough to read," interposed a lieutenant, "but he is able to understand pictures."

"Now you're here, Lieutenant," replied John, "we don't need any pictures."

Just banal, light-headed chatter, but it passed more than well enough, for we were all so happy. These men had escaped death; they were going into rest-camps; they would have time to write home. I think they felt nearer home than at any time since they had left the United States. Half of them were looking surreptitiously or openly at the precious photographs of those dearest to them; most of them asked me for writing-paper. Ah, life was good! I had not felt for long how good life is—not since I was a child, and common things had not lost their magic. Comradeship—pals; I realized what old Whitman tried so hard to tell—the sweetness and happiness of just men and women.

And then, one day, the work in the field hospital ceased as suddenly as it had begun. In the middle of a mellow afternoon we had orders to receive no more men, and to evacuate all we had as fast as we could. By six o'clock, the last five had been packed into an ambulance. We waved to them as they rattled down the dusty street. It had been a time of spiritual recuperation for me—a chance to assimilate the vital lessons I had been learning for a week. But grief still pre-

vailed. Nobody had died under my hands; but there was this: All these men with whom I had just been associated would go back. They had met the horror and would rest, so as to go back and meet it again, this time with the full knowledge of what was awaiting them.

I went back into the town, strangely lonely amid all the movement of French civilians returning, of houses and shops reopening, of our soldiers advancing, advancing. I drove away among the wheat fields. They, too, had changed. They were being reaped or they had been reaped. Short stubble stood now where once had been the straight, unwavering paths made by our men under machine-gun fire. Too red, too cruel, too bitter, the human harvest from those fields! Magnificent effort and courage and resource, magnificent qualities of patience and self-sacrifice—too good to be used in blood and in slaughter! I know a tragedy for every day I was in France—nay, for every hour. Yet the worst anguish was spared me. I knew that yesterday, when I sat with a friend whose only son died in the first drive, when I heard his voice break, when I heard him say, "To me—he's just—my little boy—" When I saw his eyes cloud with horror as he wondered about the boy's latest hours—for the Germans had made a counterattack! Ah, the double tragedies, here behind closed doors as well as on the bloody fields of France!

Like others returned from the front, I go about my accustomed tasks in civilian life much in the old fashion. I am annoyed by little things as of yore. Sometimes I dislike my work and wish I could loaf on the job, find myself looking out with an eager eye for anything that promises a bugle moment of pleasurable excitement. The bane of repetition gets in its inevitable work. Yet the sights and thoughts and feelings of war have never left my mind.

And always the scale of altered values is present. Never again must the precious vessel, man, be crushed by the blasphemous lunacy of war. Not to waste life is to try to live it, conscious of its significance and beauty; to give energy generously, yet to save it by making the unimportant yield to the important, the standard being what is of real use to other lives. Philosophies and institutions, cities and books—and money—all these things are not the central facts; they are merely the background to people, to plain human beings.

I look back on the recuperative days at the field hospital, hours full of commonplace activities, washing hands and faces, making lemonade. Why were those hours crowded with happiness? I find the answer in the fact that what we had lived through had made us *conscious* of the inner meaning of life, conscious of the real value of mere living, of service to life, the joys of being, of knowing, of self-sacrifice, of beauty. So that I watch civilian life going through the old familiar motions, and I keep asking: Is this worth while? Is that worth while? And by "worth while," I mean is it yielding, moment by moment, its full possibility of consciousness, of real living, of awareness? And whatever is mechanical, imitative, no matter how imposing in appearance, how reputable or utilitarian, if it does not have the genuine, realized, inner meaning, seems waste.



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The Abolishing of Death

(Continued from page 39)

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I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Strongfort will show you how to get rid of the ailments that clog your system and make your life miserable; that keep you uncomfortable in any kind of weather and make you unfit either for work or play. Strongfort will strengthen your vital organs, help make your blood red and rich, develop your muscles, clear your mind and put you in a condition to enjoy life. Strongfort is simply Nature's way of living life as it ought to be lived and getting the greatest pleasure out of it.

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see a few of them when the sun strikes it. Here our diamonds glow to their fulness—and the radiance would be impossible for you to apprehend."

A few months after reading "Raymond," I read "The Seven Purposes," by Margaret Cameron.

Though this may not be the place in which to record my own conviction as to the authenticity of its message, I think it right to do so, for the reason that it clears the way to what I shall have to say later on. What little doubt I had after reading the book vanished on seeing the author at work. While I have not the space in which to describe the method of transmission, I am obliged to declare that, in my judgment, no physical agency could have wielded the pencil held to the paper in the lightest possible way and writing apparently of its own accord. For two hours at a stretch, on two occasions, it worked with rapid and tireless activity, answering my questions on some of the most momentous topics of the day with a lucidity, precision, and instantaneousness to which no purely earthly mind could possibly have been equal.

While in these answers there is much I should like to quote, I prefer, as being more to my present purpose, to cite a passage in "The Seven Purposes" in which Frederick, a young man who passed on in Detroit at the age of twenty-seven, one of the speakers in the book, makes a special appeal to his father.

"We are nearer to you than you are to each other, dad, and we can prove it if you will go of yourselves and take hold of us. We want to come to you. We do come to you. We try and try to tell you that there is nothing to grieve about, nothing to dread. Only love, and hope, and growth, and beauty of complete reunion. But we can't do it alone. We must have a free heart, a free mind, a free hope to come into. Give us that, and we will show you that we are more truly your own—not your own flesh and blood, but your own purpose and force, which was one in the beginning and will inevitably be one in the end. We want to make it one now. Don't you, dad? Won't you try to let the bars down and take us in? We'll come, and we'll be happier than you've ever been in all your life yet, because the Eternal Purpose is Unity, and we can begin it right here and now, if you will join with us, and be part with us, as we with you, of the glorious and happy and irresistible movement toward the great end—which, after all, is not an end, but an eternal and infinite growth toward bigger things."

Is it possible to hear in these words anything but the genuine, loving pleading of an actually Living Voice?

II

I COME now to the messages given directly to myself. They came so simply that I fear the very simplicity will make it difficult for my reader to take them as authentic. That at first I did not myself take them as authentic I must freely confess. Held back from doing so by all the questions and doubts which the reader of this page will understand, it was only by degrees, after much that is too personal to quote had been given me, that I came to acceptance as my only reasonable course.

It was before the first of my two interviews with the author of "The Seven Purposes," before I had seen any of the so-called automatic writing or knew exactly what it was. Nevertheless, the topic being in the air, I was talking of it one day with a young girl whom I know intimately, and whom, for the sake of identification, I shall call Jennifer. Though intelligent and in the early twenties, she knew no more of this writing than I did myself, and much less than I did of psychic interests and phenomena. That her mind was as free from prepossessions on the subject as a human mind can possibly be I can truthfully affirm; and I must ask my reader to believe me when I say that fake or trickery on her part is absolutely out of the question. Moreover, it will be evident from the replies already given to my questions that no young girl, whatever her intentions, could be equal to formulating such responses without a minute's hesitation, even if, which is most improbable, she was capable of doing it on reflection.

Suddenly she said, "I think I could do that writing." A minute later, she was seated with a sheet of blank paper before her and a pencil held lightly to the page.

Almost instantly the pencil began to move slowly, and as if with difficulty, forming the words in a handwriting unlike Jennifer's own: "I can tell you many things in time." After something additional, but to similar purport, this was signed by a name which we took, at first, to be that of the girl's mother, who is still alive. When, however, the signature was given a second time and in full, it proved to be that of Jennifer's great-grandmother, who died some eighty years ago.

Other names were speedily written, chiefly of relatives, though sometimes of friends, and now and then of strangers. Each one said a few kindly things, not of much importance. The impression they gave was that of a group, of which each member took the pencil in turn, the manner and handwriting of each being different from that of every other. Here I should say that while some traces of Jennifer's own handwriting always remain, the main characteristics change with the change of speaker. Now the writing is bold and strong, now small and delicate; for one, the pencil will move cautiously as if feeling out the words; for another, it dashes eagerly, as if the writer were anxious to say much. Always the sense of a personality behind the movement of the pencil is as strong as it is when you speak with some one at the telephone.

In all this there was nothing convincing, of course; and the chief effect upon ourselves was to make us wonder and question, as people do in the presence of what they are unable to explain. Jennifer herself could not tell how the pencil moved. At times, the force was applied to her hand; at times, to the pencil itself; at times, she knew a word or two in advance what was to be said; at times, she expected one thing when the pencil wrote another. That there was no conscious participation on her own side she was sure. There remained unconscious participation, and to that we ascribed the numerous changes in style, matter, and personifica-

tion till the theory became too difficult to sustain.

Among the fifteen or twenty names inscribed during the first experiments was a surname to which we paid little or no attention, knowing no one who would answer to it "on the other side." All messengers know the phenomenon called "interference"—the intrusion of what seems like undeveloped personalities, flippant or inconsequent—and I took the persistence of this name to be such an example. When the name was written, I would ask the writer kindly to withdraw, so that we could communicate with our friends.

But after a few efforts, to which I failed to respond, it wrote itself clearly, with a word appended indicating a profession. It was as if the words: "Talbot—Chemist" had been written, and one knew of a famous chemist of that name. For the sake of clarity I shall use the appellation, it being remembered that it is fictitious.

"It can't be Henry Talbot, the great chemist?"

The answer assured me that it was, though bringing me no more conviction than I had felt with regard to those who had spoken hitherto.

Of the first conversations thus held, I have no record. Impressive though I found them, they seemed to me to belong too much to the world of the impossible to be matter for preservation. It was only after the third time that I began to keep a copy, and in what I now quote I change not so much as a word—except that once I suppress a redundant "the"—even the punctuation being almost as given in the original. For the sake of condensation, I do omit some of my own questions where the answers form a whole, and sometimes I keep to the unity of subject, even though the answers are to questions asked on different days. All the conversations during those first days were spasmodic and irregular, as they are apt to be when the dominating motive is curiosity. It was the light shed one day which would induce me to pick up the same theme on the next.

On what I think was the fifth or sixth occasion of his signing his name, I began by asking why irresponsible people should intervene in the writing, in the manner referred to above.

"It is partly your lack of faith, and partly the desire of unknown people making efforts to communicate with their people through you. Your lack of faith gives them the opening. They have few ways of coming closer to their dear ones. They do not seek to harm."

"Have they been human beings?"

"Yes; they are always human, but even the animals are that."

"Some one has told us that on your plane the animals have speech."

"The barrier of language has ceased. Thought makes all in common. They have a much larger development ahead, and much good work. They are intelligent. The ant and the bee are far ahead of many of the larger animals. They help and direct the others, being on a higher footing."

I asked if it was wrong for us to destroy what we call animal life.

"You can never destroy life. Life is the absolute power which overrules all else. There can be no cessation. It is impossible."

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"Then death does not really interfere with life?"

"You make death an impenetrable fog, while it is a mere golden mist, torn easily aside by the shafts of faith, and revealing life as not only continuous but as not cut in two by a great change.* I cannot express myself as I wish. . . . It is more like leaving prison for freedom and happiness. Not that your present life lacks joy; it is all joy, but you have to fight with imperfections. Here, we have to struggle only with lack of development. There is no evil—only different degrees of spirit."

"Is the lack of development with which people arrive on your plane due to what we call sin on this?"

"They come over with the evil, as it were, cut out, and leaving blanks in their souls. These have by degrees to be filled with good. No evil endures, because it has no life."

"Then no longing for evil is carried over to your plane?"

"No; there are only blanks. It is a handicap—as a man with one arm, no hands, etc., but soon becomes better."

"As if a man with no hands—"

"Can grow them. As long as a living thing is used by you, it does not grow into our atmosphere. You cut a tree, build a house; the house burns, and you at last discard the ashes. Then the tree comes in its fulness to us. The life is there; the form matters not; it returns to the most beautiful."

"Does any life originate on your plane?"

"There is new life, but not by birth."

"Then birth is not essential to existence?"

"Not to existence—merely incarnation."

"Are old age and decay inevitable on this plane?"

"There should be no change in the grown body but an increase in life."

"Then senility and decrepitude are not our natural inheritance?"

"Man wished and created. You are all beautiful, and can become so; but it cannot be by concentration on this thought alone. Our only beauty-treatment is spiritual growth."

Here I asked if he could give me any explanation of what we call the subconscious personality.

"The personality is to the subconscious personality what Boston" (this part of the conversation took place in Boston) "is to the universe—eternity develops both—a star in the heavens." This having been written in the way a man dashes in a few notes, the pencil rested for some twenty seconds, as if the speaker were thinking out the simplest way of expressing himself. "Imagine an infinite tape measure in constant motion and progression—more of the tape appearing every instant. It is the newest part of your self-apprehended personality with which I deal, but the tape unrolls itself *ad infinitum*, and each day and hour finds you in command of a greater extent of power—a ground-basis of potential character. There is no division or mystery connected with it. Those who are best enlightened and use their power to advantage progress more rapidly, thus developing the subconscious

—as you choose to call it. But there is nothing really *sub* about it, if you use to its fulness the power within. You may perhaps feel the urge of the tape pouring itself forth, and bear therewith the knowledge of coming increase of life. That is the nearest you can come to perfection, because perfection implies completion. . . . Perfection in completion is of eternity."

"Does education on this plane improve a man's chances when he reaches yours?"

"What he has kept and developed is what he is when he reaches here. We must then unwrap the talents hid in the napkin and develop to their fulness the unused gifts of God."

I inquired if greatness on this plane carried over to the next and was greatness of any kind there.

"The sense of greatness—of doing things on the imperial scale—endures, and is in itself one of our greatest gifts, however misused it may have been in your realm. Large vision is a thing to be prized, and the misuse of it brings great anguish, for the failure is of the same scale as the gift. It can, however, be used by its possessor here when he recovers from his agony. It gives an advantage to the growing soul, enabling it to assimilate more rapidly the truth which, to some, is almost blinding in its extent and beauty."

I asked if the advantages possessed on this plane by sovereigns and others in high position were of any help to them on that plane.

"Education does much to increase scope, and kings have the advantage of training and habit to accustom them to large ideas. They sometimes therefore attain this gift, but my writing applies to all men who see things on a lordly scale. . . . Ambition is our expression of motive power—*steam*. If men have been given this impetus and use it for their good, they gain greatly whether with you or us. Those who have abused the motive power churn their spirits into torment and friction. It is the devouring flame which the ancients called the fire of hell."

"Would anybody, however great a sinner, be received on your plane with what we used to be told was the wrath of God?"

"He would be like one terribly maimed, and would be treated with special love, because of the unavoidable spiritual anguish he must endure."

Referring to certain quotations he had made from the New Testament, in passages I have not given, I asked if the Bible had a value on that plane similar to what it has on this.

"It is your nearest point to us—your Himalayas—Mount Everest—think of the name."

"So that our highest conception falls immeasurably short of your reality?"

"The highest is correct, but is only the root of a superstructure infinite in its beauty, and requiring infinity to understand in its fulness. It is created by the thought of God, of which we are expressions. We are the prismatic colors of his glory. As goodness is reflected in us—and goodness is God—we give forth God again. Note the difference in colors; we do not all reflect all of him, nor do we do it in the same way. *Les nuances se détachent nettement, mais se confondent dans une harmonie infinie.*" (The shades of color are clearly distinct from each other, but mingled in an infinite harmony.)

Becoming impressed by these replies, and growing used to the idea that a personality was behind them, I asked if it was possible that Jennifer's own thought entered into the writing.

"No; it does not come through her, but through my watching. I am delegated to this work, as are several of us. Most of us, however, are occupied with work here, which is the reason why they speak less freely. Their minds are turned toward other things. Those who welcome and those who prepare speak most fluently."

"Then your task is specially in preparation?"

"Yes; preparation—enlightenment—holding the lamps. That is my specialty, for which I was prepared while yet being below."

"Is the present the most propitious of all times for direct communication between your plane and ours?"

"It has been possible at various times—in the days of Moses, Christ, Joan of Arc, and now, but never as easy as at present. You are reaching up and we are leaning down."

"What exactly is a plane?"

"The plane is an atmosphere in which we move. It is not a locality. We can move out of it by growth, and back if the need urges us. It is a state of being—but progressive."

As on several occasions he had used the word "Christ," I asked if he meant the Sonship of God in general, or Jesus, the individual.

"Both; but the Sonship has only been perfected in him as yet."

"What is he doing on your plane?"

"A higher work. You see, he has no evil or sickness to combat; only faith to lead upward. He is our ruler—but there is no ruler—our leader, yet not by command. . . . Jesus is our sun by which we regulate all acts; our sovereign, yet our beloved."

I asked if the fact that the narrative of the life of Jesus on this plane was of a time long past and of a vanished civilization made it in any way out of date for our acceptance.

"It is true that the annals and spirit of the time have constituted obstacles, or rather hindrances, to its clearer understanding; but that is a minor detail, and should not for a moment overshadow the Light of the World—indeed, it cannot."

"Does he live as a person on your plane?"

"Yes; he is a person; but more of one than anyone of us."

"Can you hold communication with him?"

"We can do so always."

Reverting to what he had said of the power on that plane of visualizing ideas which were purely abstract to us, I asked if when they actually beheld such conceptions as Justice, Mercy, Love, the fact corresponded to what we spoke of as "seeing God."

"It is visualizing a part of God. There is much later on. Even we here cannot conceive of it."

"Does the seeing God in this sense correspond in any way to our seeing man?"

"He is not like a man, but must have all the attributes of man—but this I cannot explain."

Venturing to ask after an old friend of mine, who had also been well known to the speaker, I got the reply,

*This is the only place at which the writing is difficult to read, but I think I have deciphered it correctly.

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(Continued from page 22)

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"He is here and is still eccentric." After a slight pause, the pencil continued: "People's peculiarities remain when they are good. They give flavor. Individualism is accentuated rather than otherwise, because we develop in our fulness, and the diversity of gifts is marked."

On my observing that the last time I had talked with this old friend he seemed to be sad, the pencil wrote,

"He has filled up the cavities of his mind with joy."

I asked if the speaker minded my making a few personal inquiries.

"No; but do not play tricks. They hurt us."

I asked if such communication as we were having had anything in common with the talking by wireless between Ireland and Nova Scotia, of which I had just been reading.

"Waves are rhythm, and rhythm is harmony. All communication is music, and music is communication. Music is the highest communication; it expresses more than words—thoughts in harmony, emotions too fragile for language. *Les nuances vagues, mais non moins distinctes.*" (Shades of meaning subtle, but not less distinct.)

Expressing a fear lest I should be using confidential communications as literary copy, I got this reply:

"Literature is the sun; music is the water; sculpture is the earth; dancing is life, and painting is the soul. These in their purity cannot be evil. . . . I have spread a table in your sight. Whatever is on it is for your use. Take freely and give to others. They hunger for this food."

III

THIS, the reader will probably say, is not much; but it is all for which I have the space. Moreover, it is enough to give a glimpse of what some of us yearn for so intensely, a more satisfactory world. Much of what I hold in reserve will be used in an attempt to construct that world, not according to my ideas but in the language of those who are actually living in it. In my next article, "The New Heaven," I shall confine myself to the transcription of what those on the next plane have sent over, anything of mine

Since this article was written, more material has come to Mr. King. Still more is in prospect. One very important communication says that the world is on the threshold of important revelations. In *August Cosmopolitan*, Mr. King deals with *The New Heaven*.

being no more than the effort to elucidate what may seem difficult or obscure.

It will be noticed that I speak as if the fact that we are beginning to catch the speech of the other side of the communion of saints had already been conceded. I do so for the sake of conciseness in writing, fully acknowledging everyone's right to draw his own conclusions. For myself, I have not drawn conclusions so much as I have grown toward them. The sense, which comes with the actual experience, of talking with a living personage of transcendent knowledge, love, and beauty is impossible to convey through the medium of the written page.

I know there is a reader for whom the dialogue, so to call it, which I have copied from my records will have neither significance nor value. That must be as it happens. It is no part of my purpose to try to convert anyone.

There is another who will think that though the answers to my questions contain some suggestive and more imaginative material, the psychologist can dispose of it with an easy stroke. Admitting, he will quote the psychologist as saying, that it is impossible for any young girl of the dancing-age to invent these replies at a moment's notice, it is obvious that she draws them from one of two sources. Either she gets them out of her own subconscious mind, or by telepathic intuition she reads them in the mind of the person whose questions she transmits.

To the one or the other of the last two theories I held as long as I could. I must now leave it to the reader to decide for himself what explanation he finds most tenable. For my own part, I choose the easiest. That any young creature, with the tastes of the average happy, high-spirited American girl and no others, should have such spiritual wealth strewn on the surface of the mind, subconscious or otherwise, puts, for me, too great a strain on probability. That, on the other hand, she should read in a flash what is so far out of sight in me that I myself have no knowledge of it is a miracle such as the psychologist will hardly ask us to believe in. I am thrown back, therefore, on the conviction of a living, loving, glorified personality, eager to tell us some of the things we so ardently crave to know.

As for Jennifer herself, there is about her nothing of the mystic, the mediumistic, the spiritualistic, or the morbid, not any more than there is about a flower. It is impossible for anyone to be simpler, or more normal, or to take the task of transmitting these messages more as a matter of course. I can compare her only to a window of pure glass, through which the sunshine streams into a room because there is nothing to shut it out.

But I begin to wonder if there are not many such windows, already opened, or to be opened soon, all round about us. Those whose light comes through this particular crystal encourage us to think so. Theirs is nothing strange or special, they tell us, in the exercise of such a gift. Its requirements are chiefly faith, perseverance, and the highest purity of heart we can bring to it. As recently as the reign of Henry VII, of England, a glass window was a rare addition to any palace in Europe; and now the poorest cottage has one. If, then, the light is shining in our darkness, and, at long last, our darkness is beginning to comprehend it, may it not be that the new heaven and the new earth in which, as the Master foretold, "they shall speak with new tongues," is coming to the hearts of all? Is it not possible, too, that in every home on which the shadow of death is now resting there may soon be, as for Daniel in his exile, "a window open toward Jerusalem"?

To the young and vigorous among the readers of this magazine, who have all the delights of this plane still to explore, this hope may not mean much. But there are others. Some are care-worn; some are sick; some are old; some are tired; some are just serious-minded, while a vast multitude may be reckoned as having "hearts failing them for fear and for looking for those things that are coming on the earth." Among these, doubtless, there will be one here and there ready to lift up his eyes unto the hills—to the Himalayas—to Mount Ever-rest—and beyond—where growth takes the place of conflict, where neglected and undiscovered gifts are brought to light, where the diamond glows to its fulness, and we all become, in our different degrees, the prismatic colors of God's glory.

The Crimson Tide

(Continued from page 58)

I'll consider it, Mr. Shotwell. I'll give it my careful attention. I owe you something, anyway."

"What?" he asked uncertainly, prepared for further squelching.

"I don't know exactly what. But when a man remembers a woman, and the woman forgets the man, isn't something due him?"

"I think there is," he said, so naively that Palla was unable to restrain her gaiety.

"This is a silly conversation," she said. "We're both enjoying each other—and we know it."

"Really!" he exclaimed, brightening.

His boyish relief seemed to excite the girl to mirth.

"Of course I'm inclined to like you," she said, "or I wouldn't be here lunching

with you and talking nonsense instead of houses—"

"We'll talk houses."

"No; we'll look at them—later. Do you know, it's a long, long time since I have laughed with a really untroubled heart?"

"I'm sorry."

"Yes; it isn't good for a girl. Sadness is a sickness—a physical disorganization that infects the mind. It makes a strange emotion of love, too, perverting it to that mysticism we call religion—and wasting it. I suppose you're rather shocked."

"No. But have you no religion?"

The girl dabbed absently at her orange ice.

"I had once," she said. "I was very religious. It came rather suddenly—it seemed to be born as part of a sudden and

close friendship with a girl—began with that friendship, I think. And died with it." She sat quite silent for a while; then a tremulous smile edged her lips. "I had meant to take the veil," she said.

"Here?"

"No; in Russia. But I had a tragic awakening." She bent her head and quoted softly, "For the former things have passed away."

The orange ice was melting; she stirred it idly, watching it dissolve.

"No," she said; "I had utterly misunderstood the scheme of things. Divinity is not a sad, a solemn, a solitary autocrat demanding selfish tribute, blind allegiance, inexorable self-abasement. It is not an insecure tyrant offering bribery for the cringing, frightened servitude demanded."

She looked up smilingly at the man. "Nor, within us, is there any soul in the accepted meaning—no satellite released at death to revolve around or merge into some superdivinity. No!

"For I believe—I know—that the body—everyone's body—is inhabited by a complete god, immortal, retaining its divine entity, beholden to no other deity save only itself, and destined to encounter, in a divine democracy and through endless futures, unnumbered brother gods—the countless divinities which have possessed and shall possess those tenements of mankind which we call our bodies."

"How did you happen to embrace such a faith?" he asked, bewildered.

"I was sick of the scheme of things. Suffering, cruelty, death outraged my common sense. It is not in me to say, 'Thy will be done,' to any autocrat, heavenly or earthly. It is not in me to fawn on the hand that strikes me—or that strikes any helpless thing—"

She clenched her hand where it rested on the table, and he saw her face flushed and altered by the fire within. Then she smiled and leaned back in her chair.

"In you," she said gaily, "dwells a god. In me a goddess—a joyous one—a divine thing that laughs—a complete and free divinity that is gay and tender, that is incapable of tyranny, that loves all things both great and small, that exists to serve—freely, not for reward—that owes allegiance and obedience only to the divine and eternal law within its own godhead. And that law is the law of Love. And that is my substitute for the scheme of things. Could you subscribe?"

After a silence, he quoted:

"Could you and I with him conspire—"

She nodded.

"To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire— But there is no 'him.' It's you and I. Both divine— Suppose we grasp it and 'shatter it to bits'—shall we?"

"And then remold it nearer to the heart's desire?"

"Remold it nearer to the logic of common sense."

Neither spoke for a few moments. Then she drew a swift, smiling breath.

"We're getting on rather rapidly, aren't we?" she said. "Did you expect to lunch with such a friendly, human girl? And will you now take her to inspect this modest house which you hope may suit her?"

"This has been a perfectly delightful day," he said, as they rose.

"I've had a wonderful time," she said lightly.

IX

JOHN ESTRIDGE, out of a job, met James Shotwell, junior, one wintry day, as the latter was leaving the real-estate offices of Sharrow & Company.

"The devil!" exclaimed Estridge. "I supposed you, at least, were safe in the service, Jim. Isn't your regiment in Germany?"

"It is," replied Shotwell wrathfully, shaking hands. "Where do you come from Jack?"

"From hell—by way of Copenhagen. In milder but misleading metaphor, I come from Holy Russia."

"Did the Red Cross fire you?"

"No; but they told me to run along home

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like a good boy and get my degree. I'm not an M.D., you know. And there's a shortage. So I had to come."

"Same here; I had to come."

"Too bad!" commented Estridge. "It was exciting while it lasted."

"They fell into step together."

"You'll go back to the P. and S., I suppose," ventured Shotwell.

"Yes. And you?"

"Oh, I'm already nailed down to the old oaken desk."

"It must seem dull," said Estridge.

"Rotten dull."

"You don't mean business, too, do you?"

"Yes; that's also on the bum. I did contrive to sell a small house the other day—and blew myself to this overcoat."

"Is that so unusual?" asked Estridge, smiling. "To sell a house in town?"

"Yes; it's a miracle in these days. Tell me, Jack, how did you get on in Russia?"

"We couldn't do much. Too many Reds. They've got it in for everybody except themselves."

"A pleasant program," remarked Shotwell. "No wonder you beat it, Jack. I recently met a woman who had just arrived from Russia. They murdered her best friend—one of the little grand duchesses. She simply can't talk about it."

"That was a beastly business," nodded Estridge. "I happen to know a little about it."

"Were you in that district?"

"Well, no—not when that thing happened. But some little time before the Bolsheviks murdered the imperial family, I had occasion to escort an American girl to the convent where they were held under detention. An exceedingly pretty girl," he added absently. "She was companion to one of the imperial children."

Shotwell glanced up quickly.

"He, name, by any chance, doesn't happen to be Palla Dumont?"

"Why, yes! Do you know her?"

"I sold her that house I was telling you about. Do you know her well, Jack?"

Estridge smiled.

"Yes—and no. Perhaps I know her better than she suspects."

Shotwell laughed, recollecting his friend's inclination for analyzing character.

"Same old scientific vivisectionist!" he said. "So you've been dissecting Palla Dumont, have you?"

"Certainly. She's a type."

"A charming one," added Shotwell.

"Oh, very!"

"But you don't know her well—outside of having mentally vivisected her?"

Estridge laughed.

"Palla Dumont and I have been through some rather hair-raising scrapes together. And I'll admit right now that she possesses all kinds of courage—perhaps too many kinds."

"How do you mean?"

"She has the courage of her convictions, and her convictions, sometimes, don't amount to much."

"Go on and cut her up," said Shotwell sarcastically.

"That's the only fault I find with Palla Dumont," explained the other.

"I thought you said she was a type?"

"She is—the type of unmarried woman who continually develops too much pep for her brain to properly take care of."

"You mean you consider Palla Dumont neurotic?"

"No. Nothing abnormal. Perhaps supernormal—pathologically speaking. Bodily health is fine. But oversecretion of ardent energy sometimes disturbs one's mental equilibrium. The result, in a crisis, is likely to result in extravagant behavior. Martyrs are made of such stuff, for example."

"You think her a visionary?"

"Well, her reason and her emotions sometimes become rather badly entangled, I fancy."

"Don't everybody's?"

"At intervals. Then the thing to do is to keep perfectly cool till the fit is over."

"So you think her impulsive?"

"Well, I should say so!" smiled Estridge.

"Of course, I mean nicely impulsive—even nobly impulsive. But that won't help her. Impulse never helped anybody. It's a spoke in the wheel—a stumbling-block—a stick to trip anybody. Particularly a girl. And Palla Dumont mistakes impulse for logic. She honestly thinks that she reasons." He smiled to himself. "A disturbingly pretty girl," he murmured, "with a tender heart which seems to do all her thinking for her. How well do you know her, Jim?"

"Not well. But I'm going to, I hope."

Estridge glanced up interrogatively, suddenly remembering all the uncontradicted gossip concerning a tacit understanding between Shotwell, and Elorn Sharrow. It is true that no engagement had been announced; but none had been denied, either. And Miss Sharrow had inherited her mother's fortune. And Shotwell made only a young man's living.

"You ought to be rather careful with such a girl," he remarked carelessly. "She's rather perilously attractive."

"She's extremely interesting."

"She certainly is! She's rather an amazing girl in her way. More amazing than perhaps you imagine."

"Amazing?"

"Yes; even astounding."

"For example?"

"I'll give you an example. When the Reds invaded that convent and seized the czarina and her children, Palla Dumont, then a novice of six weeks, attempted martyrdom by pretending that she herself was the little Grand Duchess Marie. And when the Reds refused to believe her, she demanded the privilege of dying beside her little friend. She even insulted the Reds, defied them, taunted them until they swore to return and cut her throat as soon as they finished with the imperial family. And then this same Palla Dumont, to whom you sold a house in New York the other day, flew into an ungovernable passion, tried to batter her way into the cellar, shattered half a dozen chapel chairs against the oak door of the crypt behind which preparations for the assassination were taking place, then, helpless, called on God to interfere and put a stop to it. And when Deity, as usual, didn't interfere with the scheme of things, this girl tore the white veil from her face and the habit from her body and denounced as non-existent any alleged Deity that permitted such things to be."

Shotwell gazed at Estridge in blank astonishment.

"Where on earth did you hear all that dope?" he demanded.

Estridge smiled.

"It's all quite true, Jim. And Palla

Dumont escaped having her slender throat slit open only because a squadron of Kaladines' Cossacks cantered up, discovered what the Reds were up to in the cellar, and beat it with Palla and another girl just in the nick of time."

"Who handed you this movie stuff?"

"The other girl."

"You believe her?"

"You can judge for yourself. This other girl was a young Swedish soldier who had served in the Battalion of Death—Ilse Westgard."

For a while, they continued to walk in silence. Finally, Estridge said:

"There was a girl for you! An amazing girl. Nearly six feet; physically perfect—a supergirl like some young daughter of the Northern gods. Ilse Westgard. I'd like to see her again."

"Was she a peasant girl?"

"No. A daughter of well-to-do people. Quite the better sort, I should say. And she was more thoroughly educated than the average girl of our own sort. A brave and cheerful soldier in the Battalion of Death. Amazing, isn't it?"

After another brief silence, Shotwell ventured,

"I suppose you'd find it agreeable to meet Palla Dumont again; wouldn't you?"

"Why, yes, of course," replied the other.

"Then, if you like, she'll ask us to tea some day—after her new house is in shape."

"You seem to be very sure about what Palla Dumont is likely to do," said Estridge, smiling.

"Indeed, I'm not!" retorted Shotwell, with emphasis. "Palla Dumont has a mind of her own—"

"I think she has a will of her own," interrupted the other, amused.

"Glad you concede her some mental attribute. The girl is influenced, not by the will or desire of others but by their necessities, their distress, their needs—or what she believes to be their needs. And you may decide for yourself how valuable are the conclusions of an impulsive, wilful, fearless, generous girl whose heart regulates her thinking apparatus."

"According to you, then, she is practically mindless," remarked Shotwell ironically.

"You don't get me. The girl is clever and intelligent when her accumulated emotions let her brain alone. When they interfere, her logic goes to smash, and she does exaggerated things—like trying to sacrifice herself for her friend in the convent there—like tearing off the white garments of her novitiate and denouncing Deity—like embracing an extravagant pantheistic religion of her own manufacture and proclaiming that the law of Love is the only law. I've heard the young lady on the subject, Jim. And I'm on to her."

They walked on together in silence for nearly a whole block; then Estridge said bluntly:

"She'd be better balanced if she were married and had a few children." Shotwell made no comment. Presently the other spoke again. "The law of Love! What rot! That's sheer hysteria. Follow that law and you become a saint, perhaps, perhaps a devil. Love sacred, love profane—both, when exaggerated, arise from the same physical condition—too much pep for the mind to distribute. What happens? Exaggerations. Extravagances. Hallucinations. Mysticism. What results? Nuns."

Hermits. Yogis. Exhorters. Fanatics. Cranks. Sometimes. For, from the same chrysalis, Jim, may emerge either a vestal or one of those tragic characters who, swayed by this same remarkable law of Love, may give—and burn on—slowly—from the first lover to the next. And so, into darkness— This is your street, I believe."

They shook hands cordially.

After dining *en famille*, Shotwell read an evening paper, discarded it, poked the fire, stood before it, jingled a few coins and keys in his pocket and mused, still undecided, still rather disinclined to any exertion, even as far as the club.

"I wonder," he thought, "what that girl is doing now. I've a mind to call her up."

He seemed to know whom he meant by "that girl." Also, it was evident that he did not mean Elorn Sharrow; for it was not her number he called and presently got.

"Miss Dumont?"

"Yes? Who is it?"

"It's only your broker."

"What!"

"Your real-estate broker——"

"Mr. Shotwell! How absurd of you!"

"Why absurd?"

"Because I don't think of you merely as a real-estate broker."

"Then you *do* sometimes think of me?"

"What power of deduction! What logic! You seem to be in a particularly frivolous frame of mind. Are you?"

"No; I'm in a sad one."

"Why?"

"Because I haven't a bally thing to do."

"That's silly—with the entire town outside. I'm glad you called me up, anyway. I'm tired and bored and exceedingly cross."

"What are you doing, Miss Dumont?"

"Absolutely and idiotically nothing. I'm merely sitting here on the only chair in this scantily furnished house, and trying to plan what sort of carpets, draperies, and furniture to buy."

"I thought you had some things."

"I haven't anything. Not even a decent mirror."

"That's tragic. Have you a cook?"

"I have. But no dining-room table."

"Have you a waitress?"

"Yes, and a maid. They're comfortable. I got their furniture immediately and also the *batterie de cuisine*. But I bought a sofa to-day. It's an antique."

"Wonderful!"

"But I can't make up my mind how to upholster it."

"Would you care for a suggestion?"

"Please!"

"Well, I'd have to see it. Won't you let me come down for a few moments this evening?"

"Would you really like to?"

"I would."

He heard her laughing. Then, "I'll be perfectly delighted to see you," she said. "I was actually thinking of taking to my bed out of sheer boredom. Are you coming in a taxi?"

"Why?"

He heard her laughing again. "Nothing," she answered; "only, I thought that might be the quickest way"—her laughter interrupted her—"to bring me the evening papers. I haven't a thing to read."

"That's why you want me to take a taxi!"



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"It is. News is a necessity to me, and I'm famishing. What other reason could there be for a taxi? Did you suppose I was in a hurry to see you?"

He listened to her laughter for a moment.

"All right," he said; "I'll take a taxi and bring a book for myself."

"And please don't forget my evening papers, or I shall have to requisition your book—or possibly share it with you on the sofa—Mr. Shotwell?"

"Yes."

"This is a wonderful floor. Could you bring some roller-skates?"

"No," he said; "but I'll bring a music-box and we'll dance."

"You're not serious—"

"I am. Wait and see."

"Don't do such a thing! My servants would think me crazy. I'm mortally afraid of them, too."

He found a toy shop on Third Avenue still open, and purchased a solemn little music-box that played ting-a-ling tunes.

Then, in his taxi, he veered over to Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, where he bought roses and a spray of orchids. Then, adding to his purchases a huge box of bonbons, he set his course for the three-story-and-basement house which he had sold to Palla Dumont.

X

SHOTWELL, senior and his wife were dining out.

Shotwell, junior had no plans—or admitted none, even to himself. He got into a bath and later into a dinner jacket in an absent-minded way, and finally sauntered into the library, wearing a vague scowl.

The weather had turned colder, and there was an open fire there, and a convenient armchair and the evening papers.

Perhaps the young gentlemen had read them down-town, for he shoved them aside. Then he dropped an elbow on the table, rested his chin against his knuckles, and gazed fiercely at the newspaper.

Before an open fire any young man ought to be able to make up whatever mind he chances to possess. Yet, what to do with a winter evening all his own seemed to him a problem unfathomable.

Perhaps his difficulty lay only in selection—there are so many agreeable things for a young man to do in Gotham Town on a winter's evening.

But, oddly enough, young Shotwell was trying to persuade himself that he had no choice of occupation for the evening, that he really didn't care. Yet, always two intrusive alternatives continually presented themselves. The one was to change his coat for a spiketail, his black tie for a white one, and go to the Metropolitan Opera. The other and more attractive alternative was *not* to go.

Elorn Sharrow would be at the opera. To appear, now and then, in the Sharrow family's box was expected of him. He hadn't done it recently.

Yes; he thought he'd better go to the opera after all. Besides, he had nothing else to do—that is, nothing in particular—unless, of course—

But that would scarcely do. He'd been there so often recently.

His mother, in scarf and evening wrap, passing the library door on her way down, paused in the hall and looked intently at

her only son. Recently she had been observing him rather closely and with a vague uneasiness born of that inexplicable sixth sense inherent in mothers.

She was a rather startlingly pretty woman, with the delicate features and color and the snow-white hair of an eighteenth-century belle. She stood now, drawing on her gloves and watching her son out of dark-fringed deep-blue eyes until he glanced around uneasily. Then he rose at once, looking at her with fire-dazzled eyes.

"Don't rise, dear," she said; "the car is here, and your father is fussing and fuming in the drawing-room, and I've got to run. Have you any plans for the evening?"

"None, mother."

"You're dining at home?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go to the opera to-night? It's the Sharrow's night."

He came toward her irresolutely.

"Perhaps I will," he said. And instantly she knew he did not intend to go.

"I had tea at the Sharrow's," she said carelessly. "Elorn told me that she hadn't laid eyes on you for ages."

"I've had a lot of things to do."

"You and she still agree, don't you, Jim?"

"Why, yes—as usual. We always get on together."

Helen Shotwell's ermine wrap slipped; he caught it and fastened it for her, and she took hold of both his hands and drew his arms tightly round her shoulders.

"What troubles you, darling?" she asked smilingly.

"Why, nothing, mother!"

"Tell me!"

"Really, there is nothing, dear—"

"Tell me when you are ready, then." She laughed and released him.

"But there isn't anything," he insisted.

"Yes, Jim; there is. Do you suppose I don't know you after all these years?"

"For heaven's sake, Helen!" protested Shotwell, senior plaintively from the front hall below. "Can't you gossip with Jim some other time?"

"I'm on my way, James," she announced calmly. "Put your overcoat on." And, to her son: "Go to the opera. Elorn will cheer you up. Isn't that a good idea?"

"That's—certainly—an idea. I'll think it over."

She said smilingly:

"You have neglected Elorn Sharrow, and you know it, and it's on your conscience. And that's partly why you feel blue. So keep out of mischief, darling, and stop neglecting Elorn—that is, if you ever really expect to marry her."

"I've told you that I have never asked her; and I never intend to ask her until I am making a decent living."

"Isn't there an understanding between you?"

"Why—I don't think so. There couldn't be. We've never spoken of that sort of thing in our lives."

"I think she expects you to ask her some day. Everybody else does, anyway."

"Well, that is the one thing I *won't* do," he said, "go about with the seat out of my pants and ask an heiress to sew on the patch for me."

"Darling! You can be so common when you try!"

"Well, it amounts to that—doesn't it, mother? I don't care what busy gossips say or idle people expect me to do. There's

no engagement, no understanding between Elorn and me. And I don't care a hang what anybody—"

His mother framed his slightly flushed face between her gloved hands and inspected him humorously.

"Very well, dear," she said; "but you need not be so emphatically excited about it."

They kissed each other in silence.

In the limousine, seated beside her husband, she said presently,

"I wish Jim would marry Elorn."

"He's likely to some day, isn't he?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, there's no hurry," remarked her husband. "He ought not to marry anybody until he's thirty, and he's only twenty-four. I'm glad enough to have him remain at home with us."

"But that's what worries me; he *doesn't*!"

"Doesn't what?"

"Doesn't remain at home."

Her husband laughed.

"Well, I meant it merely in a figurative sense. Of course Jim goes out—"

"Where?"

"Why, everywhere, I suppose."

She said calmly:

"He doesn't go to see Elorn Sharrow any more. She told me that herself."

"Well, but—"

"Where *does* he go—every evening? And what is on that boy's mind? There's something on it."

"His business, let us hope."

She shook her head.

"I know my son," she remarked.

"So do I. What is particularly troubling you, dear?"

"I'm merely wondering who that girl was who lunched with him at Delmonico's—three times—last week," mused his wife.

"Why—she's probably all right, Helen. A man doesn't take the other sort there."

"So I've heard," she said dryly.

"Well then?"

"Nothing. She's very pretty, I understand. And wears mourning."

"What of it?" he asked, amused.

"Don't you think it very natural that I should wonder who any girl is who lunches with my son three times in one week—and is remarkably pretty besides?"

The girl in question looked remarkably pretty at that very moment where she sat at her desk, the telephone-transmitter tilted toward her, the receiver at her ear.

"Miss Dumont, please?" came a distant and familiar voice over the wire. The girl laughed aloud; and he heard her.

"You *said* you were not going to call me up."

"Is it you, Palla?"

"How subtle of you!"

He said anxiously,

"Are you doing anything this evening—by any unhappy chance—"

"I am."

"Oh, hang it! What *are* you doing?"

"How impertinent!"

"You know I don't mean it that way."

"I'm not sure. However, I'll be kind enough to tell you what I'm doing. I'm sitting here at my desk, listening to an irritable young man."

"If you'll stop talking bally nonsense for a moment—"

"If you bully me, I shall stop talking altogether."

"For heaven's sake——"

"I hear you, kind sir; you need not shout."

He said humbly,

"Palla, would you let me drop in——"

"Jim! You told me last evening that you expected to be at the opera to-night."

"I'm not going."

"So I didn't expect you to call me."

"Can't I see you?" he asked.

"I'm expecting some people, Jim. It's your own fault; I didn't expect a *tête-à-tête* with you this evening."

"Is it a party you're giving?"

"Two or three people. But my place is full of flowers and as pretty as a garden. Too bad you can't see it."

"Couldn't I come to your garden-party?"

"You mean just to see my garden for a moment?"

"Yes; let me come round for a moment, anyway."

"You funny boy!" she said. "Don't you understand that I want you to come?"

"You enchanting girl!" he exclaimed.

"Do you really mean it?"

"Of course! And if you come at once, we'll have nearly an hour together before anybody arrives."

Her smiling maid admitted him and took his hat, coat, and stick as though accustomed to these particular articles.

Palla was alone in the living-room when he was announced, and as soon as the maid disappeared, she gave him both hands in swift welcome—an impulsive, unconsidered greeting entirely new to them both.

"You didn't mind my tormenting you, did you, Jim? I was so happy that you did call me up after all. Because, you know, you *did* tell me yesterday that you were going to the opera to-night. But all the same, when the 'phone rang, somehow I knew it was you—I knew it—somehow—" She loosened one hand from his and swung him with the other toward the piano.

"Isn't the room attractive?"

"Charming!" he said. "And you are distractingly pretty to-night."

"In this dull-black gown? But, *merci*, anyway! See how effective your roses are—the ones you sent yesterday and the day before! They're all opening. And I went out and bought a lot more."

She withdrew her other hand from his without embarrassment and went over to rearrange a sheaf of deep-red carnations.

"What is this party you're giving, anyway?" he asked, following her across the room and leaning beside her on the piano.

"An impromptu party," she explained.

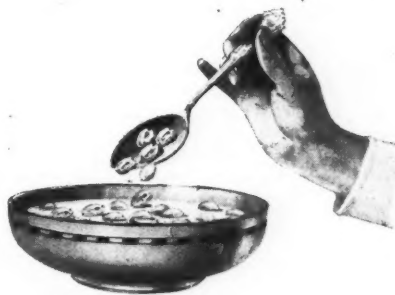
"I was shopping this morning—in fact, I was buying pots and pans for the cook—when somebody spoke to me. And I recognized a university student whom I had known in Petrograd after the first revolution—Marya Lanois, her name is—an interesting girl. And with her was a man I had met—a pianist—Vanya Tchernov. They told me that another friend of mine—a girl named Ilse Westgard—is now living in New York. They couldn't dine with me, but they're coming to supper. So I also called up Ilse Westgard, and she's coming, too—and I also asked your friend, Mr. Estridge. So you see, *monsieur*, we shall have a little music and much valuable conversation, and then I shall give them some supper."

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She stepped back from the piano and surveyed her handiwork critically.

"Fine!" he said. "How jolly your new house is!"—glancing about the room at the few well-chosen pieces of antique furniture, the harmonious hangings, and comfortably upholstered modern pieces.

"It's so enchantingly homelike!" she exclaimed. "I already love it all. When I come in from shopping, I just stand here and gaze about and adore everything!"

"Do you adore me, too?" he asked, laughing at her warmth. "You, see I'm becoming one of your fixtures here also."

In her brown eyes the familiar, irresponsible gaiety began to glimmer.

"I do adore you," she said, "but I've no business to."

"Why not?" She seated herself on the sofa and cast a veiled glance at him.

"Do you think you know me well enough to adore me?" she inquired, with misleading gravity.

"Indeed I do!"

"Am I as easy to know as that? Jim, you humiliate me."

"I didn't say so."

"You meant it!" she insisted reproachfully. "You think so, too—just because I let myself be picked up—by a perfectly strange man—"

"Good heavens, Palla—" he began nervously, but caught the glimmer in her lowered eyes.

"Oh, Jim," she said, still laughing, "do you think I care how we met? How absurd of you to let me torment you! You're loaded down with all the silly traditions I've thrown away. I don't care how we met. I'm glad we know each other."

She opened a silver box on a little table at her elbow, chose a cigarette, lighted it, and offered it to him.

"I rather like the taste of them now," she remarked, making room for him on the sofa beside her.

When he was seated, she reached up to a jar of flowers on the piano, selected a white carnation, broke it short, and then drew the stem through his lapel, patting the blossom daintily into a pompon.

"Now," she said gaily, "if you'll let me, I'll straighten your tie. Shall I?"

He turned toward her; she accomplished that deftly, then glanced across at the clock.

"We've only half an hour longer to ourselves!" she exclaimed, with that unconscious candor which always vaguely thrilled him. Then, turning to him, she said laughingly, "Does it really matter how two people meet when time races with us like that?"

"And do you realize," he said, in a low, tense voice, "that since I met you, every racing minute has been sweeping me head-long toward you?"

She was so totally unprepared for the deeper emotion in his voice and bearing—so utterly surprised—that she merely gazed at him.

"Haven't you been aware of it, Palla?" he said, looking her in the eyes.

"Jim," she protested, "you are disconcerting! You never before have taken such a tone toward me."

She rose, walked over to the clock, apparently examined it minutely for a few

moments. The she turned, cast a swift, perplexed glance at him, and came slowly back to resume her place on the sofa.

"Men should be very, very careful what they say to me."

As she lifted her eyes, he saw them beginning to glimmer again with that sweet, irresponsible humor he knew so well.

"Be careful," she said, her brown eyes gay with warning. "I'm godless and quite lawless, and I'm a very dangerous companion for any well-behaved and orthodox young man who ventures to tell me that I'm adorable. Why, you might as safely venture to adore Diana of the Ephesians! And you know what she did to her admirers."

"Palla, are you really serious? I'm never entirely sure what is under your badinage."

"Why, of course I am serious!" She was watching him sideways with prim lips pursed and lifted eyebrows. "Try always to remember," she said, "that, according to your code, any demonstration of affection toward a comparative stranger is exceedingly bad form."

He picked up her hand, which she had carelessly left lying on the sofa near his. They conversed animatedly, as always, discussing matters of common interest, yet faintly in her ears sounded the unfamiliar echo of passion. It haunted her mind, too—an indefinable undertone, delicately persistent—until, at last, she sat silent, absent-minded, while he continued speaking.

Her stillness—her remote gaze, perhaps—presently silenced him.

And after a little while she turned her charming head and looked at him with that unintentional provocation born of virginal curiosity.

What had moved him so unexpectedly to deeper emotion? Had she? Had she, then, that power? And without effort? For she had been conscious of none. But—if she tried. Had she the power to move him again?

Naïve instinct—the emotionless curiosity of total inexperience—everything embryonic and innocently ruthless in her was now in the ascendant.

She lifted her eyes and considered him with the speculative candor of a child. She wished to hear once more that unfamiliar *something* in his voice—see it in his features. And did not know how to evoke it.

"Of what are you thinking, Palla?"

"Of you," she answered candidly, without other intention than the truth. And saw, instantly, the indefinable *something* born again into his eyes.

Calm curiosity, faintly amused, possessed her—left him possessed of her hand presently.

"Are you attempting to be sentimental?" she asked.

Very leisurely she began to disengage her hand—loosening the fingers one by one—and watching him all the while with a slight smile edging her lips. Then, as his clasp tightened:

"Please," she said, "may I not have my freedom?"

"Do you want it?"

"You never did this before—touched me—unnecessarily."

As he made no answer, she fell silent, her dark young eyes vaguely interrogative, as though questioning herself as well as him concerning this unaccustomed contact.

His head had been bent a little. Now he lifted it. Neither was smiling.

Suddenly she rose to her feet and stood with her head partly averted. He rose, too. Neither spoke.

But, after a moment, she turned and looked straight at him, the virginal curiosity clear in her eyes. And he took her into his arms.

Her arms had fallen to her side. She endured his lips gravely, then turned her head and looked at the roses beside her.

"I was afraid," she said, "that we would do this. Now let me go."

He released her in silence. She walked slowly to the mantel and set one foot on the fender.

Without looking round at him, she said, "Does this spoil me for you?"

"You darling!"

"Tell me frankly. Does it?"

"What on earth do you mean, Palla! Does it spoil me for you?"

"I've been thinking— No; it doesn't. But I wondered about you."

He came over to where she stood. "Dear," he said unsteadily, "don't you know I'm very desperately in love with you?"

At that, she turned her enchanting little head toward him.

"If you are," she said, "there need be nothing desperate about it."

"Do you mean you care enough to marry me, you darling?" he asked impetuously.

"Will you, Palla?"

"Why, no," she said candidly. "I didn't mean that. I meant that I care for you quite as much as you care for me. So you need not be desperate. But I really don't think we are in love—I mean sufficiently—for anything serious."

"Why don't you think so?" he demanded impatiently.

"Do you wish me to be quite frank?"

"Of course!"

"Very well." She lifted her head and let her clear eyes rest on his. "I like you," she said. "I even like—what we did. I like you far better than any man I ever knew. But I do not care for you enough to give up my freedom of mind and of conduct for your asking. I do not care enough for you to subscribe to your religion and your laws. And that's the tragic truth."

"But what on earth has all that to do with it? I haven't asked you to believe as I believe or to subscribe to any law—"

Her enchanting laughter filled the room. "Yes, you have! You asked me to marry you, didn't you?"

"Of course!"

"Well, I can't, Jim, because I don't believe in the law of marriage, civil or religious." The door-bell rang. "But I do care for you," she whispered, bending swiftly toward him. Her lips rested lightly on his a moment, then she turned and walked out into the center of the room.

The maid announced, "Mr. Estridge!"

What would be the outcome of a love for so strangely unsettled but yet so keenly attractive a young woman as this? Mr. Chambers has selected Palla Dumont as typical of the world's unrest. Yet, with all her beliefs, she is, after all, a woman—as you see in the next instalment of *The Crimson Tide* in *August Cosmopolitan*.



The Twinkle in Two Million Eyes

FOR four long years the men and women of the world have gone about their daily tasks weighed down with fear.

Men have hated the summons of the telephone, the message of the telegram; women have worked with double intensity, first from a consuming eagerness to win, and also because

they knew that those who work the hardest have the least time in which to dread.

From forty million homes the sons and brothers and fathers have gone out to fight; and they who stayed behind have known that millions of them never could return. It has been for every land a long dark night of bitterness.

And yet—

HERE IS THE MARVELOUS FACT—a fact that gives new cause for pride in this humanity of which each one of us is part. *Even in its darkest hour the world has never once forgotten how to smile.*

From every corner of it, from papers and magazines in every land and language, there has come piercing through the blackness the blessed gleam of mirth.

Mingled with the somber undertone of suffering, the tinkle of fresh laughter still has lived. Men have thrown themselves at death, with gladness on their lips; and other men with heavy hearts have hidden their grieving underneath a smile.

It will be an inspiring chapter in the history of the war—this miraculous power of men to lift their load of bitterness with mirth.

It was the secret that carried Lincoln serene through trials that would have crushed another man; it is a secret that the million LITERARY DIGEST readers have discovered and that other millions of thoughtful men and women of America ought to learn.

No single group of men provides the humor that keeps the twinkle in the eyes of these million men and women. Their laughter springs from the four corners of the earth—from papers and periodicals of every clime and tongue, which each

week are read and drawn upon to fill the teeming pages of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

This "Digested" humor has so caught the popular fancy that, with the cooperation of the famous Pathé Company, it now appears on the screens of hundreds of the high class motion-picture houses as a feature of the weekly program as well as in the many Keith Vaudeville Theaters. The little pithy paragraphs—shrewd, patriotic, witty—are shown under the title "Topics of the Day Selected from the Press of the World by THE LITERARY DIGEST." No doubt you have seen these "Topics" and you know that they are one of the most popular of the regular program features.

While DIGEST readers laugh at the cartoons, and the humor and wit that run through the pages of this magazine like little veins of gold, their enduring appreciation of it rests on the solid worth of its news contents. The readers find that by devoting an hour a week to THE DIGEST they are kept accurately informed on all important world events—on all the vital happenings in the great fields of politics, of science, of literature, of art and music, of religion—on the opinions of the leading men of all lands. Readers find that by excerpt, by quotation, by translation, by a boiling-down and condensation of the news as recorded in five thousand leading newspapers and periodicals, THE LITERARY DIGEST gives them a comprehensive, balanced,

well-rounded, and world-wide view that they can not gain from any other single periodical.

You can recognize these million DIGEST readers; the mark of their distinction is plain upon them. They are the men and women in every company who are the best informed, to whose opinion the other members give always first consideration.

You may know them by their breadth of understanding—and you may know them also by the twinkle in their eyes.

They have weighed the world, with all its problems and discussions, in their hands; and, knowing all its responsibilities, they still have kept the good secret of Lincoln's strength—the fine capacity to laugh.

Why not join this chosen company today—this very hour? Why not share with them the distinction of being so much better posted than the average of men; of being a citizen of the new world, familiar with all its changing phases?

And why not learn with them, also, the joy that comes to those who start each new week with twinkling eyes, because they carry with them the laughter of the world.

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